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MOVIE CLASSIC

SEPTEMBER

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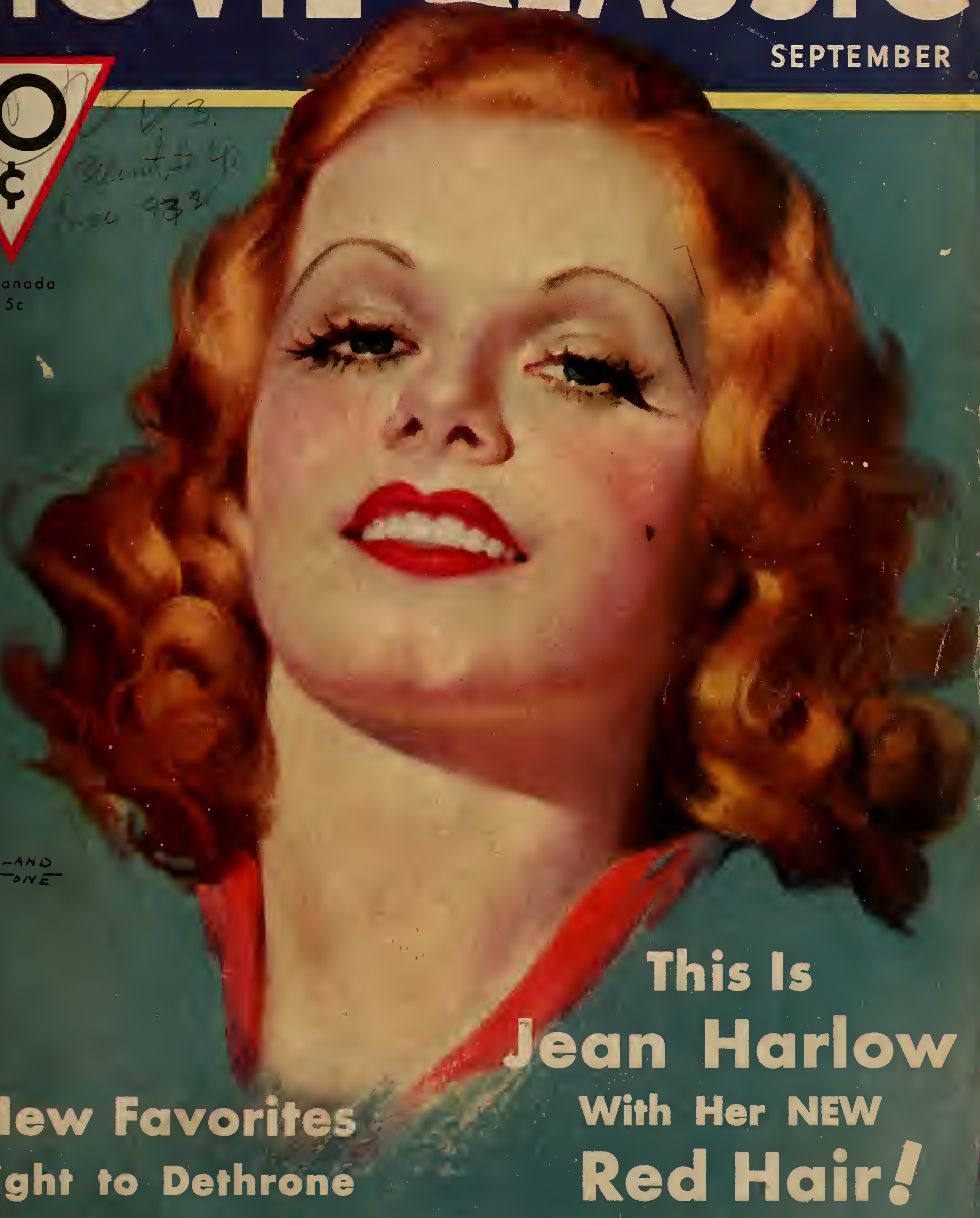

This Is Jean Harlow With Her NEW Red Hair!

Read Story on Page 41

New Favorites Fight to Dethrone GARBO and GAYNOR

PN 1993
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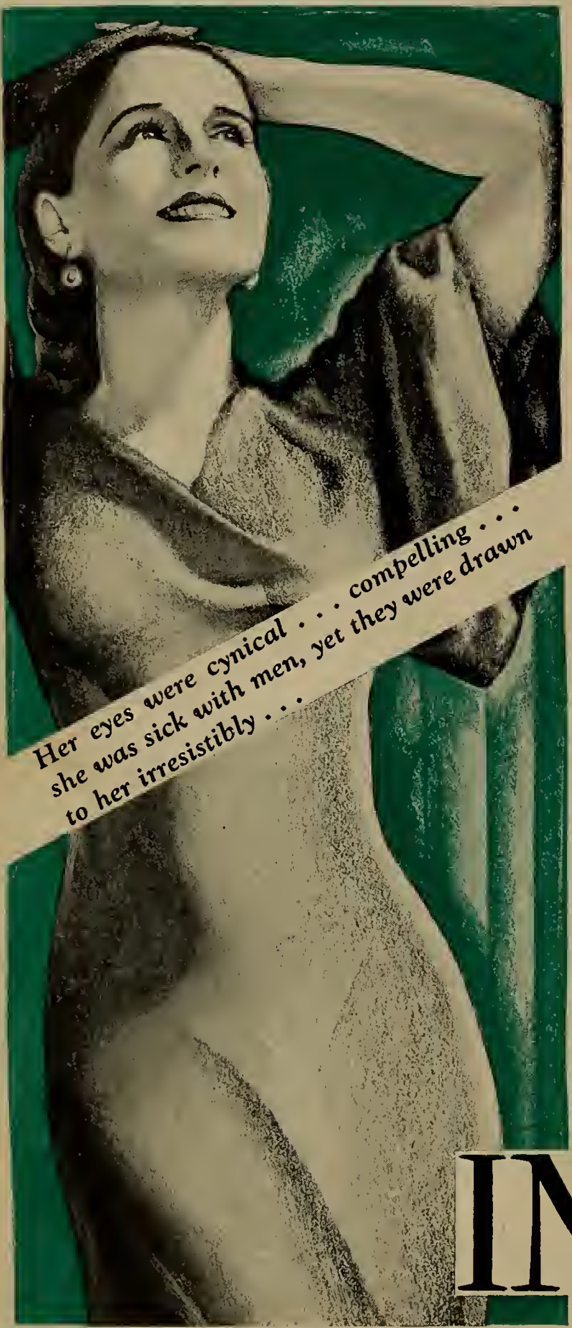
A New and Amazing Development in Talking Pictures!



Her eyes were cynical . . . compelling . . . she was sick with men, yet they were drawn to her irresistibly . . .

For the first time you hear the hidden, unspoken thoughts of people!

Norma Shearer
Clark Gable

IN EUGENE O'NEILL'S GREAT DRAMA

STRANGE INTERLUDE

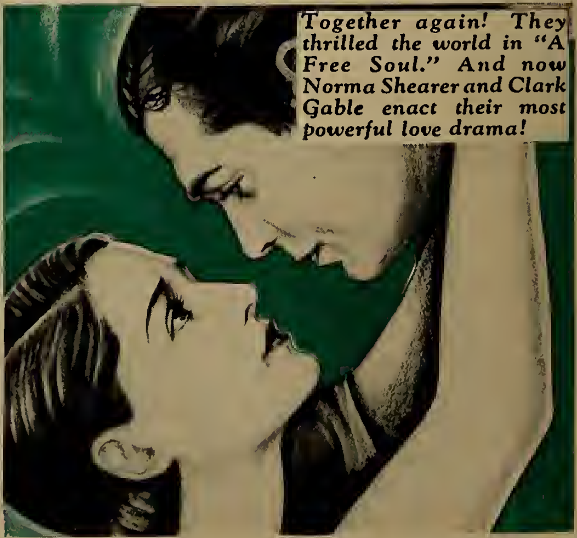
Something new in talking pictures! And of course, it comes from the magic studios of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, producers of "Grand Hotel" and so many other important screen entertainments! This Pulitzer prize winning play by Eugene O'Neill has been called the greatest romantic drama of our times. It ran a year and a half on Broadway. On the talking screen you will find it an unforgettable experience. Directed by ROBERT Z. LEONARD.

with

ALEXANDER KIRKLAND · RALPH MORGAN · ROBERT YOUNG · MAY ROBSON · MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN · TAD ALEXANDER · HENRY B. WALTHALL · MARY ALDEN ·

Eugene O'Neill *America's greatest playwright, reaches the height of his glory in this masterpiece.*

Douglas Shearer *Chief Sound Engineer of M-G-M, whose amazing invention makes this picture "different."*



Together again! They thrilled the world in "A Free Soul." And now Norma Shearer and Clark Gable enact their most powerful love drama!

15 3432

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

Wouldn't let her nose shine
But lets her gums get flabby
and she has **"pink tooth brush"!**

LET her powder her nose ten times a day—if she wants to! But it might be well for her to remember that every time she laughs or talks, men look at her teeth, too! *Everybody* looks at them!

Now—if you want to be good-looking when you talk and smile, do something about those flabby, tender gums of yours.

Today's foods are soft. They fail to give your gums any stimulation. That's why your gums are tender. That's why you find "pink" on your tooth brush.

Know about "pink tooth brush"? Do you know that it not only can dull the teeth, but can lead to gingivitis, to Vincent's disease, even to pyorrhea? Do you know that it may endanger the soundness of your teeth?

Today—get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste. Clean your teeth with it. It's first of all a splendid modern tooth paste that really *cleans* the teeth. Then—each time—put a little *more* Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and rub it right into your gums.

Ipana contains a toning agent called ziratol. This, with the massage, stimulates circulation and firms the gum walls. Within a few days, your teeth will look whiter and brighter. Within a month, your gums will be firmer. Keep on using Ipana with massage, and you can forget all about "pink tooth brush." And you'll never be afraid to smile!

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a two-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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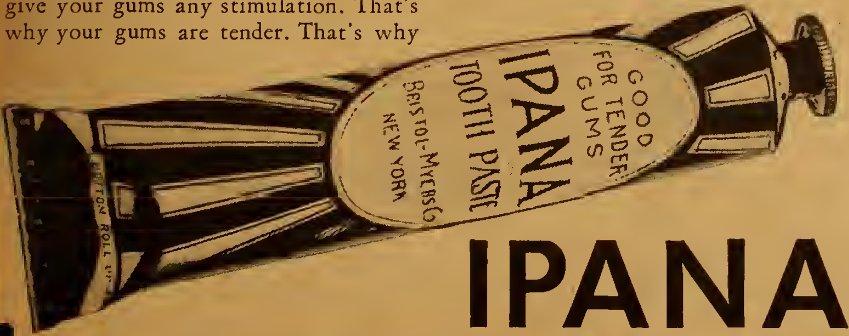

IPANA TOOTH PASTE

GOOD TOOTH PASTE, LIK GOOD DENTIST IS NEVER

Paramount LEADS THE WAY TO GREATER ENTERTAINMENT *with*

Marlene

DIETRICH

in

BLONDE VENUS

with **HERBERT MARSHALL** **CARY GRANT**

A JOSEF VON STERNBERG PRODUCTION

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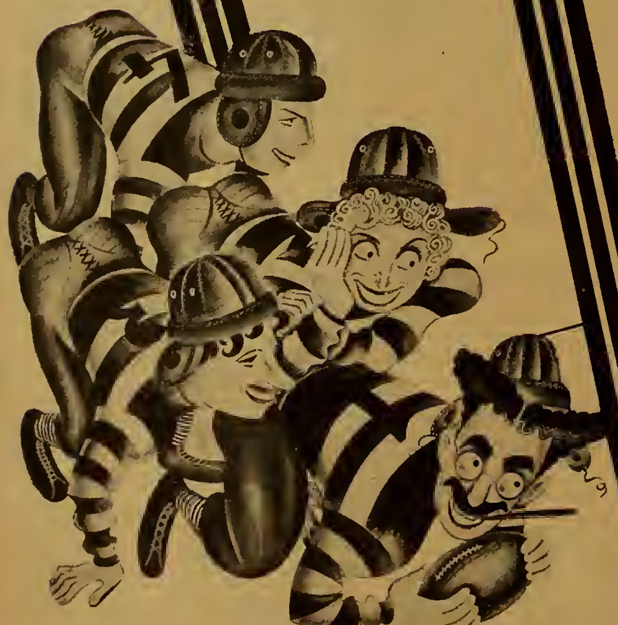

The

FOUR MARX BROTHERS

in

HORSE FEATHERS

Directed by Norman McLeod

The Marx Brothers in college! A riot of laughs that'll make you ache all over! A frolic of fun that'll make you go back to see it all over!

Paramount Pictures

PARAMOUNT PUBLIX CORP., ADOLPH ZUKOR, PRES.
PARAMOUNT BUILDING, NEW YORK, N. Y

AND WATCH FOR—

"The Big Broadcast" with Bing Crosby, Stuart Erwin, Burns & Allen, Boswell Sisters, Cab Calloway, Mills Brothers, Arthur Tracy (The Street Singer). Maurice Chevalier in "Love Me Tonight" with Jeanette MacDonald, Charlie Ruggles, Charles Butterworth and Myrna Loy. Harold Lloyd in "Movie Crazy". "A Farewell To Arms" with Helen Hayes, Gary Cooper and Adolph Menjou. "The Phantom President" with Geo. M. Cohan, Claudette Colbert, Jimmy Durante, Gene Raymond, Frances Dee. And more to be announced later.

AUG 23 1932

THE TABLOID MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN

MOVIE CLASSIC

VOL. 3 No. 1

SEPTEMBER, 1932

WILL
Sally Eilers
DETHRONE
Janet Gaynor
?

With Sally becoming more popular and more powerful every day, will Janet be able to remain queen of their studio? Her crown has never been threatened before—but the heroine of "Seventh Heaven" never had to reckon with an Eilers before. And right behind Sally are three other girls advancing to challenge her queendom, too!

But Janet's danger is not hers alone. No queen in any other studio is sure of HER crown, either. Constance Bennett, Greta Garbo, Ruth Chatterton, Marlene Dietrich—they all have their powerful rivals to worry about.

In this issue you will read the story of the new favorites who are challenging the reign of the old—the inside story of the biggest Battle of the Beauties in Hollywood's colorful history!

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DOROTHY CALHOUN, Western Editor

STANLEY V. GIBSON, Publisher
LAURENCE REID, Editor

HERMAN SCHOPPE, Art Director

MOVIE CLASSIC *is published monthly at 350 E. 22nd St., Chicago, Ill., by* MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. *Entered as second class matter July 29, 1931 at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879; printed in U. S. A. Editorial and Executive Offices, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.* *Copyright 1932 by* MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. *Single copy 10c. Subscriptions for U. S., its possessions, and Mexico $1.00 a year, Canada $2.50. Foreign Countries, $2.50. European Agents, Atlas Publishing Company, 18 Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4. Stanley V. Gibson, President and Publisher, William S. Pettit, Vice President, Robert E. Canfield, Secretary-Treasurer.*

MOVIE CLASSIC comes out on the 10th of every Month

BETWEEN OURSELVES

WHAT this country needs, besides some money in its pockets, is a good ten-cent movie. Why the de luxe motion picture houses—"palaces," I believe they're called? Can't the pictures be built big enough and good enough to sustain themselves, without gilt and velvet and gaudy stage shows (for which we are socked royally)? Why make a three-ring circus out of movie showmanship? The picture is still the thing, and no matter how good it is, it is worth only a quarter. And a dime would be even better.

BISHOP CANNON, whose temperance activities apparently don't keep him busy enough, has been booming again. This time he declares that the movies are a "social menace," and if they don't reform pretty soon, he'll sic Congress on 'em. The Bishop should get a stronger pair of glasses, and try to see that the morals of the movies aren't half so bad as their finances. In the words of M. H. Aylesworth, new head of RKO, they're on the verge of bankruptcy. And he isn't giving away any secret when he says so. It's common knowledge. Look at how low movie stocks are on the stock market.

UNLIKE most people who can tell you What's Wrong With The Movies, Mr. Aylesworth has some remedies to suggest. Cut those fabulous film salaries, and standardize them—so that Susie Grapefruit wouldn't have to worry lest her deadly rival, Rosie Blush, should be doing less work and making more money. Make fewer pictures (saving money that way)—and make them better (so that they'd sell like hot-cakes). Hire the most efficient players—even if you have to go outside your own studio to do so.

SOME of the geniuses of Hollywood apparently haven't heard—but the public is sick of looking at so-called actors and actresses whose features would shame Venus and Apollo. That's why Gable and Cagney and Ann Dvorak and Helen Hayes and Paul Muni and Leslie Howard have made such hits. They have more brains than beauty, more talent than make-up.

YET producers, here and there, are still busy taking some well-rounded unknown and pushing her into a rôle, without any stage experience or even screen experience. I thought that that nonsense was over when talkies came in, but apparently producers haven't yet learned their lessons. They still can't get the idea out of their heads that sex appeal is just as important as acting ability, or even more important. It isn't. Look at Garbo. Nary a curve, and she is the greatest favorite in the history of the screen.

HOWEVER, the producers have taken one big step—and in one respect are no longer cutting off their noses to spite their faces. They are "loaning" each other top-flight players to bolster up casts. Last month, I told you of the stars who were then on loan. This month, there is a much larger list.

M-G-M is loaning Lionel Barrymore to RKO for "Sweepings," Karen Morley to RKO for "The Phantom of Crestwood," Leila Hyams to Paramount for "The Big Broadcast," Jimmy Durante to Paramount for "The Phantom President," and Nils Asther to Columbia for "The Bitter Tea of General Yen."

Fox has loaned Charles Farrell (of the Gaynor-Farrells) to Warners for "Central Park," and Elissa Landi to Paramount for "The Sign of the Cross."

Paramount has loaned Jack Oakie to Universal for "Once in a Lifetime," Nancy Carroll to Warners for "Son of Russia," Richard Arlen to Warners for "Tiger Shark" and Lyda Roberti to United Artists for "The Kid from Spain."

Warners are loaning Warren William to M-G-M for "Skyscraper Souls." RKO has loaned Irene Dunne to Universal for "Back Street," Universal has loaned Paul Lukas to M-G-M for "Downstairs," and Columbia has loaned Constance Cummings to Harold Lloyd for "Movie Crazy."

THERE has always been a certain loaning of minor players between studios. But here are top-ranking players being exchanged. That's something new—and encouraging. Pictures *ought* to be better, if studios can shop around for the right people to play them.

BUT helping the other fellow (and being helped) won't do a bit of good unless there are decent stories for the loaned players to work with. When you stop to think that one studio is planning about sixty pictures for next year, and another is planning fifty, and another forty, and so on, you begin to realize why there aren't more pictures worth seeing. There just aren't that many good stories to go around; there aren't that many good stories in all the books and magazines published in a year. That's why the studios ought to cut down on their programs. Give us good stories, or give us none. And another thing that would help—trading of stories, the way trading of stars has started.

WHETHER she thought of it or not, Jean Harlow's marriage to Paul Bern is going to add to her popularity, and not do otherwise. The women who have hitherto resented Jean's single state will now feel that she isn't a potential rival any more. Sounds silly, that they could have thought she was in the first place—but they did, as the poisonous letters that Jean has received from her sisters-under-the-skin have told her. (Ain't human nature grand?)

CHAPLIN came back from his long holiday abroad with a Utopian scheme for the refinancing of the world, having all the nations deposit so much gold in a big international bank . . . and presented the spectacle of *Pierrot* weeping at the world's grief.

JOAN CRAWFORD, getting away for her first vacation in a long time and her first trip to Europe, is thinking of the day when life will be just one long vacation. When she reaches her peak, she's going to take one last curtain-call, thank everyone for the good time she has had, and bow out gracefully. She isn't quite certain how she'll know when she has reached that high estate, but she doesn't think she's there yet. There is much more that little Joan plans and hopes to do before she blows us a farewell kiss. Wonder what that day will be like?

FOR me, the big movie thrill of the year has been "Strange Interlude." But one thing in the picture jarred on me. That was the passage that explains its title: "The only living life is in the past and future . . . the present is an interlude . . . strange interlude, in which we call on past and future to bear witness we are living." In the play, it was a thought of *Nina*, the heroine, expressed in an "aside." In the movie, it breaks into the action toward the end as a straight, old-fashioned subtitle. And we don't go to the movies to read any more. We go to *hear* these days!

THEY have shortened O'Neill's five-hour play to two hours without harming the story a bit. (The censors will no doubt attend to *that*.) And in one very important respect, the picture is an improvement on the play. That is in the presentation of the famous "asides," which reveal the characters' thoughts. On the stage, the actors had to turn aside to utter these lines to the audience. On the screen, these lines are uttered without their lips moving; you hear their voices, and their mobile faces give expression to their words. The effect is startling and fascinating.

APOLOGIES are in order to Katharine Cornell, the greatest of all the Broadway stars and the only one who won't act for the movies. She may *look* silly in saying "no," but she isn't. And she isn't high-hatting the amusement of the masses. She just loves the theatre too well to leave it, for any price. That's her story, and she'll stick to it. Personally, I like it.

SOMEBODY has called the movies "the mirror of the times." Oh, yeah? Then why haven't we seen even one picture about the great army of the unemployed—one little picture showing how one man and one woman fought the blight of no work and no money, and won?

Larry Reid

$6000 REWARD
FOR SOLVING THIS MYSTERY!

•

YOU can be the detective in this astounding crime thriller! . . .

Tune in on this absorbing drama, to be broadcast over the nation-wide NBC RED NETWORK in six thrilling weekly episodes beginning Friday, August 26th at 10:30 P. M. Eastern Daylight Saving time . . . ALL BUT THE FINAL CHAPTER *will be given on the air.*

WRITE YOUR OWN ENDING
and win one of the 100 cash prizes!

This is not a guessing contest. Your solution should be original. Prize winning answers will not necessarily be anything like the ending which has already been written for the motion picture by Bartlett Cormack, author . . .

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KAREN MORLEY
ANITA LOUISE
ERIC LINDEN

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SEE IT ON THE SCREEN!

CONTEST JUDGES

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Be sure to obtain pamphlet containing contest rules, prize list and complete list of stations broadcasting this story from your local theatre, or from any office of the RKO Distributing Corporation.

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She Takes Off Her Hat

The hair the new hats are showing must be free from gray. Streaked, fading hair is unbecoming. Spoils a well groomed appearance. Keep ALL your hair one even shade but avoid that artificial look by using the most modern type of preparation, clean, odorless, not greasy, that leaves a soft, youthful shade, of so NATURAL a texture a hairdresser cannot detect it. Any shade. Harmless as your lip-stick. $1.35. For sale everywhere.

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Have a clear youthful complexion by using
KREMOLA
the SAFE Bleach Cream

Banishes facial blemishes, acne, eczema, pimples, etc. while bleaching. Economical too . . . one box (price $1.25) lasts about four months. Satisfaction guaranteed when used faithfully 60 days. At your druggist or order from the Dr. C. H. Berry Co., Dept. MC9, 2975 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Agents wanted. Write for Free Beauty Booklet.

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PERFUME

Perfume brings peculiar and subtle psychological reactions on the human emotions. The enchantresses of old—Cleopatra—DuBarry—understood this magic power. Stars of screenland are inspired by realistic odeurs. Certainly a man's idea of a woman's charm may easily be changed with the proper perfume. That Love Charm is such we ask you to prove to yourself. Send 10c for sample vial. Love Charm Co., Dept. 109 J 585 Kingsland, St. Louis, Mo.

Movie Classic's Letter Page

Each month, MOVIE CLASSIC gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters published on this page

$20.00 Letter

Denouncing the Censors

THE question of whether or not our pictures should be censored is one that is almost on the same level with prohibition. I maintain that we are not the morons the Board of Censors would make us out to be.

No producer could last who would dare to insult our intelligence as the censors do. Neither would any producer who continually brought out immoral issues be successful. Therefore, why not let us judge what constitutes a good picture?

Why couldn't we see that great picture, "Scarface," as it was produced? Wasn't every scene in it something which actually occurred right here in our own country? Did you have to bow to the lords of gangland and turn "Scarface" into another ordinary gang film? They even tried to kill the picture before it was completed. The picture was so mutilated in the process of trying to please you censors that a great vehicle was destroyed.

Are the censors under the impression that we do not know that the forces of law and order are not strong enough to cope with this menace? The only way to combat this present day evil of organized crime is by aroused public opinion and this will not come about if the masses are kept ignorant of conditions as they really exist.

If the motion picture censors would bear in mind that they are in a position to serve the public and use a little discretion in the handling of their power, we would get some films which show conditions as they are.

IRA BILLAG, Yonkers, N. Y.

$10.00 Letter

Tone Down Sex Angle

WHEN sex finds its way out of the bedroom, out of the home and into the cinema—and it remains there as the master theme of every drama—then most all of the art, practically all of the entertainment and most of the intrigue of the drama is gone and so long as they allow actresses of Jean Harlow's caliber to step into the rôle of "Red Headed Woman" and in so doing pronounce her the cream of the crop from which they had to select—then, my dear Gaston, this beautiful country of ours will again be a barbaric, uncivilized prairie land and children of fifteen will be Grandmothers.

"One Hour with You" was divinely clever. Sophisticated. One hundred percent entertainment. Half of the adults didn't understand the French chappie's eyebrow raising and those as did found him and the entire cast of this picture pleasing and par excellent entertainment.

"Red Headed Woman" was obvious. A child in the cradle with an ambitious mind could have understood it as it was meant to be understood. It was awkward, cheap and dingy and no percent entertainment.

Our charming hosts, the producers, might exercise some degree of discretion to excellent advantage and check off those of the latter category as tabooooo.

HARRIET SALISBURY, Independence, Mo.

$5.00 Letter

Greta Stands Alone

GARBO, to make a self-evident statement, stands alone. Not necessarily supreme, but alone.

There seems, therefore, to be no reason for speculating on a possible successor to her, except that, like a cross-word puzzle, it gives the human mind something to do besides teach school, manage apartment houses, and wash dishes.

Can you recall now any of the pretenders to the throne of Valentino? Neither can I! And history has a funny habit of repeating itself.

We don't want another Garbo, any more than we want another Bernhardt or another Duse. It is absurd, to me, to think that such marked individualities as these can be supplanted. They may be copied, badly or wonderfully; they may, and probably will, be transcended; but they cannot lose the peculiar niche which they have dug out for themselves.

Instead of trying to create Garbos or even anti-Garbos, the studios might better set themselves to work to discover more young women who can act as *well* as Garbo, not like her. Furthermore, a few men who can emulate, not imitate, the gentle dramatics of Paul Lukas would not be amiss.

EDITH M. GLASTRE, Glendale, Cal.

The Screen's Homely Men

WE shall all have to agree that the movie industry could never have reached its present degree of success if it had not been for the handsome men featured in the productions. They receive sufficient credit for what they do. The female fans see to that.

But, ever since the days of good old Theodore Roberts, I have been conscious of the real value of those always-to-be-depended-upon males who are *not* so handsome.

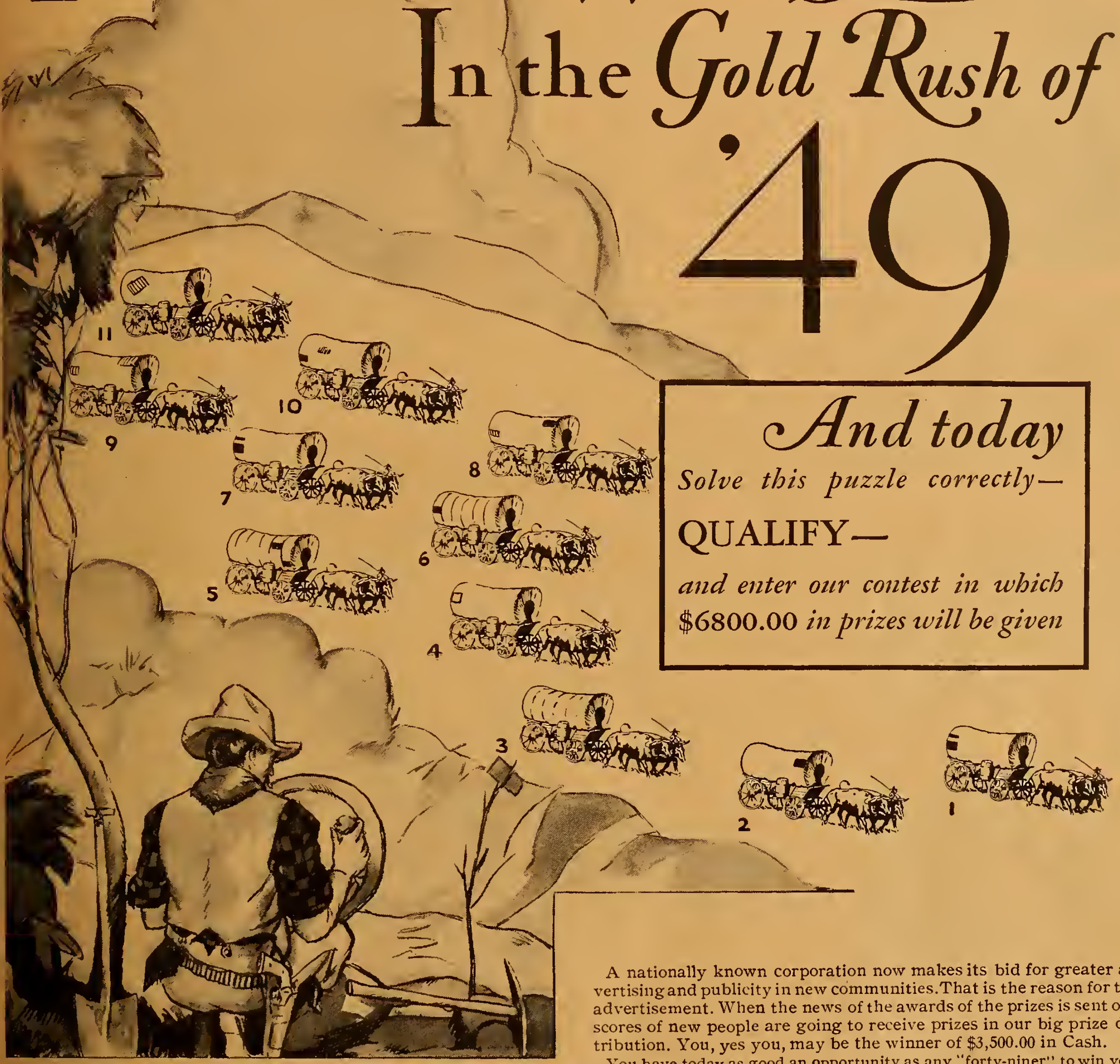
To-day, in practically every picture, we find one or more of these artists carrying responsible parts. Many a box office success would have been a complete "flop" had it not been for the work of some unassuming male actor who lacked the classic features of a Barrymore, or the suavity of a William Powell, but who had a vast amount of personality and ability. The movie industry owes much to the men of the screen who attain success through ability rather than through so-called "good looks." Come on fans! Let's give a good old-fashioned cheer for the homely men of the movies—they deserve it—and especially for the greatest of them all—Wallace Beery!

CHAS. F. WEBB,
Maryville, Tenn.

Become a Critic—Give Your Opinion—Win a Prize

Here's your chance to tell the movie world — through MOVIE CLASSIC—what phase of the movies most interests you. Advance your ideas, your appreciations, your criticisms of the pictures and players. Try to keep within 200 words. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Fortunes *were* *Won Quickly* In the *Gold Rush of* '49



And today

Solve this puzzle correctly—

QUALIFY—

and enter our contest in which $6800.00 *in prizes will be given*

WHEN, in 1848, gold was discovered in California, the news spread as if carried on the wind. And by 1849 the Gold Rush was on! Covered wagon days—days of the "forty-niners"! From all parts of the United States they came, and from all corners of the world, as far away as China—rushing to find their fortunes. Excitement ran high—workshops closed, business houses closed, farms and offices were deserted by people who took the Overland Route to California in search of that precious yellow metal—Gold! San Francisco became a city over night, *and fortunes were won quickly.*

A magic word—GOLD! A laborer, John Marshall by name, discovered it in California, quite by accident, while cutting a millrace for Captain John Sutter on the Sacramento River—just as you, now, in turning these pages, have quite by accident discovered this $3,500.00 prize offer. This may be *your* gold strike!

E. H. BEUSTER, Room 82
54 West Illinois St., Chicago, Illinois

A nationally known corporation now makes its bid for greater advertising and publicity in new communities. That is the reason for this advertisement. When the news of the awards of the prizes is sent out, scores of new people are going to receive prizes in our big prize distribution. You, yes you, may be the winner of $3,500.00 in Cash.

You have today as good an opportunity as any "forty-niner" to win your fortune—$3,500.00 in Cash. At a lucky moment you turned to this advertisement. If you are alert, you may hit upon the one answer, the only one that is correct, for the interesting puzzle contained in the above illustration. Read carefully the directions which follow, then try your luck with this fascinating picture test.

At first glance you may see nothing puzzling about the picture above, but there is a real test combined therein. There are eleven covered wagons, each of which we have numbered. Two of them, *and only two,* are exactly alike in every detail. Some have striped patches on the covers, others solid black, etc. The identifying marks are on the wagons and not in oxen or shadows. Just two wagons are identical. Perhaps it will be your good fortune to find them.

If you think you can find the two covered wagons that are exactly alike, just write their numbers on a post card or mail them in a letter. Send no money, but send your answer now, today. If your answer is correct you will be eligible to compete in Chicago's most liberal contest for those who do not live in Chicago. You will be notified at once if your answer is chosen as correct.

$3,000.00 is the first prize.
An extra
$500.00 Promptness Prize.
In accordance with the rules makes total
First Prize—$3500.00

TICKER TALK

HOLLYWOOD QUOTATIONS

BY
MARK DOWLING

RALPH FORBES: "I AM AS DEVOTED TO MISS CHATTERTON AS IF SHE WERE MY SISTER, AND I THINK SHE SHARES THE SAME FEELING FOR ME!"...... INA CLAIRE: "PEOPLE SEEM TO THINK I'M STILL IN LOVE WITH JOHN GILBERT. I'M NOT."............ JOHN BARRYMORE: "MOTHER AND BABE ARE THRIVING--YOU MAY SAY I AM DOING VERY WELL MYSELF!".......... GEORGE JESSEL: "HOW CAN NORMA TALMADGE AND I GET MARRIED WHEN WE'RE BOTH MARRIED ALREADY?"....... LILY DAMITA: "GILBERT ROLAND AND I ARE JUST FRIENDS . . . SIDNEY SMITH? . . . WE ARE FRIENDS, TOO!" ....BING CROSBY: "I PROTEST AGAINST THE WORD CROONER--CROONERS SING SOFTLY . . . I RAISE MY VOICE TO FULL STRENGTH"......... MAY McAVOY: "I'M GOING BACK INTO PICTURES IN THE FALL"....... HARRY EDINGTON: "GRETA GARBO HAD ONLY AN INSIGNIFICANT AMOUNT IN THE BEVERLY HILLS BANK--A FEW THOUSAND DOLLARS.".......... MAE WEST: "I NEVER WEIGHED MORE THAN 119--IN MY RÔLES I AM ALWAYS THOROUGHLY PADDED"........... CHARLIE CHAPLIN: "I'M REPUTEDLY A COMEDIAN BUT AFTER SEEING FINANCIAL CONDITIONS I HAVE DECIDED I'M AS MUCH AN ECONOMIST AS THE ECONOMISTS ARE COMEDIANS!"....... JOSEPH SCHENCK: "I CAN'T BELIEVE NORMA WOULD GET A MEXICAN DIVORCE WITHOUT CONSULTING ME ABOUT HER PLANS!".........RUTH CHATTERTON: "THE TERMINATION OF MY MARITAL RELATIONSHIP WITH RALPH FORBES DOES NOT MEAN SEVERING OUR PROFESSIONAL RELATIONSHIP."........... JEAN HARLOW: "PAUL BERN AND I WERE SURPRISED OURSELVES!"....... LESLIE HOWARD: "STATEMENTS DEROGATORY TO THE TALKIES ATTRIBUTED TO ME ARE ABSURD"......... HOLLYWOOD REPORTER: ". . . WHEN RUTH CHATTERTON RETURNS SHE WILL MARRY GEORGE BRENT!"....... EDNA MURPHY: "I ASKED MERVYN TO COME BACK TO ME BUT HE ALWAYS REFUSED"......... LOUELLA PARSONS: "WHEN THE DECREE IS FINAL THERE IS EVERY REASON TO BELIEVE MERVYN LEROY AND GINGER ROGERS WILL TAKE THE FATAL STEP"

"Every actress should know what parts are best suited to her. I do. That's why I refused to play the 'heavy' rôle they offered me in 'Thirteen Women.' I couldn't have done it," says Zita Johann, the Broadway star who became the talk of the town when her seven year contract with RKO was dissolved by mutual agreement, following the casting difficulty.

"Zita is leaving town for good," a famous columnist reported the next day, but it wasn't true. Zita played opposite Eddie Robinson in "Tiger Shark" and she will soon appear as the squaw heroine of "Laughing Boy" for Universal.

Brilliant, poised, and very definite in her opinions, Miss Johann becomes a member of the Hollywood literati by her admission that she "reads books—anything but popular novels. I like Proust, for instance. And I love music, not jazz but Chopin and other classics. My mother taught me to play the violin as a child."

With brown hair and eyes, and a square determined chin, Miss Johann is interesting and vital rather than merely pretty. Frank in her estimate of herself, she admits that she is honest, impulsive, and apt to be vindictive. . . .

Her trouble with RKO did not result from mere temperament, as the gossips whispered, but because, she says, "After my success on the stage in 'Machinal' I was afraid of the movies. Of what they might do to me. You see, I have a certain standard to bear."

"My part in 'Laughing Boy' suits me perfectly. I'm Hungarian by birth, though an American citizen, and I think I look the right type."

"I don't care how big or small a part is, I'll take it if there's a chance for real characterization," says Russell Hopton, who, in two years on the screen, has become known as one of the most versatile actors in Hollywood.

"That probably accounts for the fact that I worked steadily as a free lance and made pictures for every studio in town. I've played colorful bits and real parts—gangsters, doctors, heroes and villains. . . .

"Since signing my contract with Universal I've made half a dozen pictures, and at the moment we're filming 'Once in a Lifetime.' It's odd that I play the fellow who comes to the coast and 'goes Hollywood.' Personally I never lunch at the Brown Derby, attend premières, or any of the other things that make up the Hollywood merry-go-round.

"I've been married to a non-professional for five years," Hopton confides. "Happily, too. I'm a temperamental actor and my wife's just the opposite. Maybe that's why we get along.

"I've been film salesman, furniture salesman, property man and assistant director under D. W. Griffith. Then I went on the stage, in stock."

Over the footlights Hopton appeared in "Night Hostess" and "Lulu Belle," so he brought good stage experience with him to the screen.

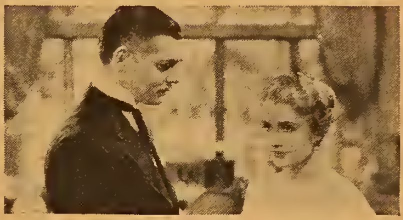
"I haven't any hobby," he adds. "I like almost all sports and right now am concentrating on golf. I do *not* wood-carve, though from what I hear that seems to be the fashionable indoor sport of the moment."

TAKING IN THE TALKIES

LARRY REID'S SLANT ON THE LATEST FILMS

STRANGE INTERLUDE

I'm proud to inform you that, no matter how "Strange Interlude" affects you, you will not forget it. It's an experience you'll talk about, after you untangle your emotions. They have pared down the five hours of Eugene O'Neill's stage play to two hours on the screen—but the story of his frustrated heroine and the effect of her steadily mounting tragedy on those whose lives are bound up with hers is still there in all its emotional intensity. Norma Shearer, as *Nina*, loses her crispness and touches greatness; Clark Gable, as *Dr. Darrell*, her lover, is newly, intensely sensitive; Alexander Kirkland, as *Sam*, her husband, is convincingly harmless; Ralph Morgan, as *Marsden*, the sharp, old-maidish friend, is bitingly amusing. Their changes from youth to old age will amaze you; the way in which their inner thoughts are revealed will fascinate you. There was never another picture like this!



WHAT PRICE HOLLYWOOD?

The original title of Constance Bennett's newest triumph was "The Truth About Hollywood," and I think they were wise to change it. As it is, you don't have to wonder if you should believe this or that—and can just sit back and enjoy the comedy, pathos and melodrama as they happen along. It is Hollywood's most successful effort to date to dramatize itself—and there will be a drove of imitations. It details the rise and fall of a star—a waitress who is discovered by a clever, seldom sober director, skyrockets to fame, marries well, is torn between marriage and career, and eventually is involved in ruinous scandal. Connie adds spontaneity to her charm, and gives what I'd call the best performance of her life. At that, Lowell Sherman, as the director, comes perilously close to stealing another picture. Neil Hamilton, as her husband, is as jealous as you'd be, in his place.

THE PURCHASE PRICE

In her latest picture, Barbara Stanwyck is a combination of the heroine of "Ten Cents a Dance" and the young *Selina* of "So Big"—and the result I found worth watching, principally because of Barbara. The story won't startle you. She starts out as a night-club girl, loses her wealthy suitor, and To Get Away From It All, buys out a girl-friend who is getting a husband through a matrimonial agency, and becomes the wife of a farmer in the West. Considering that the tiller of the soil is George Brent, it's a bit surprising that the two don't get along. As it is, they have to go through fire (literally) to discover that they love one another. And this fire scene, in which fields of grain flare up at night, is the big punch of the picture. Barbara, as always, is as real as the girl next door—and much easier to look at. George doesn't have much chance to be a lover.

UNASHAMED

The scenario of this courtroom drama was based on certain dramatic news stories from a Philadelphia suburb last year, with an added touch here and there for camera effect, and new dialogue. But the basic situation is the same. The wealthy lover of a young society girl compromises her, and is killed by her brother. At his trial for first degree murder, she turns against him—"unashamed." Up to this point, the action follows familiar lines, but from here on, it flames up and almost sets fire to the celluloid. Helen Twelvetrees brings the unhappy, free-souled girl into sharp outline—and Robert Young (you'll find a story about him on page 56) makes her brother a tense figure. The scene I'd suggest your watching for is the one in which Lewis Stone, as the defense lawyer, tells the girl just how men are put to death in the electric chair. John Miljan, whose rôles are at last getting larger, is a potent prosecutor.

LADY AND GENT

The title is as unattractive as "Min and Bill," and if I don't miss my guess, it will be every bit as big a hit. It isn't the same kind of story, but it doesn't lack a thing. And on top of everything else, it has a new George Bancroft—no longer cocky, bellowing and swaggering, but human, down-to-earth, pathetic, amusing. The "Lady" of the title, Wynne Gibson, is also a new person—and as appropriate with the new George as soda is with bitters. George is an ex-prize fighter who doesn't quite know what it's all about, but is determined to find some of the happiness of life—and does his searching with a night-club girl who's a little bit tired of it all. Their adventures and misadventures—some dramatic, some moody, some comic—will get under your skin. The dialogue is a match for the acting, and that is saying a mouthful—a Joe E. Brown mouthful.

REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM

As a prominent Engineer once said, this is a noble experiment. There has been a rumor out Hollywood way (which is the darnedest place for rumors, anyway) that What The Public Wants is a return to the sweet and simple film fare of the good, old days. So Fox made "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Too bad the boys didn't wonder why Mary Pickford, who's a pretty smart show-woman herself, was willing to sell them the talkie rights to her old hit. For *Rebecca* just isn't a 1932 girl. The story, as you remember, concerns the noble efforts of an orphan girl to see the sunny side of life, no matter how hard her two old maid aunts bear down on her. Like *Rebecca* (even with Marian Nixon playing the part), the situations seem old-fashioned, and the dialogue sounds outdated. The fine photography outclasses the scenario.

Our Hollywood NEIGHBORS

GOINGS-ON AMONG THE PLAYERS

By MARQUIS BUSBY

ABOUT the most world-shattering news of the month in Hollywood concerns the breath-taking fact that Lupe Velez is going to do a female Tarzan on the screen. Alongside of that, floods in Texas, conventions in Chicago and Jean Harlow's red wig fade into oblivion.

Loop-the-Lupe will don a panther skin and go leaping around trees in studio back-lots. Maybe she can make over one of her eleven (or is it fifteen?) fur coats into a nifty jungle sport-suit.

We don't know how Johnny Weissmuller, Mr.Tarzan, himself, feels about a lady rival. Maybe he doesn't care. Maybe he's even glad. Those jungles in "Tarzan" did look pretty lonesome, with nothing but a lot of monkeys and elephants to make chat-chat with. And New York spies report that Johnny and Lupe became awfully good friends when Mister Weissmuller paid a visit to the main stem.

As if this weren't enough about jungle folk, Universal clambers on the band wagon with the announcement that they're going to have a Tarzan, too. Their mass of muscle is James Pierce, who Tarzan-ed it for FBO several years ago.

It'd be kinda fun to see 'em all in one picture, and why can't it be arranged?

Longet

If you can imagine such a thing, one of the girls got a "ringer" playing horseshoes—and they can't decide which did it. Meanwhile you get a good look at Phyllis Fraser and Mary Mason, RKO's latest starlets

YOU hear such funny things around Hollywood. Don't let this worry you too much, but Walter Futter, the fellow that makes the novelty shorts for Columbia studios, comes forth with some startling information about Mother Nature's eccentricities.

He says there is a river in South America that runs real vinegar, and that there is a stream in China which is as red as blood and a river in Peru in which a dark-haired beauty can dive and emerge with henna tresses. Now that last tidbit is *really* interesting. It has so many possibilities. Does it just color the hair, or would the lady come forth looking like Pocahontas in an Elk's Club pageant?

And right in Southern California—just within a stone's throw of Hollywood, if you really want to throw stones—there is a man who can call fishworms out of the earth merely by whistling. Interesting enough, but betcha the fishworms are pretty mad when they drop their business to rush "front and center" and find it's all a hoax. Even a fishworm must have some feelings.

LAWYERS have been reaping a nice harvest from the film people recently. Evelyn Brent got sued by a book store on an overdue account. That lawsuit made some kind of history in our town. Imagine a movie star being sued for books! Ricardo Cortez got sued for $111 by his golf club, which seems like a nice round sum. *So* easy to remember. And Constance Bennett got sued by her agents. A brave man read the court summons to Connie, standing sixty feet from her on the Malibu sands. Connie glowered from a window of her seaside manse, probably wondering if her aim was good enough to hit him with a flower pot. Claire Windsor is being sued for $100,000 for alienating somebody's affections. Divorces on the fire include Eleanor Boardman and King Vidor; Norma Talmadge, contemplating one of those quickie Mexican divorces from Joseph Schenck, and we do hear tell that love is growing colder and *colder* between Greta Nissen and Weldon Heyburn.

THE best snicker-snicker anecdote of the month is the one Harrison (columnist) Carroll tells of the excited conversation between two picture actors.

"Say," began the first one, "I was just over to a director's office and walked in without knocking. And what do you suppose? He was kissing a beautiful girl."

"Yeah," said the friend, "and who was the girl?"

The actor whispered her name.

"You don't say! And who was the director?"

"What do you think I am," the first actor asked, indignantly, "a cad?"

TEMPUS fugits—and how!

This fall Jackie Coogan puts on his "frosh" cap and goes to college. "The Kid" is seventeen now, and it seems like only a couple of yesterdays since he was that cute, little tike who acted with Charles Chaplin. He even has dates with the girls these days.

IT'S all right for Greta Garbo to be a lady hermit if she wants to. Greta has the Indian sign on Hollywood, and no one would protest if she decided to move into a cave in the hills and live on roots. But it's too much for a lot of people having Ann Harding go Garbo on us.

Ann, very much embittered about all the gossip which followed the dignified announcement that Harry Bannister and she would no longer be Mr. and Mrs., has decided to give no more interviews to the press. Moreover, she has had her telephone disconnected. The only communication that trickles into her hilltop house from the outside world comes by telegrams. A *hard-berled* watchman stands guard at the gate and he has forgotten the pass-word.

In the meantime it has been whispered that Ann isn't any too happy about her next picture—that pioneer story which will co-star Richard Dix and herself. She knows that after two mediocre pictures she needs a good one now as never before. Apparently she feels that this one about frontier days is not the opus to turn the trick.

THERE is something of a re-assortment going on between the Hollywood romantics right now. Lily Damita, who has been going places with Sidney Smith, has been stepping out with Carl Laemmle, Jr., who previously was giving the heavy rush to Cecelia Parker. Dorothy Lee, who didn't hesitate to proclaim her preference for Marshall Duffield, blond football star, is seen out with Russell Gleason. James Dunn, who changes his girls as often as he does his shirt, is all hot and bothered again about Maureen O'Sullivan. Billie Dove (still maintaining her standing as Hollywood's most popular belle) after being beau-ed by Gilbert Roland and George Raft, is being kept very busy by Austin Parker, Miriam Hopkins' good friend, but estranged husband.

IN an age when gallantry and neatly turned compliments have practically disappeared, we thought C. B. DeMille's comment on Elissa Landi was just too delightful.

"She has to-day in her body, tomorrow in her spirit, and the spirit of the ages in her eyes," says he.

Elissa, you know, is going to be the Christian girl in C. B.'s next picture, "The Sign of the Cross."

Quick, Meadows, get out that book on the language of the flowers. I want to send Elissa a bouquet, and, by golly, it's going to say something, too.

GARY COOPER, in some annoyance, arises to remark that he isn't in love with anybody. Gary has only to look toward a lady and the papers report an engagement. Hollywood has worn itself thinner than a Slim Summerville shadow over the friendship between Gary and the Countess Frasso. Typical of the town, it entirely overlooked the rather important fact that there is still a *Count* Frasso some place in the picture.

Tallulah Bankhead, who, gossip would have you believe, was pining away with unrequited love for the tall Montanan, isn't much bothered any more. They say there's a young English actor she sorta likes, and she has also cast an eye in Joel McCrea's direction. And winning Joel is *some* job. More than one Hollywood girl will admit to that.

★ ★ ★ ★
Critics Acclaim
GREATEST PICTURE OF THE YEAR!
"AMERICAN MADNESS"
COLUMBIA PICTURES

DARING, SENSATIONAL THEME—CLOSEST TO EVERYONE'S HEART TODAY!

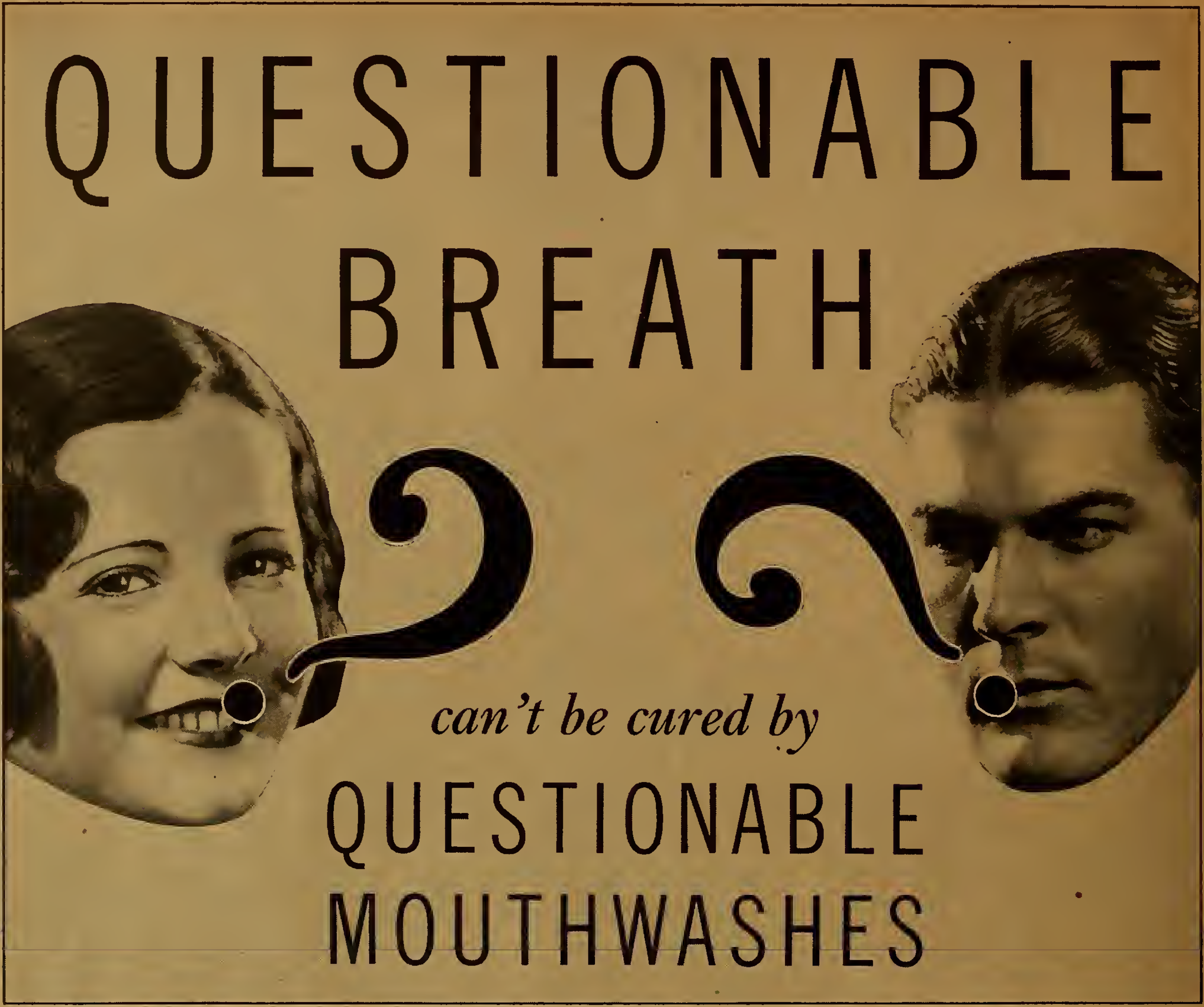
A dramatic thunderbolt challenging the nation, it hurls a smashing answer to the burning question of the hour!

Hearts aflame in a whirlpool of tremendous thrills and the most spectacular dramatic scenes ever filmed!

You *must* see it—*you'll love it!*

WALTER HUSTON
PAT O'BRIEN — CONSTANCE CUMMINGS
A FRANK CAPRA Production
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Ask your theatre when it will show "AMERICAN MADNESS"



Use LISTERINE . . . *it has a 50 year record of positive results*

You probably realize that halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the unforgivable social fault, and take precautions against it.

But are you taking the right precaution? Are you sure the mouth wash you use can cure halitosis? How do you know that it possesses any deodorant effect whatever? What evidence have you that you are not throwing your money away on questionable mouth washes with little or no deodorant power? There are hundreds on the market.

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When you want to be sure that your breath is sweet, wholesome, and agreeable, use Listerine—and Listerine only. It is the quickest of deodorants, the swiftest of antiseptics.

Its deodorant effect is a matter of scientific record with physicians, surgeons, and nurses. Because of its remarkable deodorant properties, Listerine has been specified in the treatment of suppurating wounds for the past 50 years.

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Clinical tests now show that Listerine, used as a mouth wash, instantly overcomes odors that ordinary antiseptics cannot hide in 12 hours.

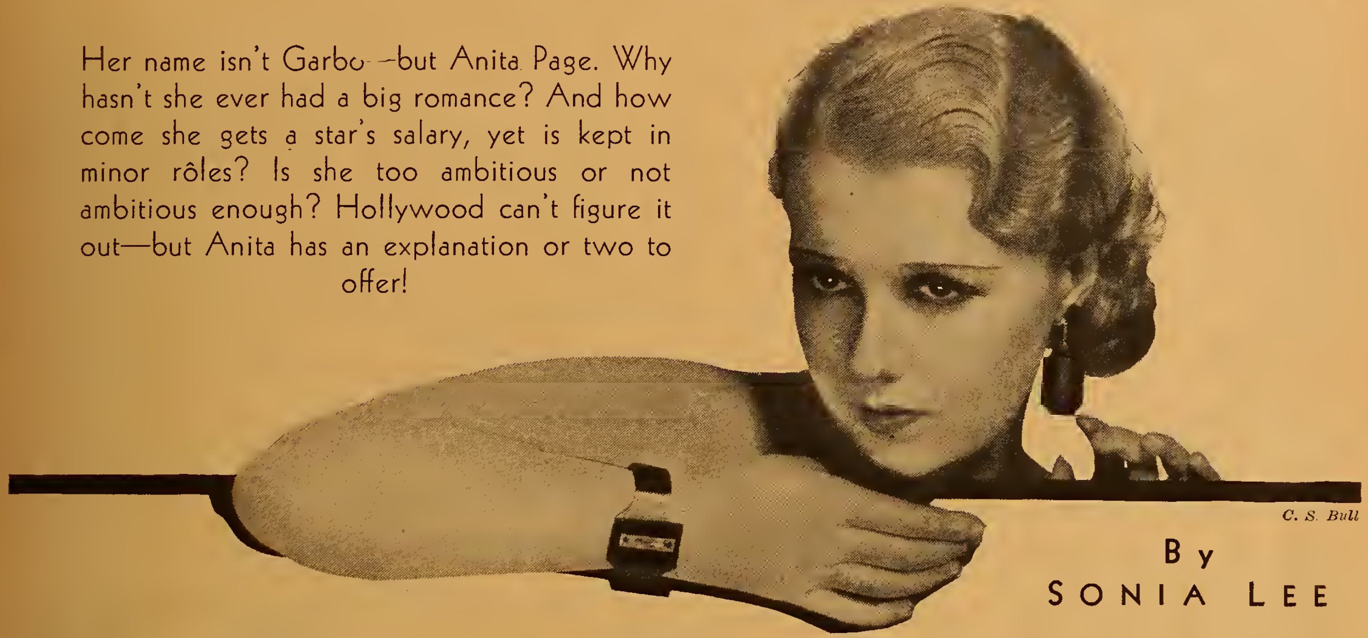
A second series of tests against the onion odor revealed even more startling superiority. While Listerine overcame the odor almost immediately, the other mouth wash advertised as being effective in dilutions of three to one, could not hide the onion odor in 24 hours.

When you buy a mouth wash, in the hope of keeping your mouth clean and fresh, and your breath sweet and agreeable, don't gamble with solutions without reputation or record of performance.

Ask for Listerine . . . the antiseptic mouth wash you can depend upon. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

instantly ends HALITOSIS *(bad breath)*

Her name isn't Garbo—but Anita Page. Why hasn't she ever had a big romance? And how come she gets a star's salary, yet is kept in minor rôles? Is she too ambitious or not ambitious enough? Hollywood can't figure it out—but Anita has an explanation or two to offer!



C. S. Bull

By
SONIA LEE

The Girl That Hollywood Can't Figure Out!

"THE greatest mystery in Hollywood is not Garbo," said Director William Van Dyke recently. "It is Anita Page." Anita Page—the honey-haired girl who overcame the handicap of being introduced to the films under the conspicuous auspices of front-page Harry K. Thaw; the girl who started blazingly some five years ago and now is playing minor parts at a star's salary. To-day she is Hollywood's most perplexing enigma.

Anita Page is a paradox on the Hollywood scene. Until a year ago she was under the constant chaperonage of Papa and Mama Pomares—even on beau-dates! Hollywood raised quizzical eyebrows, and asked: Why? The wonder grew with the years.

As a newcomer to the screen, she scored sensationally in "Broadway Melody," but contrary to the usual studio custom, a brilliant performance was not rewarded with other meaty rôles—and Anita Page became virtually a "bit" player.

A "bit" player—yet she maintains a steady, amazing popularity. *Her fan mail is third in volume on the Metro lot!* College boys choose her as their favorite actress in campus ballotings. Mussolini, as recently as a year ago, declared her to be his favorite American star. Which should have meant the dawn of a big future for any ambitious young player.

But Anita continued to draw uninteresting, uninspiring, minute rôles. Hollywood couldn't dope it out—and started to speak of the Page Mystery.

Hollywood's Attempts to Explain Her

THE movie village began to weave fantastic tales and offer a variety of reasons. They sum up to something like this:

1. That Anita Page was not sufficiently ambitious.
2. That she was too ambitious; and so made the women stars on the lot jealous.
3. That a blazing emotion was absent in Anita Page—and made her incapable of great interpretations. And that the studio, hoping that some day she would awaken, kept her on under contract, in the belief that potentially she was a great star.
4. That her parents inhibited the girl—and thus deterred her development and smothered her talent.
5. That no one was greatly interested in Anita Page—and so she had failed to realize her latent possibilities. This has been said with Joan Crawford in mind—who, in five years, has developed from a chubby hey-hey girl into a great dramatic artist.
6. That someone of importance was so interested in Anita Page that her contract was safe—and she did not need to be great.

There are other reasons and conjectures. They verge on

(*Continued on page 64*)

NEW FAVORITES FIGHT *To Dethrone* GARBO and GAYNOR

It is Joan Crawford's ambition—and intention—to snatch up the crown that Greta has dropped at M-G-M. Three rivals—Sally Eilers, Marian Nixon and Joan Bennett—have risen to dispute Janet's long supremacy at Fox. And the queens of other studios—Marlene Dietrich, Ruth Chatterton and Constance Bennett—are all fighting to keep their thrones. The Battle of the Beauties is on!

By DOROTHY DONNELL

A NEW war is on in Hollywood, and every studio is a battleground. It is the Battle of the Beauties. The thrones of the long-established Queens of the studio lots—the Garbos and Gaynors and Bennetts and Chattertons and Dietrichs are in danger. Their reign over the hearts of moviegoers is being challenged by upstart beauties, who have dared to stage revolutionary successes in their little empires and are fighting to dethrone them. Long accustomed to being deferred to by supervisors and directors, tyrannical with producers, bowed down to by studio photographers and publicity men, and acknowledged as supreme by their fellow players, the reigning queens of the studios are now making desperate efforts to keep their thrones.

On the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot in Culver City, Garbo has ruled, unquestioned, for three years. Pretenders to her throne, and dangerous ones—such as Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer—have stormed her position, but have not been able to take it. There has probably never been a movie star who has so overwhelmed her studio. Since her first great victory over the producers, which she won by a siege of silence, no one has ventured to oppose this strong-willed Swedish girl. Publicity departments do not venture to ask her for picture sittings. Interviews are forbidden by special edict. Strangers are kept from her by imperial command. Her isolation is matched only by royalty itself.

"I am telling you the absolute truth," Louis B. Mayer, head of the company, said in reply to a question from MOVIE CLASSIC, at the expiration of Garbo's contract, "when I say that I do not know what Greta Garbo's plans are. She has told us nothing. We are as much in the dark as you or anyone else except Garbo, herself."

Ann Harding (above) won RKO's star dressing-room from Connie Bennett

Sally Eilers (right) is the girl Janet Gaynor is watching. Ann Dvorak (left) is Ruth Chatterton's big worry

Lippman

Powolny

In "Grand Hotel," Joan Crawford (left) didn't let Garbo outact her

Richee

Tallulah Bankhead, who queened it in London, is a threat to Marlene Dietrich

C. S. Bull

Garbo, queen at M-G-M, has apparently abdicated and many wonder if she didn't suspect her throne was in danger. Janet Gaynor (top right), queen at Fox ever since "Seventh Heaven," is now having *her* supremacy challenged

Constance Bennett, queen of RKO, has suddenly turned democratic

Lippman

Ruth Chatterton, queen at Warners, has two dangerous rivals

Richee

Marlene Dietrich, Paramount queen, is resting uneasily in America

Queen Greta, the First and Last, flouts the public and producers to the end. To the end, her loyal subjects begged her to remain and rule forever. But her [illegible]er is—*Abdication.*

Does Greta Fear Joan?

AT the height of her power and fame she elects, apparently, to step down from her unquestioned throne, with the same royal dignity and lonely state she has maintained so long, and vanish into self-imposed exile. Does she suspect that her place is being threatened by a pretender grown powerful enough now to sweep her aside if a strong picture affords opportunity? *Does Garbo believe that in "Rain," Joan Crawford—who rivaled her so potently in "Grand Hotel"—has that opportunity, and so chooses*

(Continued on page 68)

LOOKING THEM OVER

GOSSIP FROM THE WEST COAST—BY DOROTHY MANNERS

JEAN HARLOW, and her brand-new husband, Paul Bern, did not go away on a honeymoon. They started something new by "staying home" on a honeymoon. Said Jean Bern (and how do you like the new title for the wedding-ring blonde?):

"Paul just returned from a trip to New York. For six weeks I trekked about the country on a personal appearance tour. We seem to have taken our honeymoon separately—before the marriage. It's going to be a novelty to stay home."

One week before they were married, the M-G-M executive deeded over the property of his Brentwood home to his new bride. It is a beautiful estate covering three acres. The wedding ceremony took place at the home of Jean's mother and step-father. Only a few intimate friends and relatives were present. John Gilbert, himself an expected-to-be bridegroom, was best man.

THE Bern-Harlow romance was the surprise of the month to Hollywood. Paul and Jean have been "going around" pretty consistently for two or three years. But, then, Paul Bern has been the platonic friend of so many beautiful Hollywood girls: the late Barbara La Marr, Jetta Goudal, Estelle Taylor and Joan Crawford, to mention a few.

It used to be a saying in Hollywood that it was doubtful if Paul Bern would ever get married. Where could he find one woman who would understand the gentle and kind spirit that makes him befriend so many?

There is a twenty-one-year difference in the ages of the newlyweds. Jean is 21. Paul is 42.

Exotic, and then some—that's Lyda Roberti, the Polish newcomer. But she has even more clowning ability than platinum blonde hair, as you'll see in "The Big Broadcast"

NORMA SHEARER THALBERG isn't the only M-G-M lady now with a husband in the Front Office. Paul looked after Jean's interests very well with that splendid rôle in "Red-Headed Woman." We may expect equally interesting pictures for her in the future. Her next will be either "Soviet Russia" or "The Ritz Bar"—both tentative titles. And

You can't get Clark Gable's goat! The animal brought him luck, he says, when he won $280 on a $2.50 bet at Del Monte, where he has vacationed

Graham

Elliott

Buck Jones has been in the movies fourteen years, helping beautiful damsels in distress. When Dolores Rey landed at Columbia, fresh from the Follies, she remembered that—and asked him for some tips about movie-acting. He's telling her that actions speak louder than talkies

Clark Gable or John Gilbert may be her next screen lover. That's how important Jean's future looks.

THE Eleanor Boardman-King Vidor divorce had been expected—though the newspapers, for some reason or other grew very "surprised" about it. Eleanor and her director-husband haven't been hitting it off for some time and many besides their intimate friends knew about it.

King Vidor is a temperamental and moody man. Eleanor Boardman is the sanest, most down-to-earth girl we have ever met. Their divergent outlooks on life were apparent almost from the outset of their marriage five years ago. King Vidor has always believed that an artist should be "free and unhampered" by domestic duties and ties. As long as Eleanor attempted to share this view, everything was well between them.

But marriage and two children (both girls) are certainly "settling" influences. At least, they apparently proved too settling for the man who is often referred to as the most artistic director in Hollywood. Eleanor has filed suit for divorce and has asked for the custody of the two children.

Miehle

The newest lad to get a close-up of Joan Crawford's eyes is William Gargan, from Broadway, her marine-lover in "Rain." They put a scar on him to make him less handsome

POOR Roscoe Arbuckle, after trying one city hall and then another, finally managed to tie the matrimonial knot with Addie McPhail in Wesleyville (near Erie), Pa. A justice of the peace officiated. Mayor Thacher, of Albany, New York, landed in newspapers throughout the country when he refused to perform the marriage ceremony between "Fatty" and Miss McPhail because he considered "marriage too solemn to be ballyhooed." Ouch—but that hurt!

Following another month of personal appearance tours, Arbuckle and his new bride will return to Hollywood, and he will start his screen comeback.

Dyar

Juliette Compton is a dangerous woman now. Just look at those long, sharp finger rings she wears as an Oriental princess in "The Devil and the Deep"!

Coburn

Besides having a new horse, named "Little Joe" for luck, Ricardo Cortez has a fast-paced new rôle. He's the hero in "Thirteen Women"

JOAN CRAWFORD and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., have set out for that long-planned vacation to Europe. Until the moment they actually stepped on the train, Doug was "scared" that something would come up (as usual) to spoil their plans.

Somebody tells us that two whole days before Joan and Doug took their departure, they refused to answer the telephone or to accept telegram messages. And can you blame them? This is the fourth start they have made for London, Paris and Rome. They may be back in time for the Olympics.

Joan has never been abroad before—her career has kept her too busy. And to go now, she is giving up "Red Dust" to Jean Harlow. But Doug couldn't wait any longer to show her Paris, where he grew up.

Lippman

You've never seen Guy Kibbee grin, unless you've seen him going fishing. That's what he's doing, with "Rain" finished

WHEN Sylvia Sidney appeared recently at a dancing place with B. P. Schulberg, it verified a romance Hollywood has suspected for some time. Though Mr. Schulberg is not yet divorced from his wife, they have been legally separated for more than a year and it is believed by their intimate friends that the dramatic ingénue from Paramount will be the next Mrs. Schulberg.

Though Schulberg is no longer affiliated with Paramount, he did a great deal toward advancing Sylvia Sidney's career. He was also the man who started Clara Bow on the high road to fame.

Powolny

June Vlasek (above) looks as if she's prepared for you to give her a tumble. She's one of the newest Fox "finds" and you'll see her very soon

Wonder if Peggy Shannon (above) is waiting to greet Clara Bow in her comeback. Remember when the two were compared?

ROBERT ARMSTRONG'S divorced wife, Jeanne, is back in Hollywood after a year of a tango tour through the Orient. And the people who know Bob and Jeanne best have a very definite hunch that the couple will make up their old differences.

Jeanne's insistence upon a dancing career was really the main bone of contention between them. Bob objected to being left alone while his wife tangoed in various parts of the world.

Now that Jeanne is back, with the comment that she is "through with dancing for awhile," there's no telling just what will happen. No one believes that Bob ever fell out of love with Jeanne—or Jeanne with Bob.

TALLULAH BANKHEAD and Marlene Dietrich have buried the hatchet and become almost clubby. For months there was a very subtle warfare between the two sophisticates of the Paramount lot. No one knew exactly what the trouble was, but anyway the girls didn't speak when they met—and they had been introduced!

But lately the Paramounters have been surprised to witness Tallulah's dropping into Marlene's dressing-room at lunch time to say "Hello." There seems to be a good deal of laughter on the part of Marlene every time Tallulah drops in, and humor is a swell basis for permanent friendship.

M-G-M will probably buy over the contract of Billie Dove from Howard Hughes in appreciation of her splendid comedy work in the Marion Davies picture, "Blondie of the Follies."

They say that Billie gives a new and different characterization in this picture that will earn her a world of new admirers. If this comes to pass, then two of Howard Hughes' sparkling charmers will have been acquired by the Culver City studio. Billie and Jean Harlow.

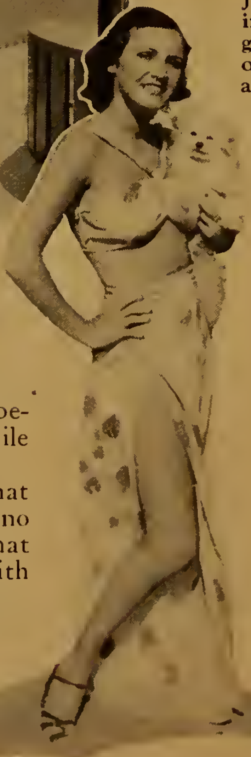
WE don't know how true this is, but the nosey little bird that is always thinking up things tells us that Norma Shearer is anxious to take a good long rest from the screen following "Smilin' Through."

Norma still has several years to go on her contract and she has every intention of fulfilling her agreement, but she would like to add a year to the life of the contract and take off a year now.

No, there aren't any stork rumors. Norma, so we hear, is just anxious for a good long rest and a chance to "play" without thinking of studio hours.

IF Lee Tracy is a "good boy," he may become one of the most outstanding stars on the screen. If Lee isn't a good boy, he won't make many more pictures. Lee was, and is, a tremendous success in "Blessed Event" and Warner Brothers were on the verge of offering him a grand new contract. The point under fire is—can Lee keep

(Continued on page 67)



Acme

Something new under the Malibu sun is the polka-dot beach ensemble in [illegible] Betty Boyd (left) steps out. Bri[illegible] and cool, it is designed for sunn[illegible]

Yankee Doodle Dandy Is In The Movies Now

George M. Cohan—the man who made Broadway famous with his plays, his acting, and his songs, and has turned down a million in movie offers—at last is in the talkies. But the Yankee Doodle Dandy has more to tell about Gable than he does about himself!

BY NANCY PRYOR

Richee

TO the combined theme songs of "Yankee Doodle," "The Sidewalks of New York" and "Over There," George M. Cohan enters the movies. Unfurl the flags for the greatest little flag-unfurler of them all. Make way for the Yankee Doodle Dandy of Broadway. The Song-and-Dance Man has temporarily abandoned the Way described as "Great" and "White" for the Hollywood boulevards best described as what-have-you?

For the next few months the "man who has written a lifetime of hits" will be devoting himself to a Paramount contract that calls for a starring appearance (in a dual rôle) in "The Phantom President" and a story script for "The Song of the Eagle." Before his contract is finished he will probably be producing pictures, starring in his own stories, speaking his own dialogue and singing his own songs, plus attending to all the other little details usually relegated to ten men. George M. *is* ten men rolled into one.

As a producer, author or star, he has been affiliated with one hundred and forty Broadway productions, ranging from dramas to musical comedies, including such hits as: "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway," "The Man Who Owned Broadway," "Little Johnny Jones," "The Yankee Prince," "Officer 666," "Seven Keys to Baldpate" and "The Song-and-Dance Man." He staged "Elmer, The Great" with Walter Huston and Kay Francis and wrote "The Home-Towners," in which Miriam Hopkins appeared. He has been accused of waving the American flag in his show productions more often than an Army standard-bearer.

Made a Million from "Over There"

IN twenty years he has written five hundred songs—most of them hits. Millions of men marched off to war with the words of his song, "Over There," on their lips and its rhythm in their feet. George M. made one million dollars from that one song and received a stirring personal note from Woodrow Wilson in appreciation of it. (If he lives long enough, he'll make another million from royalties. They're still playing "Over There" upon the slightest provocation.) It is the proudest single feat of his brilliant career that has, from the first, been American-minded.

(*Continued on page 62*)

International

Is MARLENE DIETRICH Being FRIGHTENED Away From America?

BY FRANC DILLON

The German star has found sensational success in Hollywood, but little happiness. And now, to cap the climax, she cannot go anywhere without armed guards—and the life of her little girl, who means far more to her than fame or money, has been threatened. When she returns to Germany in December (her contract expires then), will she ever come back?

WHEN Marlene Dietrich's contract is completed in December, she will have been in America for two and a half years. Those close to the glamourous German star whisper that these brief, tumultuous years have so frightened Marlene that she wants to go "home"—to Berlin—for good and all, in December.

In America she has been annoyed by stares, persecuted by the press, faced with lawsuits, subjected to gossip, and threatened by criminals. She has seen friends lose their fortunes in American banks, she has been bored by Hollywood social life, involved in studio arguments and forced into hiding, by fear of danger to her little girl, Maria.

At the moment she lives in a state of armed terror, going nowhere without guards. Detectives guard the closed sets on which Marlene works, follow her wherever she goes, and watch her home day and night. Even when she goes to the movies—which is recreation, not a risk to most people—drastic measures are taken for her protection. Two limousines speed down the Boulevard. The first draws up at the curb in front of the theatre and four armed detectives

Marlene Dietrich cannot even lounge in her own yard without armed guards nearby. And guards watch over the play of her little girl, Maria (at top), whose nursery window (behind her) is protected with iron bars

This brand-new portrait of Marlene shows her as the exotic night-club heroine of "The Blonde Venus," which may be her next-to-last American picture. She has one more, "Deep Night," to make on her present contract

leap out. They start pushing the crowd back, and by the time the second car has arrived they have made a pathway to the entrance. Down this protected path Marlene, Maria, the governess and Josef Von Sternberg rush. The four burly guards close in behind them and sit one on each side of the party, one in front and one behind during the performance.

"Nonsense!" said Marlene and Von Sternberg in unison when I asked them if it were true that she will not return to America after her trip to Germany in December. Yet there are disturbing signs that the slow enigmatic smile, the gorgeous figure and exotic beauty that have made Dietrich an American idol may be lost to us. As long as six months ago, according to one of her close friends, Marlene was anxious to leave.

Signs of Plans to Leave

"IF I could get out of my contract, I'd go home right now," Marlene is quoted as saying angrily at that time. "I have plenty of money now and there is a play I would like to do in Germany." But Marlene denies that she is considering the stage. "My only plans now are for a holiday," she says. "When my contract with Paramount expires in December, I am going to Europe for a vacation."

This sounds mild enough, but at the time of her outburst to her friend, it appears that Marlene consulted the immigration authorities and discovered that under new rules it would be difficult for her to return to America, once she had left for the second time. She sent for her mother and sister, who are even now said to be on their way to Hollywood to visit her. Knowing the immigration difficulties, if Marlene plans to leave America next winter, she is only too likely to remain abroad.

Two years of American life, so different from life in Germany, have worn her resistance, tried her patience and tortured her nerves until it is easy to understand the fear that may drive her away from a country where she has found success, but not happiness.

She arrived in Hollywood frank, honest and with no inhibitions, determined to like us. She greeted the first interviewers like friends. Then came her first experience with American customs. Someone in the studio publicity department, remembering a press-agent's ABC's, hinted that Marlene was just eighteen years old.

"Ridiculous!" exclaimed Marlene, when she heard of it. "I'm not a girl. I'm a woman—I have a child. I'm twenty-five! And I do not see why I should pretend otherwise, or have anyone pretend for me."

(*Continued on page 56*)

Bullets, Bolo Knives and Broken Bones Haven't Stopped TOM MIX

By JACK GRANT

IF Mrs. Tom Mix had not purchased her husband a new polo shirt, this story might never have been written. Had there not been a question as to whether the garment would fit, Tom might not have tried it on in the presence of your correspondent. And had that not occurred, it might have been years before we saw him without a shirt.

But the fact is that the new Mrs. Mix did buy Tom an even newer shirt, and Tom, more interested in his bride's gift than in our interview, took off the one he was wearing to slip on the present. That's how we happened to see his bullet-scarred shoulder.

"Nasty scar, you have there," we remarked conversationally.

"Tom has millions of 'em." Mrs. Mix vouchsafed the information blithely, *à la* Jimmy Durante.

"Hardly millions, dear," said Tom, who is inclined at times toward conservatism, "but a right smart number of 'em."

"Exactly how many?" we asked.

"Well, let's see." Tom grew reflective. "I was

Right, Tom Mix as a courier in Cuba in the Spanish-American War, in which he was shot in the jaw. At top (seated at left), Tom as a he-man first sergeant after that conflict. Note his swollen jaw. In circle, Tom as he is to-day, with Tony, his co-survivor of many movie injuries

The rip-roarin' cowboy star has been shot a dozen times, dynamited once, "scalped" once, knifed twice, bayoneted once, and has been in the hospital forty-seven times with movie injuries—but he's still grinning!

shot three times in the left arm, once in the right shoulder, once in the right elbow, once through the ribs just below my heart, once through the jaw, three times through the abdomen and pelvis, once in the left and once in the right leg. How many does that make?"

"Twelve," answered Mrs. Mix, who was using her fingers. "But that doesn't include the explosion that blew a hole four inches square in your back."

"No, it doesn't," Tom admitted. "We were talking about bullet holes. The accident with the dynamite happened in a picture some years ago. I was to ride Tony over a dam that was to be blown up right under us. That is, it was to look that way. But somehow, the signals got mixed and they blew up the dam before we got across. Tony and I went up with it. A piece of my back was blown out and Tony got pretty badly hurt, too. They thought we were both goners, but we're too tough to be killed with dynamite."

First Shot When Fourteen

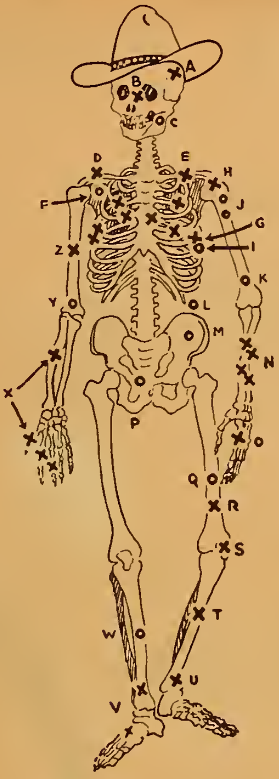
WE wanted to know if the other accidents, too, were the results of picture-making.

"None of my bullet holes were," Tom replied. "I got a lot of broken bones in the movies, but most of the shooting happened when I was serving as United States Marshal or sheriff. A couple are mementoes of the Army and one of a bandit right here in Hollywood.

"The first time I got shot, I was only fourteen years old. I went into town with my family at Pony Track, Texas. It was near election time and a couple of rival political factions

(*Continued on page 78*)

This shows Tom Mix as a real-life Texas Ranger in the Rio Grande country, back in the early 1900's, long before he ever saw a movie camera. This country was the scene of his closest call from a bullet wound. A cattle rustler shot him just below the heart



TOM MIX'S INJURIES

(X's mark fractures. Circles mark bullet wounds)

A. Fractured skull in 1925 in picture stunt.
B. Nose broken when a shell blew up the artillery wagon Mix was pushing, and splinters tore through his scalp, during the Boxer uprising in China.
C. Rifle shot of an enemy sniper tore away part of his jaw in the Spanish-American War.
D. Shoulder fractured when thrown by a jumping horse in a circus performance in Dallas, Texas, 1915.
E. Collar-bone broken four times in falls.
F. Shot by Hollywood bandit at Mix home in 1925.
G. Eight broken ribs and bone fractures sustained while making motion pictures.
H. Shoulder fractured in fall when horse was shot from under him by bandits in his U. S. Marshal days.
I. Shot through ribs below heart while apprehending cattle rustlers near Capablanca, Texas, 1904.
J. Shot twice in left arm by outlaws in Oklahoma, 1906.
K. Shot again just above elbow during following year.
L. Shot through abdomen by killer he arrested, 1905.
M. This is the wound suffered in a gun fight with two rustlers, one of whom Mix was compelled to kill, 1909.
N. Left arm broken four times in motion picture stunting.
O. Hand also broken in one of the above accidents.
P. Shot through pelvis by bad man from whom he was attempting to take gun. Then sheriff of Chioto, Oklahoma.
Q. Shot in leg when but fourteen years old.
R. Leg broken when trampled by horse, Hollywood, 1914.
S. Fractured knee when chuck wagon tipped over with him in 1926. Wore a brace for several years.
T. Leg broken while stunting in pictures, 1913.
U. Fractured ankle while breaking horses for a Wild West show in Peoria, Ill., 1911.
V. Foot and ankle broken when he was run over by a chuck wagon on location for pictures, 1915.
W. Shot through leg by escaping bank robbers in 1907.
X. Three broken fingers, hand and arm fractured in screen fights and film stunting, 1919–1925.
Y. Shot through elbow in stage coach hold-up in 1902.
Z. Broken arm suffered in mock stage coach hold-up for a picture. Coach overturned, pinning him beneath it. 1925.

NOTE. Scars from twenty-two knife wounds are not indicated nor is it possible to show on the diagram the hole four inches square and many inches deep that was blown in Mix's back by a dynamite explosion. There are also scars from fourteen buck-shot in his left arm.

They told GEORGE BRENT that he was going *blind!*

That was less than a year ago, and if he had obeyed his first impulse, he would never have lived to become famous on the screen or to meet Ruth Chatterton. Here, for the first time, he tells the thoughts that went pounding through his head before his sight returned. He has to guard his eyes now—for that threat of blindness is still there

By GLADYS HALL

LESS than a year ago, an eminent eye specialist told George Brent that *he was going blind.* **Blind!**

There is a poem somewhere that begins, "They tell me drowning men have dreams. . . ." Well, George Brent says that men going blind have dreams, too. *He* had dreams. Dreams of things he had seen and would never forget even in the darkness. Faces that would be beacon lights where there was no light. Scenes he would try to forget, but knew that he never could.

And it was mostly the *things* he would never see again that George Brent mourned. Scenery—the sea, ships, birds, dogs, blue lakes, dark pines, the mist rising from Irish bogs at daybreak.

People are not particularly important to George Brent. Only two people have ever been in his Hollywood home. Only three people in the world, he told me, are really significant and important to him: his sister and her husband—and Ruth Chatterton. He pals about a bit with Chevalier, whom he admires. He also likes and admires Clark Gable, both off and on the screen. He's glad, he says, that Gable hasn't changed. He can't bear actors who carry their bag of tricks with them after they leave the studio. Chevalier never does; Gable never does. Neither, certainly, does George, who wears horn-rimmed glasses, tweeds, and looks and acts far more like an editor, an author or a country gentleman than he does an actor.

Fryer

"People," he said, "never really care about you. When you are down, there is no one to help or to care. When you are up, there are—back-slappers. Next to being pitied, back-slapping is the most odious thing that can be done.

First Thought Was Suicide

"OF course, when I was told I was going blind, my first instinct was—suicide. I kept thinking, 'Have I worked so hard all these years, gone through all that I have gone through, tried to gain ground and slipped and come back again—for *this?* What is it all about? And WHY?' I sometimes wonder that even now. I thought, then, of taking a 'plane to China, of dunking myself somewhere in the China seas. I didn't want to live.

"And then, I suppose, you achieve a certain philosophy if you survive the first shock of the thing. You retreat into your mind, and find that you have scenes and faces to live with. It was like playing Blind Man's Bluff, to me—reaching out, trying to catch hold of someone or something and hold it fast.

"For weeks while I sat there in bandaged darkness, the doctor's verdict final, I knew the feelings of a blind man. So far as I knew, I *was* a blind man. First it was curious and after a time it was interesting—the things that mattered.

"I seemed to 'see' mostly the days when I was a boy back home in Ireland. An unhappy kid, living with relatives who didn't seem to understand the kind of kid I was, painfully shy and painfully sensitive, trying my best to hide it. My father, a newspaperman, had died when I was two . . . the rest of the family were Army . . .

(*Continued on page 58*)

MOVIE CLASSIC TABLOID NEWS SECTION

◆ THE NEWSREEL OF THE NEWSSTANDS ◆

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford, married just three years, head for Europe on a "second honeymoon"—and kill those divorce rumors. Here is their "bon voyage" party: left to right, Doug, Jr., Robert Montgomery, Mrs. Montgomery, Joan Crawford, Doug, Sr., Clark Gable and Mrs. Gable (who killed some rumors, themselves). Mrs. Gable asked Joan for an autographed photo

World Wide

John Barrymore gets his first good look at John Barrymore, II, while his new son gives all his attention to Dolores Costello Barrymore (left). John took a room at the hospital to be near them

International

Showing no signs of being camera shy, Sydney and Charles Chaplin, Jr. (left), sons of the famous comedian, arrive from abroad to enter the movies with their mother. See story on page 30

Acme

Genevieve Tobin (above) revealed in these pages last month that she's looking for a husband who is a combination of Clark Gable, Leslie Howard, James Cagney and Clive Brook. She hasn't found him yet—but there's no hurry. Genevieve is a busy girl, climbing up to stardom, like the actress she plays in "Hollywood Speaks"

The last scene in Hollywood's newest surprise wedding (right): Jean Harlow, of platinum blonde and "Red-Headed Woman" fame, cuts her wedding cake, with Norma Shearer Thalberg and Paul Bern (who'll never be known as "Mr. Jean Harlow") beside her. In rear are Irving Thalberg, Jean's mother and stepfather, Marino Bello

VIDOR-BOARDMAN MARRIAGE ENDS—DISAPPOINTED AT NOT HAVING SON

Hollywood Sees Irony In Fact That Eleanor Boardman And Famous Director, Who Have Long Wanted A Boy, Come To Parting Of The Ways On Same Day That Florence Vidor Heifetz, His Former Wife, Announces Birth Of A Son

By RUTH WINGATE

THE front page of the Los Angeles newspapers carried the story that Eleanor Boardman and director King Vidor, after nearly six years of married life, were planning a divorce. Tucked away on page 3 was the notice that Florence Vidor Heifetz (the first Mrs. Vidor, and present wife of Jascha Heifetz, the famous violinist) had, on the previous Saturday, given birth to a son.

To all appearances, the two items had no relationship. King and Florence Vidor had long been divorced; for several years both had been married to new mates—happily so, it had seemed. Two children, both girls, had been born to King and Eleanor Boardman Vidor and all, except a few of their most intimate friends, believed them to be happy in spite of the "trouble" rumors that occasionally circulated about them. Yet, though divorce, re-marriage and children lay between those two announcements that appeared simultaneously in the morning papers, Hollywood could not help gossiping of the ironical twist of fate that somehow wove them together.

For years it has been the dearest wish of King Vidor and Eleanor to have an heir, a male child, a son. Just why Eleanor in the beginning had so keenly desired a son is not known, unless it could have been the fact that King had had a daughter, Suzanne, during his married life with Florence.

A year after their marriage when Eleanor, then a prominent M-G-M star, realized that she was to have a child, she remarked to an intimate, "I am sure we will have a boy. It must be. It wouldn't be right to want a son so deeply—and be disappointed."

But in place of the expected man-child, a baby daughter was born, a lovely little girl whom they named Antonía after the character in Willa Cather's famous novel, "My Antonía." With the passing of the first feeling of disappointment, Eleanor came to adore the little girl and to make as glowing plans for her future as though the baby had been the desired boy.

King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman were married on September 8, 1926. King was two hours late. With tears in her eyes, Eleanor said to a friend: "I wonder if this is a forecast of misunderstandings between us?"

Then, as a couple of years went by and Eleanor knew she was to have another child, the old yearning reasserted itself. She felt that this time, surely, there would be a son and heir to carry on the name and possibly the talents of the director who has been called the most artistically sensitive in Hollywood. But again it was a little girl who arrived in the Vidor nursery, intended for a boy.

King and Eleanor Vidor both love their children (who will remain in Eleanor's custody), and would not trade the two little girls for all the world—so it is probably coincident, rather than significant, that it was soon after the birth of the second girl-child that divorce rumors were first whispered about them. At first, they vehemently denied the reports, but as time wore on a "break" became apparent.

No, it was not a surprise to Hollywood. It was merely ironical that Eleanor and King Vidor should have "broken up" at the very time Florence Vidor, the first wife, gave birth to their hearts' desire—a son!

R. H. Louise

Eleanor Boardman will ask custody of their two small daughters. She has made no plans about her future but may return to screen

AFTER ELEVEN YEARS, ROSCOE ARBUCKLE WINS FIGHT TO "COME BACK"

Famous Comedian, Exiled From Screen In 1921, Will Star In Series Of Two-Reel Comedies—Says, "It Looks Like Beginning Of New Deal"

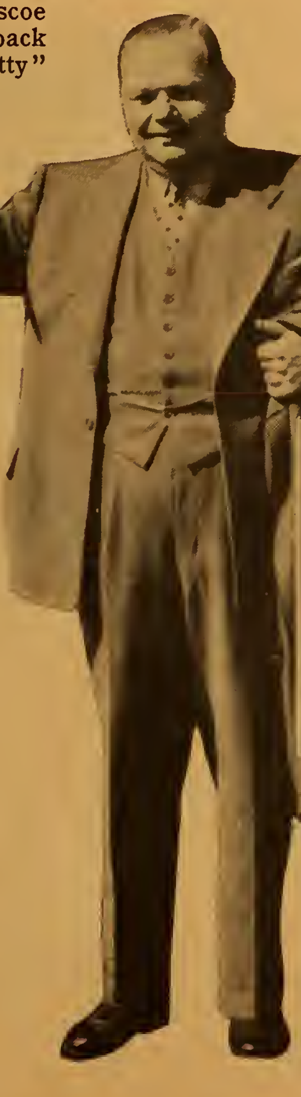
By GRANT JACKSON

Arbuckle says: "With Addie as my wife and this chance to act again, nothing can stop me." And Addie McPhail Arbuckle, his new bride, says: "Roscoe is no 'has-been.' All he needs is a chance"

ELEVEN years of enforced retirement from the screen, eleven years of trials and travail, eleven years of suffering under the ban of organized public opinion will end this September when Roscoe Arbuckle makes his comeback as a film comedian. "Fatty" has just signed with Warner Brothers for a series of two-reel comedies, which he will direct and in which he will star.

It is a comeback that has been hanging fire for more than a year. In July, 1931, the moviegoing public was asked, through the better-known screen magazines, "Hasn't Arbuckle Been Punished Enough?" His case was reviewed, and the story of the persecution he had endured for ten years was sketched; film leaders—producers, actors and directors—pleaded that he be given another chance. The reply was an avalanche of mail. Thousands of letters poured into magazine offices—and ninety-nine out of every hundred of those writing in *demanded* that Arbuckle be allowed to return. This was fandom refuting the organized voice of reform bodies and some women's clubs. *The public was for him.*

Upon the strength of this tremendous response, plans were made for Arbuckle's comeback—but, gratified as he was by public response to the idea, he wanted to see for himself if theatregoers really wanted to see him. A few months ago, he set out on a personal appearance tour. His success brought a flattering contract offer from Warner Brothers.



Left, Arbuckle to-day. He is much thinner than in the old days

Mitchell

The "Fatty" of early two-reel comedies

"Good luck, like bad luck, must run in cycles," Roscoe wired your correspondent. "It looks like the beginning of a new deal. With Addie as my wife and this chance to act again, nothing can stop me."

An insight into the fine character that is Arbuckle's may be obtained from that simple statement. Throughout his eleven years' banishment, never once has he whimpered or decried his fate. He quietly went his way, writing and directing comedies under the name of "William Goodrich." The greatest source of good cheer and encouragement has been the girl he married, Addie McPhail.

They met when she was cast in a comedy he was directing—and it was friendship at first sight. Love came afterward—when Fatty found her a carefree companion, who refused to allow him to brood; when Addie saw the true worth of the man who struggled with adversity, losing battle after battle with unconquerable spirit. When their engagement was announced, one of Addie's friends asked why she was marrying a "has-been."

Addie flared, "A 'has-been,' is he? Let me tell you that Roscoe is the finest man I've ever known. All he needs is a chance. And I'm sticking by, whether he gets it or not."

That's Addie McPhail. She has stuck. And it was only a few days after their marriage that Roscoe signed his comeback contract.

CHAPLIN'S SONS ENTER MOVIES WITH MOTHER—FATHER NOT CONSULTED

Charles Chaplin, Jr., 7 (in front), and Sydney, 6, like the idea

Lita Grey Chaplin, Comedian's Former Wife, Signs Five-Picture Contract For Herself, Charles, Jr., 7, and Sydney, 6—Charlie Had Planned Non-Professional Future For Them

By DORIS JANEWAY

"HOW can Mr. Chaplin object to their appearing in the movies?" asks Lita Grey Chaplin, mother of Charles, Jr., aged 7, and Sydney, aged 6 (christened for his uncle, but called "Tommy" ever since for his mother's father). "Legally, I have the entire say about the children. Besides, why should he mind having his sons on the screen? Except, perhaps, it may be a little hard to think of having another Charlie Chaplin before the public. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., felt that way, too, at first.

"The children have been teasing to be movie actors since they first heard about their father and saw him on the screen," explains Lita. "Charles, Jr., looks like me, and is exactly like his father. Tommy looks the image of his father, and is exactly like me."

Yes, she says, they talk a lot about Daddy. They have been encouraged to, even though they have seen little of him in person. In the last two years, Lita's manager, Nicholas Gyory says, Charlie has not sent them so much as a picture post-card.

"It would be strange," murmurs the last Mrs. Chaplin, not yet twenty-three years old, "if Mr. Chaplin should begin to take an interest in his children now—after such a long time."

Lita Grey Chaplin, it is said, has been waiting to return to the screen until she had made a real name for herself in vaudeville, so that people could not say that she was trading on her ex-husband's name

"After the divorce," her manager says, "I got an offer of a one-picture contract from almost every one of the big studios for her. I wouldn't let her accept any of them. I knew that all they wanted of her then was the notoriety. Now, I figure she's wanted for herself. She is the highest-paid vaudeville actress with a route in this country. I might mention that this contract with Fox is a *long-term* contract, and calls for five pictures."

Though newspaper headlines hint that Charlie is angry at the idea of having his sons on the screen, the lowdown from people who watched him in Douglas Fairbanks' bungalow, reading the first announcement of the contract, is that Charlie laughed heartily—and seemed to know of the plans already.

Nevertheless, when the little boys arrived in New York last month from Europe, a private film company detective met them at the boat—just in case their father sent representatives. Their mother, concluding a vaudeville engagement in Omaha, was unable to meet them—but her manager was on hand. He told reporters that "we" felt no unfriendliness toward Mr. Chaplin, but added that "if he starts anything, we'll give him the time of his life." The two boys were the hit of the day with ship news reporters, who jotted down that both were vivid, unspoiled personalities, talked well, rated Mickey Mouse, Minnie Mouse and Charlie Chaplin—in that order—as their favorite movie actors, were looking forward to seeing the Olympics and acting in "Little Teacher," and were planning to be a bus driver and a locomotive engineer when they grew up.

At the time of the divorce, Chaplin settled approximately a million dollars on his former wife and the two boys—and it was his plan then that they should be reared in a non-professional atmosphere. According to Charlie's friends, he feels that after settling such a sum on his sons, he has some say about their future.

Acme

Lita Grey Chaplin, whose mother has been caring for the boys in Nice, France, while she has been on a vaudeville tour, does not see how Charlie Chaplin (left) can object to their appearing on the screen

RUTH CHATTERTON DIVORCES FORBES TO MARRY BRENT

Actress And Ralph Forbes Part Friends, Bringing Themselves To Long-Delayed Step —Romance With George Brent Began In Their Pictures Together

By JERRY BANNON

Both Ralph Forbes and George Brent have made love to Ruth Chatterton on the screen. At top, Ruth and her first husband in "A Lady of Scandal." Lower, Ruth and her next husband in "The Crash," upon the completion of which she confirmed rumors of divorce and new marriage

RALPH FORBES was almost killed recently. It was when, seeing his wife off on her vacation trip to Europe, he remained a trifle too long on the platform of the train to give her a last kiss, and had to make a last-minute leap to the ground. A little more than a week later, Ruth handed a Madrid reporter a two-line statement of her plan to divorce for "incompatibility," and Ralph was departing from Hollywood to establish a residence for her in Reno.

Since then, while Hollywood has buzzed with conjectures and the gossip-columnists have printed rumors of money trouble, another woman, another man, Ralph has received long affectionate letters from Ruth, telling him the news about their many mutual friends abroad. This bids fair to be Hollywood's friendliest divorce, surpassing even the Harding-Bannister parting.

A few days before Ruth left for Europe, a friend (who had an inkling of her plans) asked her: "What's the matter between you and Ralph? You're awfully sweet together — it's too bad to break it up."

"It's just this," said Ruth soberly, "Ralph and I are as alike as though we were close relatives. The same tastes, ideas, dislikes—everything. It becomes monotonous after a while. Marriage needs differences in reactions. But Ralph and I will always be friends."

Ruth says similarity of temperament, not difference, caused break

For a year, they have been denying the gossip of Hollywood—and doing it with obvious sincerity. They felt that some day there might come a parting, but they thought vaguely that it would come later—next year, some other time, not now. They are genuinely fond of each other, and eight years of marriage lie behind them. "It is a shock to make the break," they admit now. It was the first marriage for each of them.

Once before they parted, but for the same reason did not get a divorce. They hated to take the final step, and presently in Hollywood they drifted together again. Ralph began to take Ruth to parties, and Ruth had Ralph to her house to dine. Presently, they took up married life again, and have continued together for three years.

Rumor, ever romantic, has brought the name of George Brent, her leading man in both "The Rich Are Always with Us" and "The Crash," into the situation. Until the time when Ruth confirmed the divorce rumors, George laughed at rumors that he was in love with anyone.

A week after Ruth's Madrid announcement, George told a reporter that he and Ruth planned marriage, but that the time and place were indefinite because of the divorce; he added that it had all been decided before her departure, but that they had tried to keep it a secret.

One thing it is only fair to say. Money does not enter into the parting of Ruth and Ralph. When Ruth entered on her contract with Warners, involving a million dollars, Ralph insisted on signing away any community rights in the contract. And Ruth has announced that the divorce will in no way affect their "professional partnership"—that they are, in fact, planning to produce a play together in the Fall.

Mae West, who writes plays about lurid sin and then acts in them (if the police don't interfere), makes her movie début in "Night After Night." Her manager says she doesn't smoke. The cigarette above is just for effect

MAE WEST, BROADWAY'S MOST DARING ACTRESS, DROPS INTO HOLLYWOOD

Playwright-Actress, Whose Plays About Sex Have Often Been Raided, Will Make One Film—Is Different From What Hollywood Expected

By MADGE TENNANT

TO thousands of people who love to be shocked, the name of Mae West stands for plays and novels that portray gilded and sexy sin. Every new Mae West production on Broadway brings a new gasp, thrill, blush, shudder, shock or shiver, according to the nature of the theatregoer. And now this blonde author-actress, whose plays abound with seductive sinners, effeminate men, Diamond Lils and gigolos, has come to the capital of sex. You will see her in "Night After Night," with Nancy Carroll and George Raft. And if the public likes her in this picture, you will probably see more of her.

"Divine!" says Mae of Hollywood. But she didn't look especially happy when we saw her at the Legion boxing matches the other night, with her manager. She looked about her, frowning, and few people noticed her.

"Oh, it's divine not to be recognized," Mae insists. "I'm so happy to be able to go about without being followed by crowds."

Her manager adds: "I have refused a thousand dollars a night just to have Miss West visit a night-club so that they can advertise that she has been there. Despite popular opinion—probably because of the sensational nature of her plays—Miss West does not indulge in night life after the theatre. She doesn't drink, and she doesn't smoke. But she often sits up to three in the morning in her apartment, writing plays, novels, songs."

If, as is claimed for her, Mae West is only thirty-one years old, she must have worked hard and fast to produce the enormous volume of Broadway successes, books, vaudeville acts, skits, and popular songs that have appeared under her name. Unkind gossipers who hint that she must have a ghost writer for some of her work are given the lie by her manager.

"Most people only talk about what they're going to do when they get the time," he says. "Miss West makes the time. She's the hardest-working little gal in the country. She has been on the stage since she was a child."

In her colorful history, there are several trips to jail after her plays were raided by the police. But, undaunted, she simply wrote another, even hotter, for the next season.

Mae thinks that several of her plays would make good motion pictures, particularly "Diamond Lil." Hollywood, having seen pictures of Mae as the bosomy *Lil*, was hardly prepared for the lissom little blonde who stepped off the train. "And I haven't dieted, either!" she avers. "I never was fat. I never weighed an ounce over a hundred and nineteen. That was padding." Hollywood wonders if she will be a sensation in Hollywood, where sex is a trade mark and not a novelty. Time—and Mae, herself—will tell.

REMEMBER BABY PEGGY? SHE'S BACK AGAIN—AS A YOUNG LADY

Famous Child Star, Who Had Made Her Million And Left The Screen At The Age Of Five, Is Now Thirteen—She's Still Full Of Mischief, And Will Play Tomboy In Comedy Series

By EVELYN DERR

REMEMBER "Baby Peggy," the mischievous, black-eyed urchin who was a star in silent pictures? She is returning to the screen—this time as Peggy Montgomery. She is now thirteen, tall, slender, and with the poise that a woman of thirty might envy. Her own generation (female) would term her "cute," her own generation (male) would call her "a babe."

Meet Peggy Montgomery, 13, who used to be Baby Peggy—and still has those eyes. She has been growing up on a Wyoming "dude" ranch

Milligan

Baby Peggy, the only child who was ever a star at two, looked like this shortly before she left the screen, at the age of five. Her mischief delighted a nation

"There have never been any other child players exactly like me," says Peggy—not boastfully, but in the manner of one stating an undebatable fact. "I was a star at twenty months old. I had made a million when I was five."

It was eight years ago that Baby Peggy left the movies to tour in vaudeville in an act with her father. Three years ago, the hard life of the four-a-day began to tell on the growing child. She had worked eight and a half of her ten years; she had earned—and, rumor says, lost—a fortune. Nature demanded her pay. Baby Peggy—for she was still so billed, in spite of length of legs—lost her appetite, couldn't sleep, grew alarmingly thin.

The Montgomerys bought a ranch near Laramie, Wyoming, and Baby Peggy "retired." It was a "dude" ranch, which depended on boarders for a living, and the family employed no servants, the guests being waited on by Peggy and her sister, two years older. Cooking, washing dishes, studying at the district school with the four other pupils, and spending all her spare time in the saddle, Peggy regained her health (though she is still five pounds underweight, she says) and the memory of Hollywood and fame faded away.

Once—a year ago—the family brought Peggy to Hollywood to try her luck in the talkies, but a few visits to the studios convinced them that the time was not yet ripe for her return. She was at the growing, awkward, in-between age. They returned to the ranch.

Recently, the three Gleasons—James, Lucille and Russell—were signed to make a series of twelve two-reel comedies for Educational, featuring different sports. They needed a tomboy of thirteen or fourteen to play opposite Russell, and their need got into the newspapers. Immediately, they were swamped with letters and telegrams from parents and girls all over the United States, begging for the job. After one day of interviewing clamoring mothers and girls, Jimmy Gleason fled the scene and called his friend, Mary Pickford, to see if she could suggest any girl for the part. And with Mary when he called was Baby Peggy, come to pay a call on her old friends. She was engaged without a test.

"I hope I'm back to stay," says Peggy (the "Baby Peggy" will be put after her name in parentheses in the billing). "But everything's new and different. My first day at the studio, I didn't know how anything was done. I'm ready for high school, and I'll keep up with my studies at the studio. Beaus? I'm too busy!"

Recently Divorced Star Begs Studio To Release Her—Longs To Rejoin Jaspar Deeter's Hedgerow Players, Little Theatre Group In East, With Whom She Got Her Acting Start—Would Forfeit $250,000 By Step

Wallace

Ann Harding (left) is willing to give up screen stardom and a quarter-million dollars to return to the tiny Hedgerow Theatre (above), where acting was a thrill to her, not a business

ANN HARDING WILLING TO TEAR UP CONTRACT AND ABANDON CAREER

By DON WINTERS

THE secret is out. Ann Harding has offered to leave Hollywood and the screen—and the sooner, the better. "I want to go back to the Hedgerow Theatre." Thus she answered the question put to her by a studio executive: "And if we gave you your release, as you beg us to do, what would you do?"

It has been rumored that she will no longer be starred; that blonde Julia Hayden, who looks startlingly like her, is being groomed to take her place; that her recent divorce from Harry Bannister has hurt her popularity. However, Ann is under contract to star for RKO until May, 1933, and has four more pictures to make. The studio also holds an option on her services for an additional year.

The new RKO production executive had asked Ann to meet with him to discuss her forthcoming pictures. Ann expressed her displeasure over the last two pictures given her, and announced that she would be happy to settle her contract without a financial consideration. It isn't often that a star offers to sacrifice a quarter of a million dollars for an ideal. The studio official doubtless gasped as he denied this unusual request. His exhibitors, he said, demanded Ann Harding.

In a story in the May MOVIE CLASSIC, called "Some Things Ann Harding Has Never Told Till Now," she related her affection for the Hedgerow Theatre. But she did not reveal that her sentiment was sufficiently strong to cause her to make an effort to bolt the movies and its money for a tiny Little Theatre movement.

The Hedgerow Theatre is located in a wealthy Quaker settlement near Philadelphia. It got its name when Jaspar Deeter, its founder, rented an abandoned mill beside a hedgerow to convert into a theatre. Into this small group of struggling players came Ann Harding, a young girl seeking stage experience. She lived with the other actresses in a sort of community house. She found Jaspar Deeter a relentless taskmaster, a dynamo of energy, satisfied with nothing short of perfection. She gives him full credit for teaching her all she knows about acting. He taught her the thrill of acting.

Ann wants to return to work with Jaspar Deeter (above), who made her an actress

Now, Ann wants to leave pictures, close her Hollywood home, take her little girl and go back permanently to Hedgerow, where she will feel more at home. To do this, she will have to pay an enormous price in dollars, if allowed to have her way, but she will be compensated in contentment.

SARI MARITZA

Where did the little Dutch-English beauty with the Viennese name get those sad, dreamy eyes? She had them as The Other Girl in "Forgotten Commandments." But in the last picture she made abroad, "Monte Carlo Madness," they were wide-open and sparkling. All of which seems to prove that a girl who is a comédienne in one country may be a tragédienne in another. While waiting to start her second American picture, she is renewing her friendship with Charlie Chaplin, who "discovered" her in London

Richee

Coburn

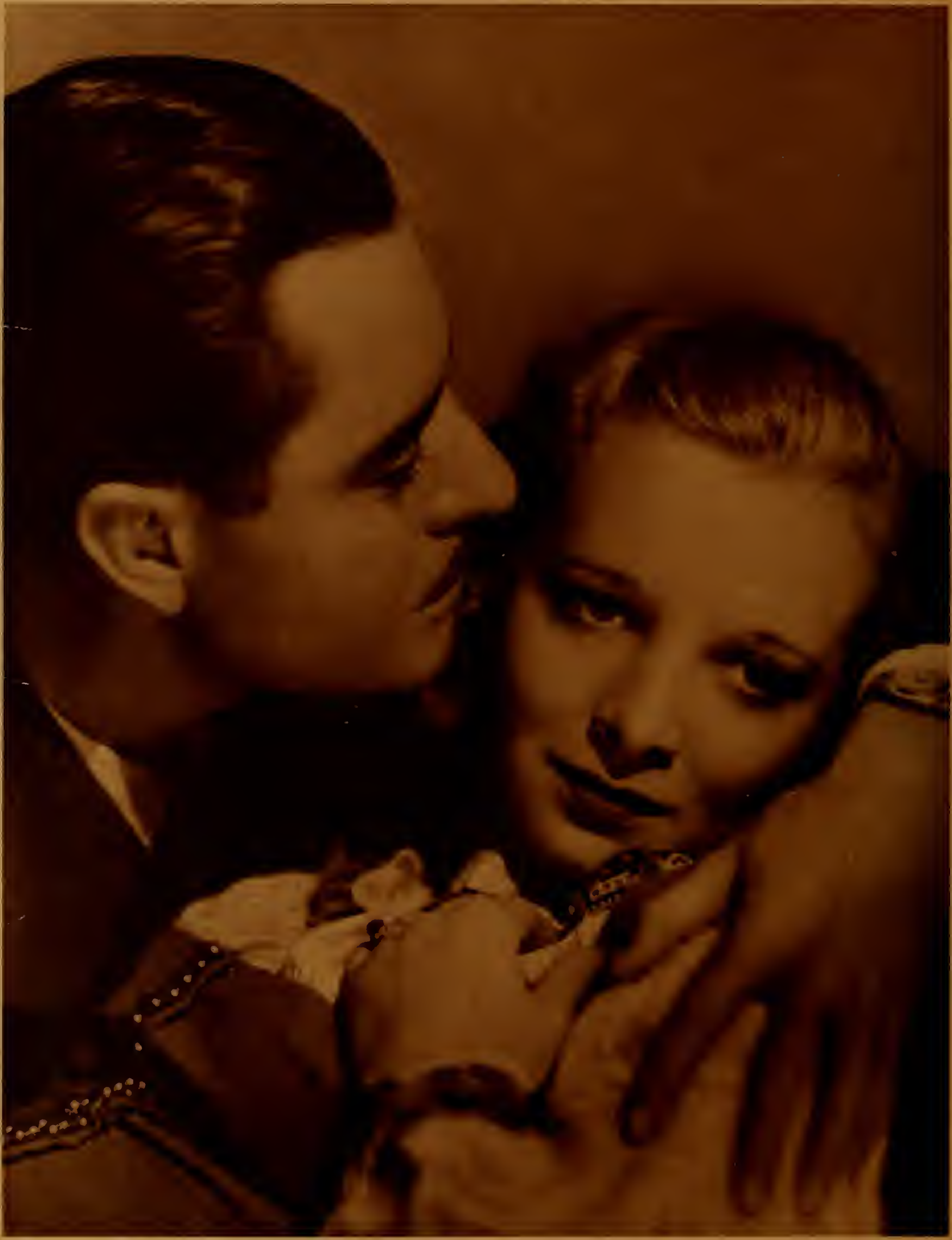
Here's one of those Hollywood believe-it-or-nots—one of the talkies' best little heart-stealers dressed like a Girl Scout! (And showing an interest in wildflowers, of all things.) But Jill, who doesn't mind confessing she's English, can't see any sense in looking "dangerous" in her own backyard. (It's on a hilltop.) But in "Thirteen Women"—ah, that's a different matter altogether!

JILL ESMOND

Powolny

VIVIAN REID

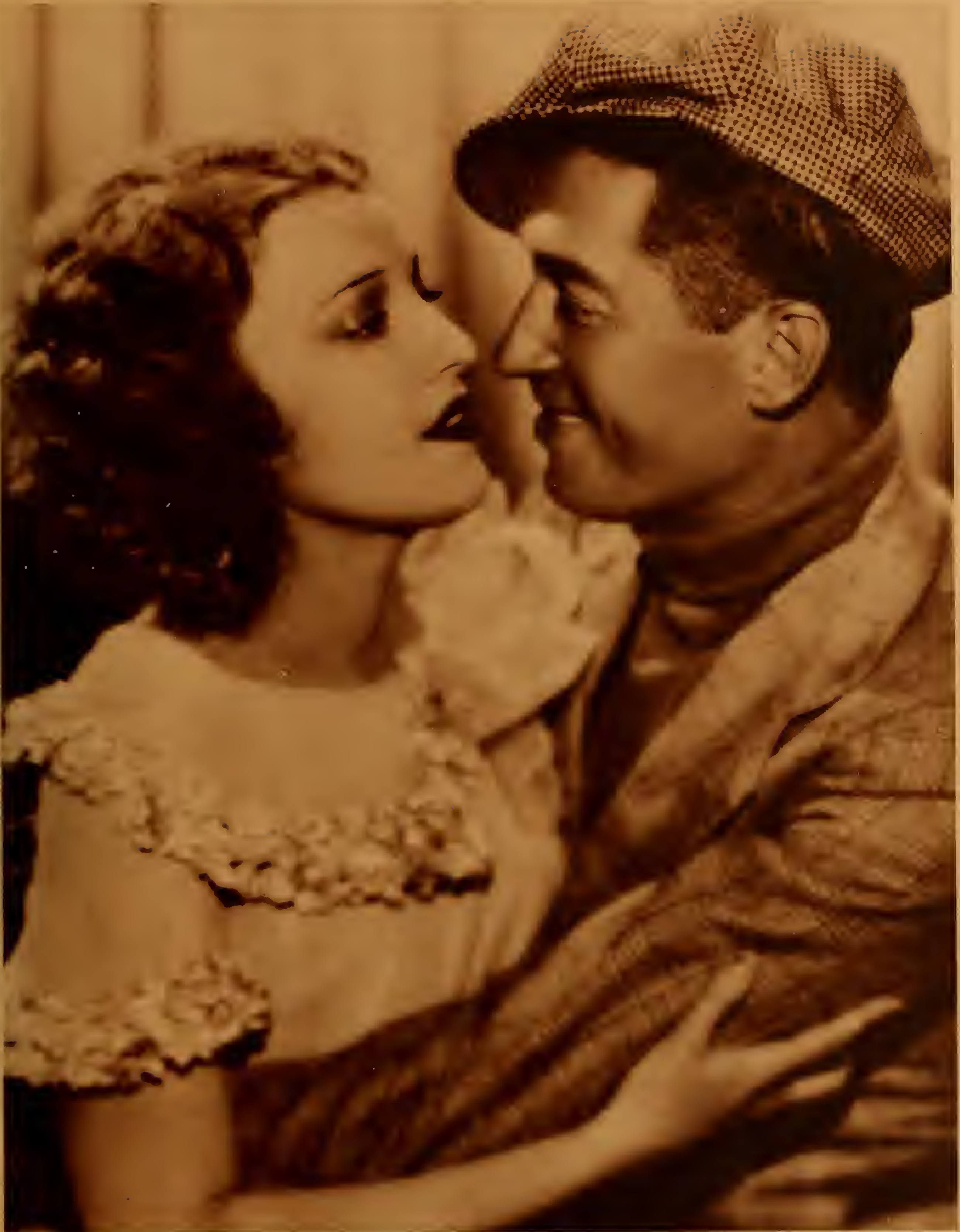
Well, well, well—see what's growing up in the gardens of Movietone City! Vivian is one of the many sweet young things who were transplanted from the stage when the movies went musical—and one of the few who survived the frost that followed. Since then, she has been going to dramatic school, playing "bits" between classes. It won't be long now before she will blossom out in



Hurrell

The Great Lover of silent days once more puts his heart in his work—and the reason is the blonde girl in his arms. Watch him well in "Downstairs" (which he wrote, by the way), for it may be his farewell to acting. And Virginia's, too. If all goes as the advance publicity would have it, they will be married soon after August 15th—and after the honeymoon John will turn director

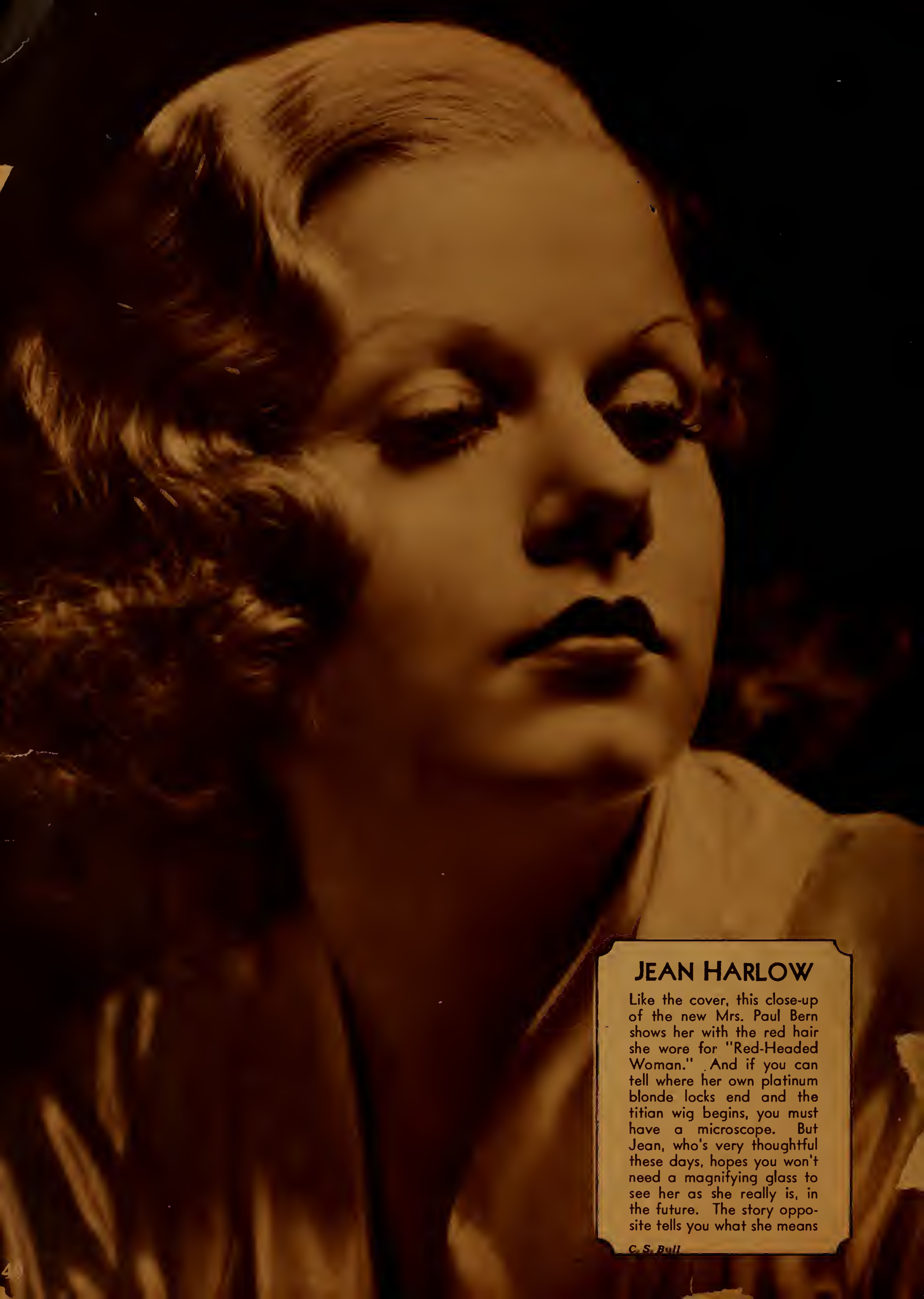
JOHN GILBERT
AND
VIRGINIA BRUCE



Richee

JEANETTE MACDONALD AND MAURICE CHEVALIER

They're getting like Prohibition and Repeal—you can't mention one without thinking of the other. Except that neither Jeanette nor Maurice upset anyone; both amuse. And give the impression of also having a pretty gay time, themselves. At the present moment, in "Love Me Tonight," Maurice is showing Jeanette (and you) how an Apache of Paris could make love—if he really tried



JEAN HARLOW

Like the cover, this close-up of the new Mrs. Paul Bern shows her with the red hair she wore for "Red-Headed Woman." And if you can tell where her own platinum blonde locks end and the titian wig begins, you must have a microscope. But Jean, who's very thoughtful these days, hopes you won't need a magnifying glass to see her as she really is, in the future. The story opposite tells you what she means

C. S. Bull

Platinum Blonde Wins Stardom and Husband as a *Redhead*

BY TERRENCE COSTELLO

JEAN HARLOW did the best acting of her career in "Red-Headed Woman" — and there was a very good reason. She saw in the rôle, flaming though it was, the dawn of an opportunity to be a new, more human Jean Harlow. And her recent marriage to Paul Bern is likely to have a tremendous influence on her future, also. Who knows? Some day, you may even see her as she really is!

You haven't yet—for Jean is not the girl she seems on the sceen. Far from it, and much to the contrary. Some girls get the leaping jitters whenever they gaze upon an attractive man—and can't do anything about it, because they look like meek little church mice; other girls look like Flaming Mamies to the boys, and deep inside are as cold as the proverbial herring. In a different way, the strange case of Jean Harlow also fits into the list of girls who are different from the way they look.

For here is a girl who (professionally) appears as lureful, sinful, and committed to dark ways as any woman on the screen. Yet in real life she is as modest, gentle, well-bred, kindly and sincere as you'd find in a year's inspections of convents.

It may be inferred that I approve of this young lady. I do. But 'twas not always thus. When duty first required me to interview La Belle Harlow, it was with distinct misgivings that I approached the task. Having viewed her in "Hell's Angels," "The Secret Six," "Iron Man," "The Public Enemy," "Platinum Blonde," "Beast of the City" and so on, it was a prejudiced attitude that I imported into her domicile. And prejudiced not in her favor.

But a half-hour with the delightful person who is Harlean Carpenter in real life and whose screen shadow bears the label "Jean Harlow," and I was getting all throat-lumpy with the injustice of her case. For here—and this reporter has met practically all of them—was one of the few young women of the cinematic world deserving of that much-misused term, "charm." And forced to disguise that charm beneath the spectacular ambush of all that platinum hair, jewelry, heavily made-up eyes and low-cut white satin for screen purposes!

As the all-too-frank office wife of "Red-Headed Woman," Jean Harlow had a chance to win audience sympathy at last. And as the bride of Paul Bern she is in love for the first time in her life. Out of the two new experiences may come a star who is like the Jean Harlow of real life!

(*Continued on page* 74)

Cecil B. De Mille studies a sketch of a mob scene for "The Sign of the Cross"—in which he will liken the modern world to the irreligious Rome of Nero's day

Richee

As in his previous spectacles, a distinguished cast will enact "The Sign of the Cross," which De Mille has planned for thirty years. Claudette Colbert (below), in the most exotic role of her life, will play *Poppaea*, symbolizing women whose beauty works evil, not good

Dyar

IS HOLLYWOOD DOOMED?

asks De Mille

The famous producer of "The Ten Commandments" predicts that the whole modern world, as typified by Hollywood, is facing the same fate that befell ancient Rome when Nero ran wild. Moreover, he's producing a spectacular picture to show the world just what he means!

CECIL B. DE MILLE, prophet of the movies, has a new million-dollar message for the world. Civilization, he says, is approaching a catastrophe; the modern world—Hollywood included—is facing the fate of ancient Rome. And he is going to show the world what he means in a spectacular picture, "The Sign of the Cross." He is going to draw a parallel between those irreligious times and these.

Here in Hollywood, says De Mille, is luxury beside which the glories of Nero's Golden House pale into insignificance—and it can't last, he predicts. Everywhere in the cities of the earth, in this year of our Lord 1932, he sees waste, extravagance and wantonness—and even schoolgirls learning how to be glittering, but wicked

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

ladies (who would put to shame the sirens of ancient Rome). How much longer, he asks, can all this last?

"Whenever mankind has needed a leader to save it from catastrophe," says De Mille, "one has arisen. Who knows? Perhaps the despised art of the sceen has been chosen to help humanity in this crisis! It isn't new truths the world needs—the old truths are still true. *It is a warning that the world needs.*"

In his new spectacle—the first he has made since sound was added to pictures—he believes, ardently and sincerely, that he is going to give not only entertainment, but a stern warning to the world to heed the fate of Rome and its punishment before it is too late.

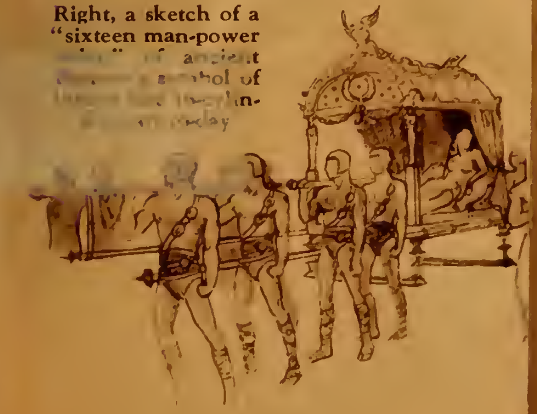
For more than thirty years Cecil B. De Mille has been planning to make "The Sign of the Cross" on the screen. During this time he has been studying every history, chronicle and record of the days when the gross, pot-bellied Caesar called Nero invented new pleasures to stir his sated appetites, and when a despised sect called Christians gathered secretly outside wicked Rome to reminisce about a carpenter of Judea, recently executed for sedition by the Romans.

You Can't Ignore Him

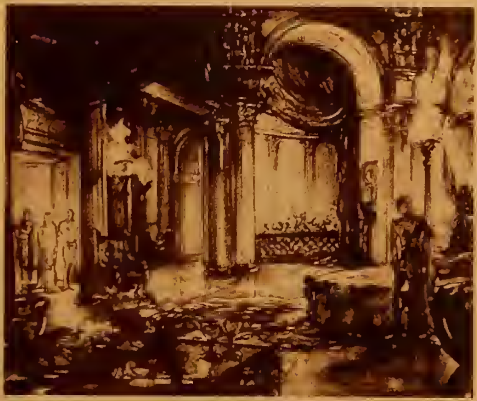
THIS somewhat bald, handsome, charming man who, alone of his family, spells his name with a capital "D," is one of the most colorful human beings in Hollywood. You may ridicule what he says—but you will quote him. You may criticize his extravagant spectacles as "hokum," but no critic can talk them off the screen. Well-born and well-educated, he cannot be dismissed by Hollywood satirists as a "pants-presser producer." He is a good enough business man to be a member of the Chamber of Commerce, a good enough artist to be invited to roam at will through Soviet Russia (where the artist is worshiped), and he is intensely religious, being the guiding spirit in many church movements and the founder of a handsome new building dedicated to the use of all churches and creeds.

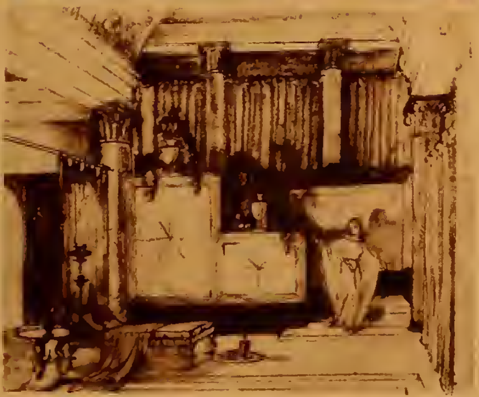
And he is also—to judge by his pictures—something of an epicure in his love of display and luxury. Now he proves to be a historian, an economist and a prophet, as well. For in the rapid rise of the Roman Empire, its mad power, and frantic abandon to pleasure he reads a parallel to the history of America, and in its unlooked-for fall and remorseless punishment he foresees what may be

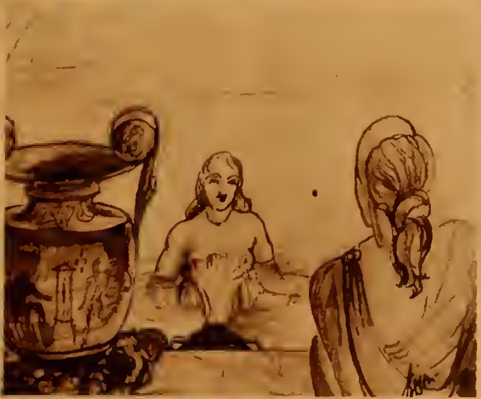
(*Continued on page 70*)

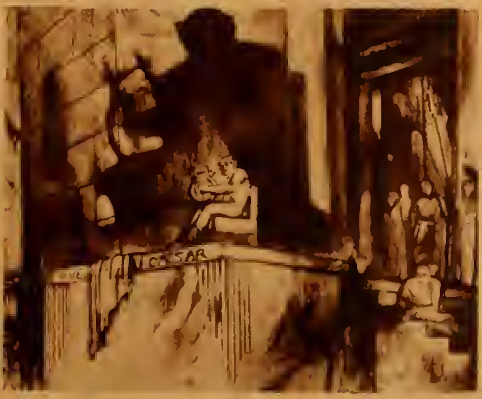


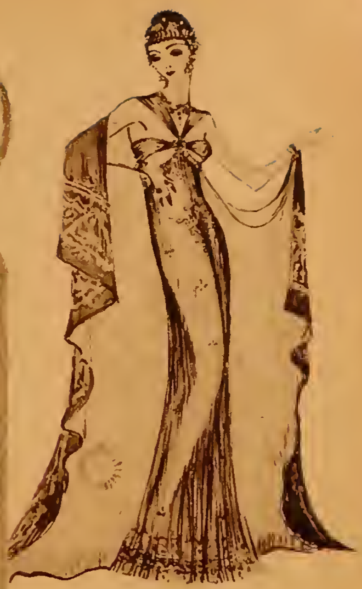
Right, a sketch of a "sixteen man-power [illegible]" of ancient [illegible] symbol of [illegible] in- [illegible]











Above, an artist's sketch of a gown of ancient Rome—no more daring, says De Mille, than modern evening gowns. Left, top to bottom, a sketch of the interior of Marcus' luxurious palace—like a spendthrift millionaire's home to-day; a sketch of a private Roman bath—hardly more lavish, says De Mille, then some Hollywood baths; a sketch of *Poppaea* in her sunken bath ("of asses' milk, not water," says De Mille); and a sketch of Nero "fiddling while Rome burns." De Mille says Hollywood is filled with Neros

HERBERT MARSHALL is just the opposite of GABLE

What manner of man is Herbert Marshall? That's what Hollywood wondered last year when his wife, Edna Best, ran away from film fame because she was "lonesome" for him. And the town's wondering it again now—with the young English actor on the scene, himself, to play opposite Marlene Dietrich!

By DOROTHY MANNERS

WHEN Edna Best did her famous run-out on M-G-M and John Gilbert last year, giving as her reason, "I am lonesome for my husband in New York," Hollywood tapped a figurative temple. For a young actress to walk out on a leading ladyship with John Gilbert and a studio contract, merely because she missed her husband ("of all people") was as unbelievable as a Ripleyism. The gentleman's name was Herbert Marshall.

A year later, Josef von Sternberg became so insistent that Herbert Marshall, and no one else but Herbert Marshall, play the lead opposite Marlene Dietrich in "The Blonde Venus" that it was necessary to *buy* the rest of the run of his (and Edna Best's) Broadway show, "There Is Always Juliet" (pay off the cast, the manager and the author's royalties), in order to close it so that Mr. Marshall could come to Hollywood.

Is it any wonder that before the arrival of Mr. Marshall in Hollywood the old town was asking herself: "What manner of man is this that a girl gives up a career for him, and a studio buys out his play just to secure his services?" The consensus of opinion was that Herbert Marshall could be nothing short of another Clark Gable. To the contrary!

Here is one of those devastatingly charming Englishmen. He is unlike any actor I have ever met. He is not a potential rival for the hysterical crown of Clark Gable. His is the very antithesis of the Gable appeal. The wallop he packs is not to the point of the heroine's chin, but to her funny-bone, to all the fine points of her imagination and her zest for conquest of the unconquerable. In short, Mr. Marshall, *off the screen*, is very much as Ronald Colman is *on* the screen—and mind you, Ronnie at his most charming. It becomes very clear why Edna Best Marshall did that run-out on Hollywood!

Herbert Marshall, who refused to let lameness keep him from acting, is one newcomer who won't be accused of imitating Gable. Left, with his wife, Edna Best, who couldn't stand Hollywood last year without him

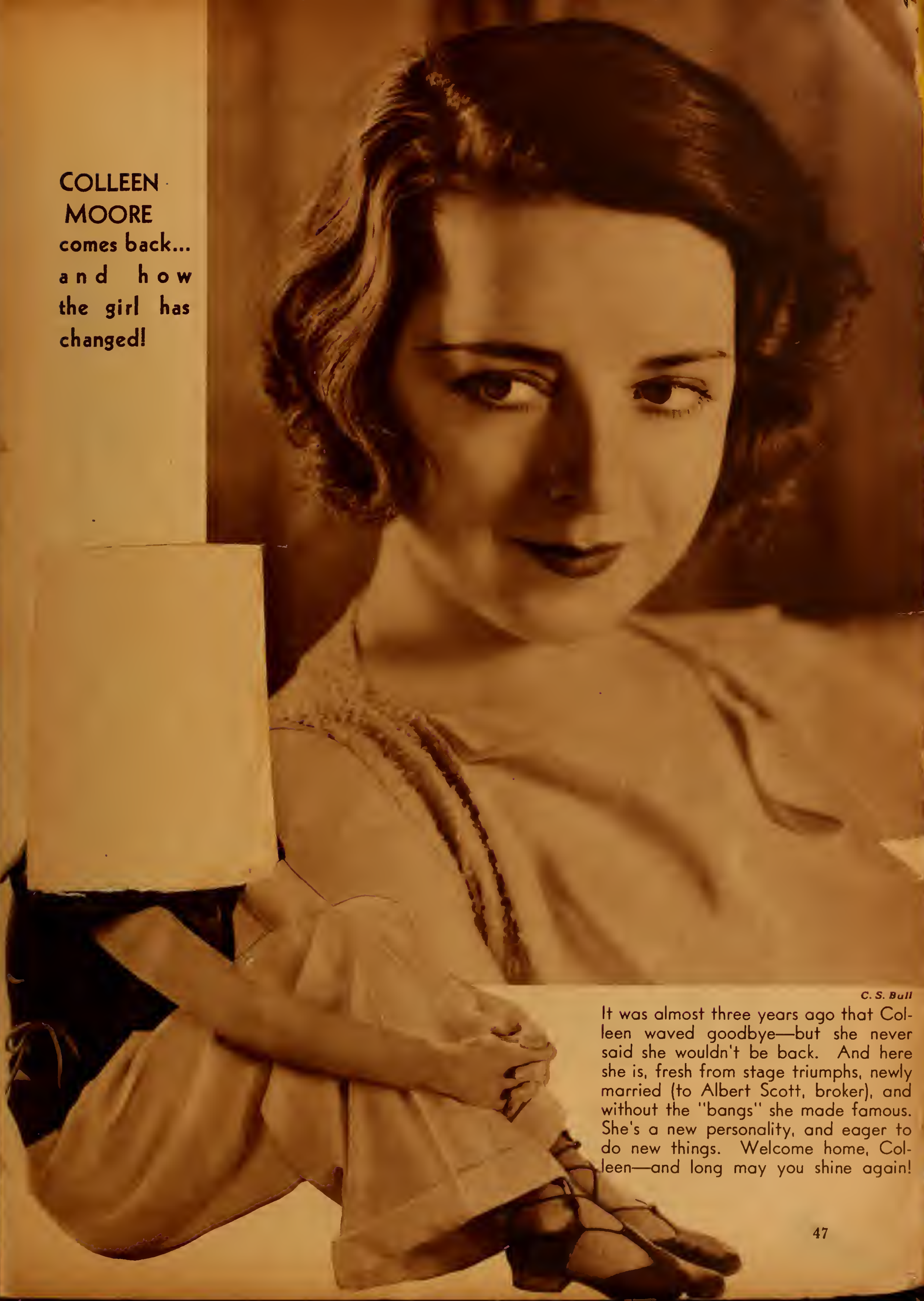
What Makes Him "Dangerous"

HE is medium-tall, and medium-dark in coloring. He is, I should judge, about thirty-two or thirty-three years of age. His speaking voice is low, humorous, English. But his real danger to women is this: he walks with a limp, a decided limp, all the more noticeable because he ignores it so completely. Show me the woman who can resist the appeal of a handsome, injured man, who presents neither explanation nor cognizance of that injury unless it is dragged out of him for the grinding mills of publicity—or to be polite to a curious reporter.

We talked about everything under the sun before we got around to that limp . . . of Hollywood (incidentally, he is sold on the town) . . . of the charm of Marlene Dietrich and the likable eccentricities of von Sternberg . . . of Tallulah Bankhead, the amazing Tallulah, with whom he had played on the stage in London . . . of the disputed script of "The Blonde Venus" . . . of Edna Best's famous flight from Hollywood just when film fame beckoned . . .

(Continued on page 66)

COLLEEN MOORE comes back... and how the girl has changed!



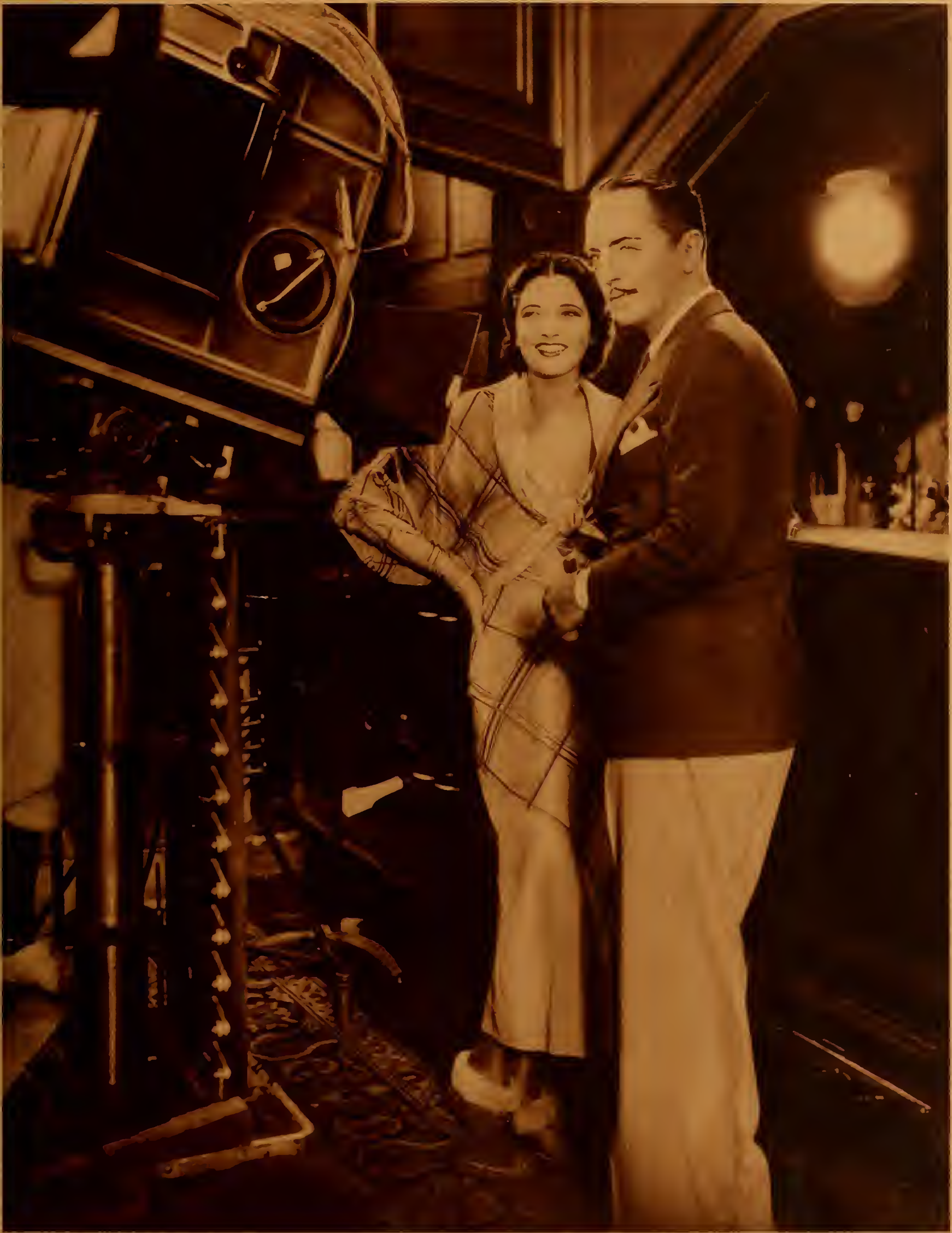
C. S. Bull

It was almost three years ago that Colleen waved goodbye—but she never said she wouldn't be back. And here she is, fresh from stage triumphs, newly married (to Albert Scott, broker), and without the "bangs" she made famous. She's a new personality, and eager to do new things. Welcome home, Colleen—and long may you shine again!

Welbourne

Wonder what Ruth Chatterton and George Brent—seen here in before-and-"after" effect on the gown shop set—talked about between scenes of "The Crash"? It was just after they finished this picture (their second together) that Ruth went to Europe and announced her plans to divorce Ralph Forbes. Wonder what she told George beforehand—and what George may have replied?

WHAT DO MOVIE ABOUT BETWEEN



Lippman

COUPLES TALK LOVE SCENES?

There used to be romance rumors about William Powell and Kay Francis, too, every time they played together. But now Bill is very much married to Carole Lombard, and Kay is happily Mrs. Kenneth MacKenna. Between scenes of "One-Way Passage," while they relaxed on the set of the Singapore bar, what they did was to rehearse the next scene—with wisecracks on the side

SHEILA TERRY

With Ann Dvorak staging a walkout, some other girl is going to get a big break—and it may be Sheila, who also got her start as a dancer. Maybe it's accidental, but in this pose she looks a bit like Dorothy Mackaill. Warners, anxious to discover what their new find does best, have given her a minor part in almost every picture they've made recently. Meanwhile, she's trying to keep cool and calm!

Fryer

JEAN HARLOW should make a good wife and mother!

Maybe that's hard to believe, after seeing how "dangerously" romantic she is on the screen—but Louise Rice, who's famous for reading character secrets in handwriting, says that Jean's writing proves it to be true. And she reveals many other things you may never have suspected about Jean!

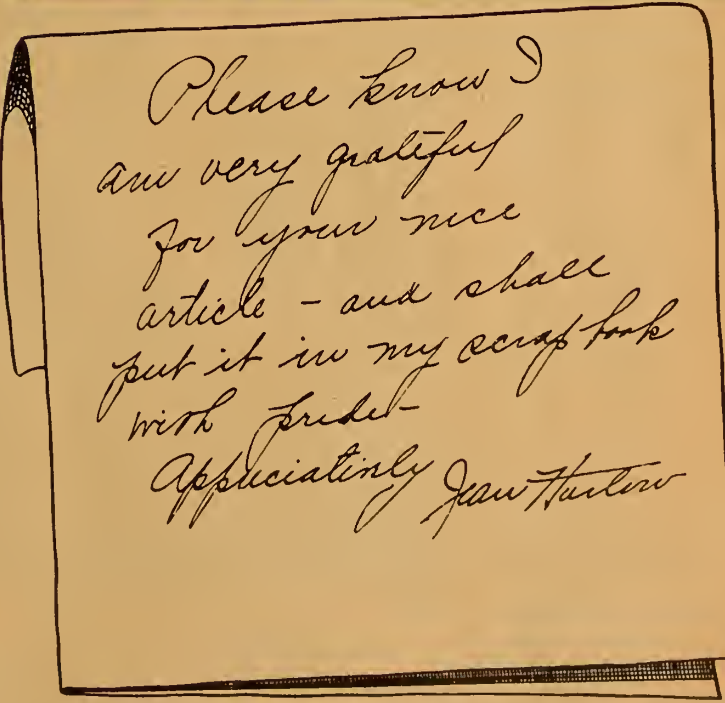
Hurrell

By LOUISE RICE

"GENTLEMEN prefer blondes" has become an accepted saying, and if all blondes were like Jean Harlow, I could well understand their preference. But the amusing side of the matter is that most gentlemen will *not* accept Jean as she is, but as someone exotic and strange and hard to understand. Yet her handwriting shows that she is a sincere and friendly person, who is often puzzled by the reactions that people expect her to possess.

There is a very good reason for this misunderstanding and that is found in her striking appearance, which does not rely on her platinum blonde hair, as proved by "Red-Headed Woman." But there is little pretense about this girl, as her handwriting shows—with its simple, clear and sometimes almost childish letter formations. She is a person who wants to live a sane and amusing life, with plenty of interesting work and the friendship and affection which are so necessary to a person of her type. She will always be just Jean Harlow, good, bad, or indifferent; and if you do not like her as she is, leave her alone—take it or leave it.

(*Continued on page 60*)



Please know I
am very grateful
for your nice
article - and shall
put it in my scrap book
with pride-
Appreciatively Jean Harlow

ANALYZE YOUR OWN HANDWRITING

Louise Rice has perfected a chart known as a Grapho-scope, which enables you to analyze your own handwriting. It will reveal your proper vocation. Also analyzes love and congenial friendships. Get one to-day! Send your name and address to Louise Rice, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped (3¢), self-addressed envelope and 10 cents to cover clerical expenses.

Will Hollywood Change PAUL MUNI, Or Will He Change HOLLYWOOD?

By CRUIKSHANK

The movies changed his name, the first time he left Broadway—to be the first and only actor to play seven rôles in one picture. The second time, he made "Scarface"—and that was the last word about gangsters. He isn't interested in stardom, but just good rôles. If he gets them, Hollywood and you will get a glimpse of some REAL acting!

PAUL Muni is one hundred per cent American. It wasn't always so. But Hollywood has turned the trick—even where New York failed, as did a dozen different cities. It was Hollywood that did the presto-change-o act which turned Muni Weisenfreund into Paul Muni. It was Hollywood that ripped the putty nose from Muni's face and called him from behind the whiskers of character rôles to be the handsome hero. And all this without the aid of mirrors!

It was Hollywood, too, that in the process of Americanizing the great star, made him "Scarface." And it is Hollywood that now casts this once Continental trouper as a fugitive from a Georgia chain-gang. And what could be more American than that!

Although Muni played, and played with distinction, some three hundred and fifty rôles in the Jewish Art Theatre during an acting career begun when he was less than a dozen years old, he might just as well have come to the Land of the Spree in 1926. Prior to that, although the idol of the East Side, his name was unknown and his fame unsung by Broadway's bards. And so great is the distance between East Side—West Side, that the player might have remained in his native Vienna.

In fact, the distance between New York and Hollywood, and the space between obscurity and fame, is more easily bridged than the brief step 'cross-town. So when Muni did a hop-skip-jump to appear on Broadway in "We Americans," he entered a New World. And that's no figure of speech. For his part in "We Americans" was the first he ever played in the English language! Each of the dramatic big-bugs pompously "discovered" the youngster who had enacted countless rôles less than a dozen speakeasies away from their blazed trails.

He was "this brave, new player"; the "newly discovered Warfield"; the "find of many seasons." And Otto (the Great) Kahn boldly quoth that "Wisenfrend has the finest future of any actor to-day!" Note, incidentally, the way Otto spelled the name. That was Broadway's idea of simplification!

But the wise guys of the Cinema City weren't on their toes. And when "We

(*Continued on page 71*)

"His eyes don't stray to other faces since I took my beauty expert's advice"

She said: "Start tonight! Apply this beauty treatment to your skin. Use this soap rich in olive oil. See how yielding softness — youthful firmness returns to the skin."

WARNING — to careless youth — to discouraged age — to women of all ages who know . . . but too often forget, the lure of a soft, seductive skin.

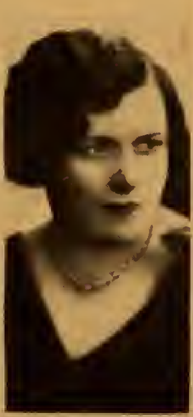
Don't ignore it! Never forget it! Remember — there is a simple, easy way to guard the inviting skin of youth . . . to win back the charm that you may think you are losing as you grow older.

Olive oil in soap is the answer. Doctors advise it from the time of baby's first bath — even an olive oil rub *before* baby's first bath. Beauty experts are unanimous in advising it to their patrons. In fact, nothing compares with the softening, soothing, firming effect of olive oil.

But how to use olive oil. The answer is Palmolive Soap. For Palmolive chemists know the exact proportion of olive oil needed to produce a genuine cosmetic effect in soap.

Remember — beauty claims don't make a beauty soap. A real beauty soap must have a known beauty ingredient. Palmolive's beauty claim is based on olive oil. Don't expect beauty results from a soap that does not contain Palmolive's generous olive oil content.

Watch — expectantly, confidently for visible results from Palmolive. Notice how satiny smooth and clear skin becomes after regular use of Palmolive Soap.



"Don't try this, that and the other thing. Olive and palm are the finest of cosmetic oils. Palmolive combines them for you in an excellent skin cleanser. I endorse its use after prolonged experiment in my salon."

Elin Dahlstrand,
Stockholm's most distinguished beauty expert.

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Teens—Twenties—

WHICH STAR IS

"I'm 18"

VIRGINIA LEE CORBIN

"I'm 20"

JEAN HARLOW

"I'm 27"

DOROTHY MACKAILL

"I'm 28"

ILSE MARVENGA

"Beauty is not a matter of Birthdays"

Screen Stars declare—
and these pictures prove it

Which one of these lovely favorites is near *your* age? Do you, too, know that beauty is not at all a matter of birthdays? "We *must* keep youthful charm right through the years," the stage and screen stars say—"in spite of birthdays!"

Looking at these recent photographs you want to know their secret! "To keep youthful charm you must guard complexion beauty *very* carefully," they declare. "Youthful skin is absolutely necessary."

How do these stars stay so ravishingly young looking? How do they guard complexion beau-

LUX

Thirties—Forties—

NEAREST YOUR AGE ?

ty? "*We* use Lux Toilet Soap," they say. "Regular care with this nice white soap does wonders for the skin!"

No matter what their age, they find in this luxurious soap the perfect complexion care.

"I'm 18," says Virginia Lee Corbin, "but already I've begun to take regular care of my complexion with Lux Toilet Soap."

"I'm 40," says Irene Rich. "Keeping the velvety youthful texture of your skin is mighty important. I've used Lux Toilet Soap for years."

How 9 out of 10 Screen Stars guard complexion beauty

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 guard their complexions with Lux Toilet Soap. It is the official soap for dressing rooms in *all* the great film studios.

Why don't *you* try this gentle, fragrant white soap—start using it today!

"I'm 30"

JUDITH ANDERSON

"I'm 34"

BEVERLY BAYNE

"I'm 38"

ETHEL CLAYTON

"I'm 40"

IRENE RICH

Toilet Soap

Is Marlene Dietrich Being Frightened Away From America?

(*Continued from page 23*)

Causes of Her Unhappiness

AND then she was told that she must not mention her child, must not wear the locket with Maria's picture, which she showed proudly to everyone. She was bewildered. Why shouldn't she tell she had a child? A beautiful little girl whom she adored? Why would Americans not like her so well on the screen if they knew she was a mother? What strange people! She did not—could not—forebear talking about her child.

By this time the press began to print many things that Marlene did not understand. Often she was deeply hurt. Once, in a burst of tears, she fled from an interviewer when the writer compared her to Greta Garbo.

Her recent quarrel with Paramount, when she declined to make a picture with another director than von Sternberg, added to her unhappiness. Marlene has been very lonely in Hollywood and von Sternberg has proved a staunch friend as well as a careful, sensationally successful director. At first she tried going to parties, but she stood at one side, gazing wonderingly at the strange ways in which Americans amused themselves, listening with growing boredom to the continual talk of pictures and contracts which is Hollywood's social chatter. Now Marlene does not go to many parties. Her men friends can be counted on the fingers of one hand—von Sternberg, Hans von Twardowski, Maurice Chevalier. Her close women friends would leave several fingers to spare—Joan Crawford, Tallulah Bankhead, Bebe Daniels, and a Viennese princess married to an American business man.

A foreigner's confidence in the safety of our institutions must have been sadly shaken by the huge losses of Nils Asther, and other foreign stars in the Hollywood bank failure. "I had not a penny in that bank," Marlene declares, "but many of my friends had."

However, it was when her secretary, opening the morning mail, came on a kidnaping letter, a demand for money, a threat to steal little Maria, that terror of what could happen in this country must have struck Marlene's heart. Bewildered and frightened by a series of unpleasant events, it is easy to believe that when Marlene goes to Europe soon, she may not return.

Has No Permanent Ties Here

SHE has formed no permanent ties. Her life here has been lived in temporary fashion. Unlike a majority of stars, who first sign a motion picture contract and then rush out and buy a house, Marlene has chosen to live in rented homes.

"Why should I buy a home in Hollywood?" she asks. "I rent a very nice house. It is suitable for Maria and me and I have no responsibilities, like taxes and other bothersome things. I do not intend to buy any real estate here. I don't want to be tied down."

Marlene is very frank in her determination that Maria shall be raised in Europe. She does not attend an American school but has her lessons at home with a German governess.

"I want her to have a fine education, an education that she can get only in Europe," Marlene says, frankly. "I want her to be surrounded by European culture. After all, she is German and it is better for her to be brought up in her own country."

Inasmuch as Maria is now nearly eight years old, her "bringing up" must necessarily start soon, which lends weight to the rumor that Berlin will soon be Marlene's permanent address. Little Maria told me that she does not want to go back to Germany. Just now she is very much enamoured with her swimming pool, the beach, going to the studio to have lunch with her mother and playing around the sound stage with little Dickie Moore, who is working in "The Blonde Venus" with Marlene.

But the child's play has been considerably hampered since the kidnaping threats were received. She is no longer allowed to run on the beach. She must always be within sight of her governess and two heavily armed guards. When she goes to the studio to meet her mother, she is accompanied by the governess, the chauffeur and a guard.

Unhappiness doesn't alter Marlene's appearance much in real life. But this is how she appears after hard luck comes her way in "The Blonde Venus." Compare with the exotic platinum blonde dancer on page 23

When Marlene received the first threat note, she immediately turned to Mr. von Sternberg; before he even notified the police, he sent one of his most trusted employees to Marlene's house to protect her. *Later it was discovered that this man, sent to guard Marlene's own house, had been convicted of a federal offense.* Isn't that enough to destroy her confidence in anyone?

How She Has to Be Protected

A SUCCESSION of threats followed. Iron bars were placed over every window in the house, making it look like a high-class private jail. A double lock was placed on every door; the iron gate padlocked: an elaborate electric alarm system installed.

No one can walk down the quiet street on which Marlene lives without being watched by two guards. If anyone hesitates even for a moment, he is immediately suspected, questioned.

Inside the house a German police dog, powerful and intelligent, guards his youthful mistress. During the first few weeks after the threats were received, the dog became ill.

"He's a sick dog. You'll have to leave him in the hospital for a few days," the veterinary said.

"Sick or well, he must be home tonight," Marlene replied. She had faith in her dog. He is German!

Alone in a strange country, not understanding our little kidnaping habits, can she be blamed for being afraid? And Marlene has been afraid. It is whispered that she is on the verge of a nervous breakdown. When an enterprising news service photographer recently dodged the watchers on the lot and caught a snapshot of her walking with a burly detective, which was printed in the next morning's papers, Marlene was so overwrought that she had to leave the studio for the day.

When her husband, Rudolph Sieber, returned to Europe after his recent visit, underworld threats forced him to cross Chicago and New York under a heavy guard of private detectives. Even her friend, director and discoverer, Josef von Sternberg, has been advised to take precautions to protect himself. Iron workers spent a month installing artistic, but effective grille work over the windows of his Hollywood apartment. The back door, while an ordinary door to the casual observer, is lined with bullet-proof steel. He also keeps two German shepherd dogs, one wire-haired terrier and one Scottie in the apartment. When he drives out in his shining limousine, he is accompanied by his chauffeur and two armed men.

How She "Helped" the Police

CHIEF BLAIR, of the Beverly Hills police force, and District Attorney Buron Fitts are enthusiastic in their praise of Miss Dietrich.

"We immediately branded the kidnaping threats as the work of an amateur, either a crank or a disgruntled servant, but we had to take the same precautions that we would have, if we had thought the threats came from an organized band of racketeers. For an amateur can be just as dangerous," Chief Blair says. "The night we set the trap for the would-be kidnapers, who did not appear, Miss Dietrich refused to go to bed at all. She wanted to be in on everything. At the dinner table she kept jumping up from the table to wait on us, although she had adequate help. And all night, she kept rushing to the kitchen every hour or so to make coffee for the men. It seemed to give her great satisfaction to do things personally. She felt that she was helping."

It was during this time that Marlene's husband, Rudolph Sieber, had to leave for his work in France. Can you imagine his emotions at leaving his wife and baby under such circumstances alone in a strange country? "I'm satisfied that you're doing everything possible to protect my family," he told Chief Blair before leaving. "But—for God's Sake, catch those men and shake them down."

"How do you shake men down, Chief Blair?" asked Maria, enthralled at the interesting prospect.

But it is Marlene who has been shaken, shaken out of her sense of security, shaken out of that Teutonic calm that has masked her emotions so effectively since she came to Hollywood. Who could blame her if she prefers to return to Europe to stay? Her husband, her family, her friends are there. She is financially able to retire from active work this minute if she wishes. If she doesn't wish, she will surely have no trouble in getting all the work she wants in Europe. Will "Deep Night," the picture scheduled to follow "Blonde Venus," end Marlene's American career? Have we frightened away our best-beloved German star?

Absolutely new

most radical advance in sanitary protection since the invention of Kotex itself in 1920

the new Phantom★ Kotex

SANITARY NAPKIN
(U. S. Pat. No. 1,857,854)

Leaves no trace of revealing outline — even under closest-fitting frocks.

FROM THE makers of Kotex comes this announcement of supreme importance to women. Announcement of an utterly new design in sanitary protection.

The new PHANTOM★ KOTEX—called Phantom because you are scarcely aware of its presence — is so skilfully shaped and tapered that you wear it under closest-fitting gowns without slightest hint of revealing outline.

Do not be confused. Other sanitary pads calling themselves form-fitting; other styles with so-called tapered ends, are in no sense the same as the new PHANTOM KOTEX, U. S. Patent No. 1,857,854.

Other Kotex features retained

It is—as you will see—amazingly soft—delicate—five times more absorbent than cotton; can be worn on either side with the same protection. Easy disposability is still a superior Kotex advantage.

Another thing: You get this vastly improved product at no increase in cost. So important is it for you to get the new PHANTOM KOTEX that we have stamped the name Kotex on both ends of the new pad. All dealers have it. Also in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Note! *Kotex—now at your dealer's—marked "Form-Fitting" is the new Phantom★ Kotex.*

*T*o ease the task of enlightenment

This message is sent to parents and guardians in a spirit of constructive helpfulness.

THIS year—some five million young girls between the ages of 10 and 14 will face one of the most trying situations in all the years of young womanhood.

This year—some five million mothers will face the most difficult task of motherhood.

Thousands of these mothers will sit down in quiet rooms—and from that intimacy so characteristic of today's mother and daughter—there will result that understanding so vital to the daughter of today—the wife and mother of tomorrow.

There will be other thousands of mothers — courageous—intimate in all things but this. There will be thousands too timid to meet this problem—and it will pass—but with what possible unhappiness . . . what heartbreaking experience.

To free this task of enlightenment from the slightest embarrassment—the Kotex Company has had prepared an intimate little chat between mother and daughter. It is called "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."

In this story booklet—the subject has been covered completely . . . in simple understandable form. It is accompanied by a simple plan affording the child complete privacy.

To secure a copy without cost or slightest obligation, parents or guardians may fill in and mail the coupon below. It will come to you in a plain envelope.

Mary Pauline Callender
Room 2165
180 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me copy of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."

Signed..

Street..

City.......................................*State*..............................

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Proper Care of
BEAUTY
is less expensive
NOW

JONTEEL TOILETRIES
COST ONLY HALF
what you often pay

Jonteel
Jonteel

Thousands of smart women everywhere are making a thrilling new discovery.

Now it's no longer necessary to judge beauty creations by their price! For Jonteel Toiletries cost only half as much as you've often paid, yet offer all the luxurious quality that a discriminating woman always demands.

How smoothly Jonteel Face Powder blends with your complexion in tint and texture! And how you'll adore its delicate fragrance! As for Jonteel Cold Cream, you'll find it marvelous for three different uses . . . cleansing and nourishing the skin; firming it; preventing irritation and chapping.

Jonteel Toiletries are sold only by Rexall Drug Stores. Liggett and Owl Stores are Rexall Drug Stores, too.

They Told George Brent That He Was Going Blind!

(*Continued from page 26*)

"And, again, I 'saw' myself as a boy running barefooted over the bogs in the early morning. I found that I could see it in my darkness as clearly as I had seen it then—the peaty soil, the mists rolling back. I could smell the Spring in the air and I knew that I didn't need to see it. There it was, as it had been, forever in my possession—in my memory which, thank God, *had eyes.*

"I could 'see' the Autumn mornings when we went out, my Uncle and I, to round up the sheep who were lambing in the fields. I remembered their mournful, questioning eyes, the soft sounds they made. I could see again the dark, dank, warm little houses we carried them into to bring forth their young. I could smell the sweet, warm smell of the milk I fed the babies out of nursing bottles—forgetting, then, that I was a shy and not very happy little boy, conscious only that I was doing the best I could for creatures in distress. I found that I could 'see' birds nesting and could remember the sight and smell of blossoms in the trees. Things I thought I had forgotten, things that might have been trivial once, came back to me then.

Decided What Real Love Was

"AND one face—one face came back to me. The face of the girl I loved when I was fifteen. The first and only girl I have ever fallen in love with—until now.

"I believe we underestimate youth and the depths of youth and the sufferings and the permanence of the emotions of youth. We are liable to say, 'Oh, he's young (or she's young). He'll get over it.' Not necessarily. *I never have.* No, I haven't seen her for years. A great many things have happened since then. I believe she is in London. She's a writer. But believing that I was going blind, somehow, it was her face I saw again—and I felt that it would stay. I didn't know Ruth then.

"Faces and memories in the darkness start a train of thought. I thought of the different kinds of love. There is only one real kind, I decided. And it is NOT the kind based on sex appeal. There is too much stress laid on physical attraction. A certain amount of it is necessary, of course. But I should say that at least seventy-five per cent of love should be mental, should be companionship and sympathy, the one with the other. It is the most devastating thing in life—this physical attraction and the havoc it brings. It is so cheap, and the other kind so rare.

"I know—because I went through that sort of thing, too. I married it. And I went through Hell for nearly two years, although the marriage itself lasted less than six months.

"Perhaps it is because of experience that I know I could never lose my head now, over publicity, over flattery, over the flattery of women, which means absolutely nothing. None of it is sincere. None of them care about *you.* When the curtain goes down and the key is turned in the stage door, you cease to exist as a person.

Only Sensitive Women Matter

"THE only kind of woman who interests me is the intelligent woman. I don't care about the outside. If I were blind, I couldn't see the outside. I never pay any attention to that sort of thing any more. I know that it is what is inside that counts. If the two people who are the right people for each other can get together, can make for themselves a beautiful life by *working* at it, there is nothing in life so worth while. I think sensitiveness, the one to the other, is the most important thing. Looks and physical attraction are the least important things. It is because I know now what I want that I have been amused and not a little amazed when I have read and heard things about myself—romance rumors linking me with 'sweet-and-pretty' flappers, for instance. Let's get back to the darkness. . . .

"I remembered, when I was 'blind,' the most hideous thing I had ever seen. Unfortunately, things you would like to forget stay with you, too. I was a youngster of nine or ten. A soldier came home from the War—a stranger with a strangely terrible face. One day, suddenly, he opened his coat and showed me his breast and his shirt—*alive with lice.* I thought then, as I think now, that I had never seen a sight so horrible. Somehow, I saw the whole War in that man's misery and ignominy.

"And I saw, too, in that darkness what came to me as the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. No, not a woman's face—but a lighted ship that had passed my ship in the night. Ships that pass in the night—I knew that they would remain with me as the most beautiful things my eyes had ever seen.

"I came to America for the first time when I was eleven. And that memory remained with me, too, though I hadn't thought about it for many years. I could see the dark waters and the averted and voiceless faces of my fellow-passengers, watching for the deadly periscope.

May Never Read Much Again

"FRAGMENTARILY, here and there, other pictures etched themselves on my darkness. The face of Ethel Barrymore for one. I could see her, sharp and clear, as I had seen her seated one night in the theatre. That raking, unforgettable nose of hers, that look of serious, intense concentration on her face, the way she always looks when she is watching a play. I had not known until then how vivid her face was to me. I think the face of Joan Crawford would have stayed with me.

"I saw myself as a kid, stealing candles to read by at nights. The books I'd read—stacks and stacks of them. That was, partly, what ailed my eyes, of course. The enormous amount of night reading I had done, trying to learn, trying to be something had, apparently, come to—this. I didn't regret it. My only regret was that I could never read again. *I may never be able to read again.* My studio script, Odd McIntyre's column and the sports page are all my reading matter now.

"I could see the plays I'd done, the ones I especially cared about—'Seventh Heaven,' 'White Cargo,' 'Lilac Time,' 'Interference,' a few others. I knew that I would miss tennis and I could see, vividly, sets I had played, certain sets where I might have done this instead of that—I played them over again on the dark courts of my mind. I was glad that I cared about music.

"Now it seems to be all over. The doctor was wrong. My eyes are pretty nearly well again and except for the fact that I cannot read, I have no fears and few deprivations.

"Someday, when I have the money I'd like to have, I know where I shall live. A certain place, some seventy-five miles outside of Paris. Ruth loves it, too. I'll have my own home—and children, I hope.

"I thought I was going blind. But I think I found more light in my darkness than I ever found in the sunlight."

Maybe you think you can't use soap on your face—

But read what Science says about that!

THE HALF·FACE BEAUTY TEST

proves that Woodbury's brings loveliness to the most sensitive skin!

Von Horn

Of 612 women who registered in a nation-wide Beauty Clinic, many thought their complexions too sensitive for soap-and-water cleansing.

Under the dermatologists' orders, each of these women continued to pamper one side of her face with creams alone . . . but the other side of her face she washed every day with Woodbury's Facial Soap.

In a week, that "sensitiveness" disappeared on the Woodbury side. In 30 days, the Woodbury cheeks were smoother, firmer, clearer, brighter.

If you think you can't use soap on your skin, make this "Half-face Test." Keep on coddling one cheek. Wash the other cheek daily with Woodbury's. In a month, the Woodbury side will lose that sensitiveness, that dull, flabby droop.

Your skin needs creams, too. But, first of all, it needs zestful cleansing with Woodbury's Facial Soap. Because it quickens the natural replacement of skin cells, Woodbury's keeps the skin *new* looking, transparently clear. Because it stimulates circulation, Woodbury's makes the skin bright, colorful, and *firm*. And, by keeping pores free of impurities, Woodbury's acts to improve skin texture.

In these things, Woodbury's does much more than an ordinary toilet soap. It is made of the finest oils . . . but, besides, it contains cosmetic substances, expensive balms, and essential oils not found in ordinary soaps. Because of its special formula, Woodbury's is in itself a scientific beauty treatment in cake form. It has been used by millions of women for over a generation. Begin today to use it on YOUR skin. You can buy Woodbury's Facial Soap at drug stores and toilet goods counters everywhere.

FACTS ABOUT NATION-WIDE "HALF-FACE TEST"

. . . conducted by 15 eminent dermatologists*

. . . 612 women registered as patients in 14 cities

. . . each woman cared for left side of face by own chosen method

. . . washed right side of face with Woodbury's Facial Soap

. . . Half-face Test continued 30 days

. . . doctors recorded skin conditions on both sides of face weekly

. . . case records showed greater improvement on Woodbury side in 81 cases of dry, sensitive skin, 115 cases of oily skin, 103 cases of blackheads, 83 cases of large pores, 106 cases of pimples.

*In accordance with professional ethics, the names of these physicians cannot be advertised. They are on file with the Editor of this magazine, and are available to anyone genuinely interested.

COUPON FOR PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVICE

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 921 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

I would like advice on *my* skin condition as checked, also week-end kit containing generous samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Also copy of "Index to Loveliness." For this I enclose 10¢.

Oily Skin ○ Coarse Pores ○ Blackheads ○
Dry Skin ○ Wrinkles ○ Sallow Skin ○
Flabby Skin ○ Pimples ○

*Name*________________________________

*Address*________________________________

TUNE IN on Woodbury's Fridays, 9:30 P.M., E.D.S.T. Leon Belasco Orchestra. WABC and Columbia Network.

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"It's like NEW, Marie!"

"Oui, Madame. I use IVORY SNOW. It makes soft suds without hot water, so the colors do not run."

Easy dissolving in lukewarm water—keeps colors clear... Ivory Snow is an advanced kind of soap for washing delicate fabrics. Instead of being cut into hard, flat flakes, Ivory Snow, in its liquid state, is BLOWN through sprayers so that it dries in a mist of tiny, soft bubbles.

These bubbles are thirsty. No hot water is needed to dissolve them. They melt into quick, rich suds in water that is just LUKEWARM. No danger, then, with Ivory Snow, of making colors run, of making textures harsh and stiff by plunging your woolens, rayons, or printed silks into too-hot suds.

No floating particles—no soap spots... The round bits of Ivory Snow leave no flat particles floating in the water which can stick to fabrics and cause soap spots. This is one reason why Mallinson, Cheney Brothers and Truhu, as well as weavers of woolens and blankets call Ivory Snow "the perfect soap." It is especially good for this year's "nubby surfaced" silks, woolens and cottons.

Get Ivory Snow from your grocer. See for yourself how convenient it is—how it saves your clothes. Don't be afraid to use enough to make a thick suds. Ivory Snow is pure—as gentle to fabrics as Ivory Soap is to a baby's tender skin. The suds rinse easily. And the extra-big package costs only 15¢.

Copr. 1932, Procter & Gamble Co.

IVORY SNOW

99$\frac{44}{100}$% PURE

Jean Harlow Should Make a Good Wife and Mother!

(*Continued from page 51*)

Some good elf gave her priceless gifts when she was born that have helped her greatly in her upward climb toward stardom. Those gifts are hope, ardor, and enthusiasm. Note the persistent upward trend of her handwriting, which is not artificial, but natural, and shows her optimism and courage. Her will power is only fair, as you will notice if you look at her "t" crossings, which vary a good deal. Look at the "t" in the word "article," which does not really cross the letter and which shows procrastination.

This procrastination, however, will not be shown so much in neglect of her work or obligations, but in a slight shrinking from anything unpleasant or painful. It will probably have more to do with personal matters than with her professional duties. For her handwriting shows that she should be a "good trouper"—willing to give of her best work at all times, and directors who are not too carping and critical should find her very pleasant to deal with.

Easygoing, But Can Scratch

POSSIBLY, the procrastination has something to do with being indolent or lazy when she has nothing really important to occupy her mind. For she loves to be comfortable, and I can almost see her basking and enjoying things just as a fluffy Persian cat would enjoy sunshine and good food and luxurious surroundings. Like a cat, she can also scratch if you try to bother her or are unfair to her or to anyone for whom she cares. For she has a quick temper, although not a long-lasting one, and can say some very cutting and sarcastic things when she is angry, in spite of her good nature.

Her slight weakness of will power has been greatly strengthened by the vivacity and the forward surge of her writing, fortunately for her, and her "f," which is tied in the middle, shows persistence. Note her rounded letter formations and the rightward angle of her handwriting which shows her genial, adaptable nature and indicates that she is really a person of simple tastes.

I do not mean that she would be content without money and luxuries or to live the "simple life" in seclusion and without opportunities of any kind. But there is not found here the real extravagance which loves to throw away money for effect and for useless foolish things. There is no such vanity and stupidity in her writing. Jean *will* love to spend money, but she has too much of a practical nature to be willing to squander it for nothing. But I do see that she would toss away a good deal if she felt that she could get more when she needed it, and she is in no sense a hoarder of money.

I hope that she will be wise enough to have some "hard-boiled" manager to handle her business affairs. Her greatest danger is that some slick person will work on her sympathy and affections and "take her for a ride," either emotionally or financially. In spite of the shrewdness shown in her closed "b," she will instinctively respond to a cry for help, without stopping to count the cost, when it is from anyone who is clever enough to show a real need for it and who has the personality to attract her attention.

Never Gives Up a Fight

THE strength of her character is that it is progressive. No matter how many times she gets a knockdown blow, she will be able, like a good prize-fighter, to pick herself up before she is counted out and to push onward toward her goal. Her nature at the present time is almost youthfully immature, in spite of the fact that she has accomplished a great deal from a professional point of view. She may even give the impression of being hard and selfish but, if so, it is put on to protect herself from too many demands upon her time.

In this small specimen of her handwriting, I can see how she is maturing. Notice the words "Please know" and see how almost childish are the letters. Now look at the word "grateful," which shows more mental formations, while the words "with pride" are quite sophisticated and individual. In the fine simplicity of the capital "H" in the word "Harlow," with its long cross-bar, like a sign which is pointing onward and upward, and her high upper loops, we see her ambition and progressiveness.

Speaking of the word "Harlow," it is rather interesting to find in it a wide open "o," and "a," which show emotional generosity, although most of these letters are closed in the body of her note. But there are some hooks in the "H" and some of the ending strokes, which give her some possessiveness, so that she will not be blindly foolish in giving of her time, affections or money, except on occasions. I do not find that she is in the least vain from the ingrown tendency to be absorbed in herself and her desires to the exclusion of everything else.

Yet she enjoys praise and admiration and appreciation which are almost necessities for the Vital Type, especially with the upward movement in the handwriting. For such writers do not enjoy shadows, but love sunshine and action and a full life. They are more successful where they are not confined to uninteresting work or companionship with irritable people, or too much restraint of their natural tendencies. Her extreme good sense, I suspect, gives her the ability to be clever enough to show even less vanity and selfishness than she feels.

Is Willing to Be Taught

FOR Jean Harlow is no saint in a stained glass window but, like a child, does not really mean to be disagreeable, and is usually sorry and asks forgiveness afterwards, if she is. She is most certainly impulsive, impatient and independent, and it would not be strange if the admiration which has been showered upon her should make her feel, somewhat, her importance. But even if she makes you angry, she has a way with her that makes you forgive her.

While her individuality is not her outstanding point at present, she has unusual ability to profit by experience, and a willingness to be taught in her desire to do good work. There is a very good chance for her to go from one success to another, if her love and affection do not interfere. Her rounded letter formations show that she could be a good wife and mother and make her home attractive and comfortable. If Paul Bern, her new husband, is dynamic enough to hold her love and, at the same time, to give her the opportunity for artistic development along other lines beside the screen, I would not be surprised to see Jean Harlow give up her present profession in a few years except for occasional intervals.

There is so much rhythm and movement in her writing that she will not be satisfied with only home and social duties. But some of the other creative arts such as music, writing, or the handling of colors such as murals, or the designing of stage settings or clothes should keep her active mind busy and give her pleasure, if she has the patience to get the necessary training.

She will change greatly in the next few years and her marriage will have a great deal to do with the change. I want to warn her husband not to expect her to be anything else but herself, or to try to make her over into some other type—it just can't be done. While her real name (Harlean Carpenter) does not sound Irish, there is very much of the Irish lilt shown in her writing.

to be Young . . .

Splendid!

to remain Young . . Difficult!

• but please try!

IF you have YOUTH—you have everything. Life is an exciting play, and you are the leading lady . . . fresh of skin, bright of eye, vivacious, charming.

But how to keep this elusive thing called Youth? Strangely enough, years have little to do with it! *You* know grandmothers who are young—and school-girls who are old; "girls" of 40—and tired old women of 28!

For Youth is a state of health. Explicitly—*youth depends on internal cleanliness.* It depends on a purified blood stream. To stay young, *take the saline treatment with Sal Hepatica!*

Gently but thoroughly, Sal Hepatica sweeps your system clean.

Sal Hepatica makes a new person of you. Headaches—colds—indigestion—acidity—and rheumatic twinges are relieved. Your skin becomes clear. Your eyes are bright. You no longer feel world-weary. You're *young*—not old!

In Europe you'd drink the famous saline waters at Carlsbad, Wiesbaden, Aix.

Sal Hepatica

But in America, Sal Hepatica is your convenient equivalent of this fashionable saline treatment.

Today—start feeling *well* again! Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica and follow the saline road to youth and health and beauty.

Sal Hepatica

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. CC-92 71 West St., New York, N.Y.
Kindly send me the Free Booklet, "The Other Half of Beauty," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.
*Name*____________________ *Street*____________________
*City*____________________ *State*____________________

REVOLTING!

the job of washing dirty handkerchiefs

Why do it?
use
KLEENEX
disposable tissues
and destroy

THE worst job on earth! That's what any woman says about washing dirty handkerchiefs.

Why inflict this repulsive job on yourself, or anyone else? Use Kleenex, as so many other people now are doing. They started the use of this health handkerchief during colds—then found it impossible *ever* to return to the old unsanitary way.

Daintier than handkerchiefs

Kleenex is made of softest rayon-cellulose, in convenient squares, handkerchief size. These disposable tissues are softer than any handkerchief—downy, dainty, gentle, absorbent. And think how pleasant to use each tissue only once—selecting a fresh, clean one every time.

If you have been sending washing out, you will find Kleenex a great saving. You can use many tissues for the cost of *one* handkerchief laundered!

Kleenex in rolls, too

Kleenex comes in rolls at 25c, as well as convenient packages. Try the giant Kleenex, too—big sheets, three times usual size! This larger Kleenex is convenient for guest towels, dusting and kitchen use.

For a sample of Kleenex, write The Kleenex Company, Lake Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Illinois.

'KERFS

are a formal version of Kleenex; smartly bordered tissues, 4 thicknesses instead of 2. Nice enough for "regular" handkerchiefs or tea napkins. Big box, only 25c.

KLEENEX *disposable* **TISSUES**

Yankee Doodle Dandy Is in the Movies Now

(*Continued from page 21*)

No one seems to remember just how long it has been since the first flag-waving success of George M. Cohan, which began many years ago in vaudeville. The Four Cohans (mother, father, George and his sister, Josephine) learned early that Americans are continually thrilled by America, and patriotism has been the cornerstone of practically all of his successes.

Cohan, the man himself, reminds you of Jackie Cooper, say, forty years later. He is the folksiest, easiest-going celebrity who ever trekked three thousand miles across the continent, to put his feet on a borrowed desk in a publicity department and talk in kindly slang out of the corner of his mouth about Hollywood and movies and Broadway. When somebody protested that he neither looked nor acted like the advertised slogan for "the spirit of Broadway," Cohan said: "Why should I? I'm Irish and New England originally. The first ten years I lived in New York, I didn't unpack my trunk. I was scared of the town."

Denies He's Scared of the Movies

IT was reported that he was so afraid of his talking picture experiment (he had made several silent pictures years ago) that he turned back in Chicago after the first lap of the journey, only to be persuaded to carry through later. But George M. denies this. The only time he ever backed out of the movie game was two or three years ago when he and Joseph Schenck were planning to form a company together. At the last moment, Cohan decided that the business end of the movies was not his game.

Now that he has been in Hollywood several weeks and has "sat in" on a baker's dozen of conferences, he is convinced it isn't. He says that in New York, when you want to put a show on the boards, you write it and work on it. In Hollywood, when they want to put a picture into production, they just sit around and talk about it.

"'The Phantom President' is a political comedy," he said. "It is supposed to be ready for ballyhoo release by election time, or just before. But at the rate we're going now we'll probably hit the Inauguration.

"The last time I stopped in Los Angeles for any length of time," he grinned, "Edythe Chapman and James Neill were the idols of the town. Now it's all Gable and Garbo."

Like most men who have been identified with the theatre for any length of time he likes to reminisce, pull laughable little anecdotes from the back of his memory about people we all know. George M. Cohan has never met Clark Gable, but . . . .

The Time Gable Was "Crazy"

IT seems that Cohan had sent one of his shows down to Philadelphia for a try-out a few seasons ago. He had been too busy to go down with the production himself and had permitted his manager to cast and produce the play without his supervision. It was understood that if the show went over, it was to be brought into New York with the Philadelphia cast.

The first few weeks of the run were very encouraging. So encouraging that Cohan wired his manager to bring the show "in" to the Big Town. A return wire came back: "BRINGING ALL BUT LEADING MAN WITH SHOW TO NEW YORK." Cohan wired back: "WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH LEADING MAN? WHO IS HE?" And still another wire from Philadelphia: "NOTHING THE MATTER WITH LEADING MAN EXCEPT HE IS CRAZY. GOING TO HOLLYWOOD TO

TRY LUCK IN THE MOVIES. NAME IS CLARK GABLE."

So, because of the slightly crazy leading man, Cohan brought his show into New York and played the Gable rôle, himself.

Ruth Chatterton and Douglas Fairbanks (the original Doug)—Cohan remembers them, too, from the early days of their Broadway success.

"Ruth was just a kid," he remembers, "and the prettiest little thing you ever saw in your life. I always had a warm spot in my heart for Ruthie. She was a dead ringer in looks for my sister Josie. I had a picture hanging on the wall of my office of Josie, autographed '*With All My Love*,' that looked so much like Chatterton it was funny.

"One day, Henry Miller, the producer, who was nuts about Chatterton, you know, dropped up to see me. My offices at the time were right above the theatre where Ruthie was scoring such a hit in 'Come Out of the Kitchen.' Miller was sitting in my office, talking about this and that, when all of a sudden he saw that picture that looked so much like Ruth. Miller read the autograph '*With All My Love*' and nearly hit the ceiling. He was so jealous he nearly jumped out the window. I guess he thought I had been sneaking down to the theatre between scenes to court his girl! After I explained about the picture of Josie, he apologized profusely. He was crazy about Ruthie, Miller was."

He thinks it singularly lucky for Douglas Fairbanks that the movies came along just about the time they did. Not that Doug wasn't a good stage actor—"but there just wasn't any stage big enough to hold the spirit of that fellow. He needed a camera and all of Sherwood Forest." Fairbanks, Sr., played in the Cohan show, "Officer 666."

He's No Talker About Himself

HE would much rather tell stories and "just talk" than relay information about himself to the palpitating public. His idea is that all the "old-timers" have heard about all there is to hear about him, and the younger ones would rather hear about the Clark Gables and George Rafts, anyway. But it might just happen that even the "old-timers" might not have heard that he was born on July 4th—"and they say I've been waving the flag ever since," laughs George M. That *M.*, by the way, stands for Michael—George Michael Cohan, the man who has done everything there is to do on the stage, and is in the movies now!

He is reputed to have turned down a million dollars in movie offers, and he says that what brought him West this time was "a rôle right up my alley." It is a dual rôle, as aforementioned. He plays a cool, colorless man of wealth and his "double"—a colorful tramp who is just bursting with personality. The latter character is what finally persuaded him to go farther than "forty-five minutes from Broadway."

He stunned Hollywood by what he did when he first appeared at the studio. The occasion was the first of the conferences about the production of "The Phantom President." Everyone sat down at a big table, and a heavy silence fell over the room. Executives and director and everyone else expected George M. to tell his ideas about how the story was made. But he didn't act conscious of the fact. Finally, someone suggested that he tell them just what he wanted done. He said, "Listen! I came here to learn, not to tell!"

He's the first man from Broadway who hasn't shown the least desire to tell Hollywood how pictures should be made. And he knows more about the show business—from the producing angle, the acting angle, and the writing angle—than any other man on Broadway!

The girl who Wins her
BEAUTY CONTEST
is the girl with
a Lovely Skin

For women, life is a daily Beauty Contest that never ends. You must constantly appear at your best, face the world with a fresh, immaculate skin. Start today to use gentle Camay—the Soap of Beautiful Women!

"It started out as a restful cruise, but it turned out to be a Beauty Contest. As she played deck tennis, dined, or danced, this girl won. For her skin was lovely!"

Camay's rich creamy lather, a soft cloth and warm water is the way to a clean, fresh skin. Rinse well with cold water. A simple, inexpensive beauty treatment.

CAMAY
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN
CAMAY
CAMAY

This is delicate Camay. Its creamy-whiteness greets your eye from its new green and yellow wrapper. Camay is now sealed in Cellophane.

A LOVELY skin is priceless. A joy to you and a delight to others. Yet the most exquisite skin is quick to show neglect. And only by insuring pore-deep cleanliness can you keep your skin in fresh, well-toned condition.

The first step in the care of your precious skin is the daily use of Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. Camay is the safest skin soap in the world . . . gentle, mild, creamy-white. Free from coloring matter and free from drying "chalkiness." Do get a dozen cakes of Camay today!

CAMAY

Copr. 1932, Procter & Gamble Co.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

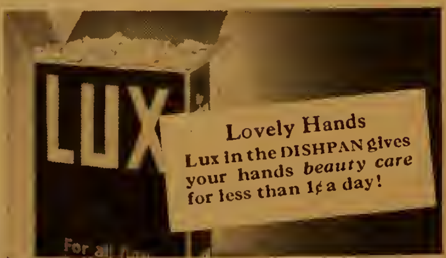
"Does she think she can get away with that?"

"How *can* she wear underthings a second day? You wouldn't think any nice girl would take such a chance! Everybody perspires at least a little, and perspiration odor clings so . . . others notice it before you do yourself—"

Underthings absorb perspiration..Avoid offending—*Protect daintiness this way*

IT IS such an unforgivable offense! We hate to think we *could* be guilty. Yet we may offend without even realizing it

Don't take chances! There is one sure, delightful way to *know* you're fresh and sweet. Lux removes every trace of perspiration acids and odors, yet its gentle suds save colors and fabrics, too. Protect your daintiness . . . Lux lingerie and stockings after *each* wearing. This fastidious habit takes only 4 minutes, or less!


LUX
For all fine
Lovely Hands
Lux in the DISHPAN gives your hands *beauty care* for less than 1¢ a day!

LUX *for underthings—saves fabrics*

The Girl That Hollywood Can't Figure Out

(*Continued from page 15*)

personalities. Never on scandal, however.

Anita Page, herself, will honestly tell you that she believes her career has suffered from the brand of "good girl." She doesn't drink. She doesn't smoke. She doesn't attend unrestrained parties. She resents the halo that Hollywood has placed on her head—and the reputation for a certain flaccidity of temperament that the title has earned her. Stories have been written that the only three men in Hollywood with whom she is permitted to go unchaperoned are William Haines, Russell Gleason, Jr., and Ramon Novarro. The implication has caused serious concern to her father, who denies that she has had other than the guardianship and guidance any parents give to an only daughter.

Denies She Has Been "Held Down"

"WHEN Anita came to Hollywood, she was only seventeen years old," he explains. "She was a child—we gave her the same care, the same attention that other parents concerned with the spiritual, mental and physical welfare of an only daughter would give her. No one could possibly blame us for that. But when the talk that I was hindering her career became insistent—I went back East. I thought that now people wouldn't say that Anita doesn't do any thinking for herself, that she is a girl without a mind."

And Anita, her blue eyes dark with anger, interposes: "It isn't as if Dad hadn't made definite sacrifices for me. He is an electrical engineer—he had a thriving business back home. And he gave that up for me and my career. When he left Hollywood, it was the first time in more than twenty years of marriage that Mother and he were separated. He remained away for six months—and it was at my pleading that he returned. I needed him."

And she continues: "My mother has been so careful not to be known as a studio-mother that she has refused to meet my directors. Harry Beaumont and Sam Wood are the only two she has ever met—and then through sheer accident.

"Why, Dad and Mother can't even be at the same theatre where I am without its being announced in gossip columns that 'Anita Page, beaued by Mr. X, was, as usual, chaperoned by her parents.' When Prince Ferdinand of Germany, visiting in Hollywood, asked to take me to an opening, for which Dad had tickets, he and Mother refused to go for fear of just such comments. It isn't fair to them or to me."

More Ambitious Than Ever

ANITA Page is ambitious—even though her keen desire to get to the top is a new side to her character. When the talkies came, she shrugged away the casual suggestions that she study voice or dramatic art intensively. She did not go in for a drastic routine of self-training, as so many old-timers did. Her evident, youthful unconcern gave rise to the most fantastic speculation.

Was Anita Page really the child of the Pomares? Could it be that she was a great heiress—a princess even—presented with a place in the movies because of her high estate? That supposition is pointed by the fact that she is exceedingly fair—while her father, of Spanish extraction, holds true to type. But her face formation is exactly like her mother's—and, what is more, she is a younger edition of her father's sister. It is only that Anita Page is that rare Spanish type—a very fair blonde.

But Hollywood, intent on a mystery, is given little to dealing with fact—such as heredity and racial strains.

Anita Page has had no overpowering love affairs—those emotional tempests which are considered essential to being a sensation in Hollywood.

And she will answer that by saying: "I don't see why I should delude myself into a cheap love affair because it's supposed to be good for me. I don't agree. When I fall in love, it must be with a man I respect—with a man whom I can marry, and whose children I want to bear."

So she refuses to subsidize love for the doubtful benefits to her art.

There are numerous incidents which are as puzzling to Anita Page, herself, as to those in the know in Hollywood. The periodical executive orders to the studio press department to build up a publicity campaign for Anita Page only add to the general bewilderment.

When a lead for "Red-Headed Woman" was being sought, *more than two hundred tests were made of her.* And even while executives and directors were startled by her brilliance—even while they were amazed by her evident fitness for the rôle—it was eventually given to Jean Harlow. It was a rôle, it was agreed, that would automatically make her a star.

Anita "Plays Fair"—And Loses

THOSE who are wise in the way of studios declare that the greatest drawback to Anita's ambition is that she is not a born fighter. She won't fight over the wardrobe assigned to her in pictures. If a hat, or a dress or a coat is not becoming—she will be docile in her acceptance. Other players tear and rant and cry and plead until adjustments are made to their satisfaction.

They'll fight for rôles and get them—Anita Page will wait for assignments—and like a good trouper, go through with them. But *her* rôles with a few exceptions, have been so small that they have not stood out. Her hurt and disgust show in her work. But she is silent. It may be a lack of temperament. But it is probably due to her hope that eventually the studio will reward her sportsmanship with a worthwhile rôle. Something that will stack up with her *Queenie,* which she did so well in "Broadway Melody."

Not that she hasn't pleaded with executives to give her a chance. She has argued that in small parts she isn't worth the money Metro is paying her. But the reply to that has been: "Now just be patient. Leave everything to us." Which becomes a program of contradiction. On the one hand, it is "publicity for Page;" on the other, there is the self-evident fact of unimportant and inconsequential rôles.

Recently, the studio took up her option—and with its increased salary, it put her in star money. It was an added stimulant to Hollywood's curiosity about this girl who has been given not only minor rôles, but minor billing.

In "Night Court," she had a larger rôle than for some time—her biggest part, in fact, since "War Nurse," which she stole from June Walker, who had the title rôle. Her parts in "Are You Listening?" and "Prosperity" hardly gave her a chance. *Why?*

It is likely that some day some executive or director will find the key to her abilities now permitted to remain dormant. It is known that several of them would like to try (that was proved by her tests for "Red-Headed Woman")—and have definite ideas about the sort of rôles in which she'd acquit herself superbly.

But in the meanwhile, she continues to be the girl whose career to date—and whose personality—are Hollywood's favorite puzzle.

Treat
SUNBURN
as a BURN!

Get Quick Relief from Pain!

Sunburn is not to be trifled with. It's a BURN—like any other burn. Cosmetic lotions and creams are not enough—treat sunburn with the *burn* remedy used by 8 out of 10 hospitals . . *Unguentine!*

It stops pain—soothes and heals—prevents infection. Treat *all* sunburn with Unguentine—take no chances of needless agony. Heal *quickly*—tan *beautifully!* Only 50c. at druggists.

Unguentine

Norwich

goes as deep as the burn!

Enjoy the Benefits of Olive Oil and Complete Color Harmony in Your Make-up *with the New*

OUTDOOR GIRL

"Anniversary Combination"

OUTDOOR GIRL
FACE POWDER $1.00
LIPSTICK .35
DRY ROUGE .35
TOTAL VALUE 1.70
COMPLETE $1.00
OUTDOOR GIRL
ANNIVERSARY COMBINATION
COMPLETE $1.00
REGULAR VALUE $1.70
OUTDOOR GIRL FACE POWDER
OUTDOOR GIRL
$1.70 VALUE FOR $1.00
All three articles for the price of the Powder, alone!

FREE

One 35c OUTDOOR GIRL LIPSTICK
One 35c OUTDOOR GIRL Dry Rouge
with every $1.00 box of OUTDOOR GIRL *Olive Oil or Lightex Face Powder*

- Go to your favorite toilet goods counter today. Buy a box of Outdoor Girl *Olive Oil* or *Lightex* Face Powder at its regular price of $1.00. With it you will receive a 35c Outdoor Girl *Olive Oil* Lipstick and a 35c package of Outdoor Girl *Olive Oil* Rouge—FREE! All 3 articles are encased in a striking "Anniversary Combination" Gift Package . . . Choose from 7 smart tints, the shade of powder you like best. The accompanying rouge and lipstick will be in correct harmonizing colors.

- If you are one of the millions of users of Outdoor Girl Face Powder, you do not have to be told how marvelously beneficial its *Olive Oil* base is to your skin . . . Now you may have the same wonderful advantages in your Rouge and Lipstick. What is more, you may try these two new Outdoor Girl products at *our expense*. The "Anniversary Combination" brings you both articles in your favorite shades, without additional cost!

- This Free Offer is strictly limited! After it is withdrawn you will have to pay $1.70 for the same 3 products you can buy today for $1.00 . . . *So act promptly!* If your regular drug or department store cannot supply you, mail the coupon.

SEND NO MONEY!—TAX FREE!
PAY THE POSTMAN!

CRYSTAL LABORATORIES, Dept. U-9,
130 Willis Ave., New York
Please send me postpaid one "Anniversary Combination." Upon receipt, I will pay the postman $1.00. I am checking the powder shade I like best
FLESH ☐ LIDO ☐ OCHRE ☐ RACHEL ☐

Name________________
(Print Plainly)
Address________________
City__________State________

Herbert Marshall Is Just the Opposite of Gable

(*Continued from page 44*)

He takes a modest enough view of his wife's disappearance from Hollywood just as the portals of film fame were opening to her, refusing to be the romantic figure of the "man she couldn't live without" (as the Hollywood gossip stories put it).

"My wife's cancellation of her contract was quite as much a surprise to me as it was to the rest of the country," he smiled. "I remember I was visiting friends on Long Island when I received her long-distance call, telling me she was returning to New York. No, I didn't protest her decision. In the short talk we had, I realized she was unhappy about her rôle. In fact, I am much more inclined to lay her departure to professional, rather than personal reasons. If the part had been more to her liking, I am sure Edna Best could have been contented in Hollywood for the short duration of a picture.

And He Says He's Lucky

"OF course, perhaps I am getting an unusually pleasant view of the movie situation. I'm very happy in my rôle in the 'Blonde Venus.' Miss Dietrich is charming. I sincerely believe that Mr. von Sternberg and Ernst Lubitsch, with whom I will make my second picture out here, are without superiors as directors. And I am fortunate enough to have my wife with me in Hollywood!" He smiled and asked questioningly: "More than my share of good luck?"

You can't doubt that he means it when he refers to himself as an extremely fortunate man. He later told me that it was only in the beginning, right after the war, that he was bitter about that tragic leg injury that will cause him to walk with a decided limp for the rest of his life!

"You see," he explained slowly, harking back to those dark days when he thought his career was over before it had actually got under way, "acting was the only thing that had ever held my attention. My father was an actor, but he had not trained me to follow in his footsteps. When I was graduated from St. Mary's College in Harlow, England, I was 'placed' as a clerk in a firm of chartered accountants in London. After one year of that, I was fired through sheer incompetence. I wanted to go on the stage and nothing else would satisfy me."

His first stage appearance was in the rôle of the servant in "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," which was presented at the opera house in Buxton, England. For the next two years he played a succession of small parts in other productions. Encouraged by his showing in these plays, he went to London and won the rôle of *Tommy* in "Brewster's Millions" at the Prince's Theatre. The play enjoyed a tremendous success and was followed by a tour of Canada and the United States with Cyril Maude, of "Grumpy" fame.

Overcame His Great Handicap

CLOUDS of war were then forming over Europe, and upon his return from the American road tour, Marshall entered the British military service. For almost three years he marched and fought his way over the fields of battle-torn France. It is ironical that it was just a few months before the Armistice that he received the leg wound that partially crippled him for life!

"Those first few months after the War—they were the darkest, the most bitter of my life. I thought I was permanently handicapped in my profession. There are not many rôles written for lame men. . . . "

He paused to light a cigarette. It is not difficult to understand why Herbert Marshall does not like to look back at those tragic days after the War.

"I was mentally at the point of a breakdown when I suddenly snapped myself out of it. If I wanted to be an actor, I was going to be one, in spite of *anything*. It was going to mean harder work, and perhaps humiliations in persuading skeptical managers that I might be able to make audiences forget my lameness—but I made up my mind I was going to try for that end."

Just how well he succeeded is testified by the variety of rôles he played on the London stage in "Make Believe," "The Younger Generation," "Abraham Lincoln," "The Merchant of Venice," "As You Like It," "Brown Sugar" and "A Safety Match." He made another tour to Canada and America with Marie Lohr in "The Voice from the Minaret."

Has Been in Talkies Before

IN 1925 he invaded New York with Geoffrey Allen in "These Charming People." However, he made two more trips back to the London stage (it was at this time that he played with Tallulah Bankhead) before he finally settled his professional activities in New York.

Occasionally, he had played an engagement of a silent picture between stage productions in London. But his appearance with Jeanne Eagels in "The Letter" was his first adventure in talking pictures. Though the film was a tremendous artistic success, it was a year or two later before Marshall was offered another talking screen rôle in "Secrets of a Secretary," made in the East, with Claudette Colbert. In the meantime he did the Broadway show, "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," which was what kept him from accompanying his wife to Hollywood.

Four years ago this November, he married Edna Best in a little New Jersey town. He is tremendously happy with the little English actress and would be delighted if she wanted to take up her American screen career where she left off (by running away from her scheduled rôle in "West of Broadway.") Together, they have made several talking pictures in England, the latest of which, "Bachelor's Folly", has just been released in America.

"Edna and I were both playing in 'There is Always Juliet' when I received this flattering offer from Paramount. When we were informed that the studio was going to close the show because my contract called for the run of the play, Edna and I received a hearty laugh when she received six weeks' compensation salary. It seems that the movies are determined to pay her a salary whether or not she ever appears before the camera in Hollywood."

Looking Them Over

(*Continued from page 20*)

free of his "nervous breakdowns"? So far as we are concerned, he can "break down" every day, if we can have some more of the same kind of work he did in "Blessed Event."

WILLIAM POWELL and Carole Lombard have rented the home of Lita Grey Chaplin in Beverly Hills. Marilyn Miller, recently very ill, was the former tenant of this elaborate home.

IN spite of the fact that no star ever received such an enthusiastic reception from a Hollywood audience, there was something a little sad about the stage appearance of Charles Ray in "The House Beautiful."

(*Continued on page 77*)

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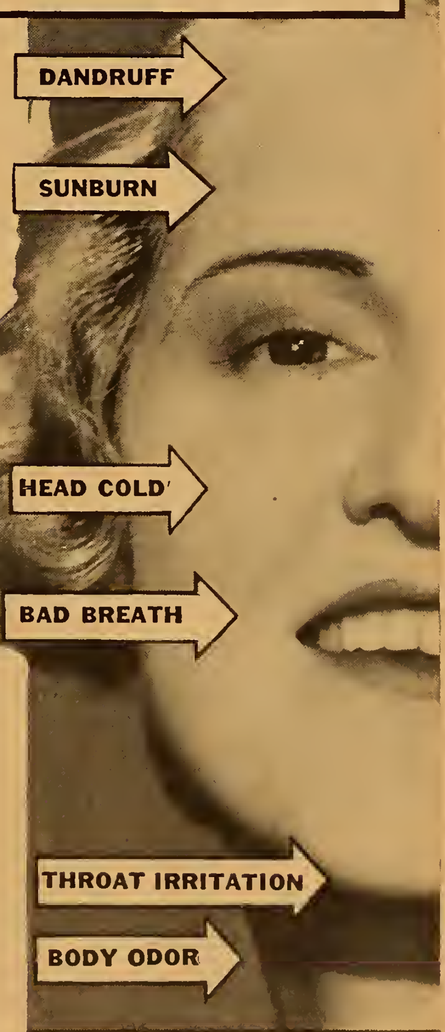

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Lila Lee, Betty Compson and Other Stars Keep Young with

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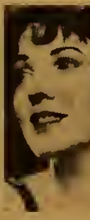
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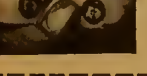

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New Favorites Fight to Dethrone Garbo and Gaynor

(*Continued from page 17*)

to keep her place in motion picture history by abdicating rather than risk being deposed?

The candidates for queenship at M-G-M are two, evenly matched. Both Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford are young, beautiful in the modern manner, and both are very ambitious. They have worked untiringly to get ahead in their profession. Norma has powerful influences at court. Yet, somehow, Joan Crawford seems the likely successor to Garbo's throne. Norma Shearer's ambition is that of the head; Joan's is of the heart. She is passionately determined to succeed, even if to do so kills her or costs her everything else she has held dear in life; already the rumor of her accession is abroad. At Metro the talk of Garbo has been supplanted by feverish huzzas for Joan. "The Queen bane going home now—long live the Queen." That sort of thing.

Yet if Norma in "Strange Interlude" matches Joan in "Rain," who can tell what the outcome will be? The M-G-M throne is vacant for the moment. Which reminds us of the puzzle of Anita Page. It is whispered among those close to politics that this blonde beauty, beloved by the younger subjects of moviedom, has long made the reigning favorites of the lot uneasy and that they have seen to it that she has been kept down to safely unimportant rôles. And another youngster who is even more to be feared is Jean Harlow, who is being pushed ahead at skyrocket speed since her dazzling hit in "Red-Headed Woman." Also, Jean's new husband, Paul Bern, is an important M-G-M executive.

If Marlene Should Abdicate

QUEEN MARLENE is another ruler who recently threatened to abdicate, taking her court favorite, Josef von Sternberg, with her. For two years the Dietrich throne has been safe from challenge. Once the court favorite transferred his professional allegiance to the establishment of a contender, Sylvia Sidney, but "An American Tragedy" did not make a new queen.

Marlene Dietrich's throne is in danger for several reasons—the chief of which seems to be her own distaste of American ways and living: such quaint customs as kidnaping threats, for example. Then, too, many a queen has lost her throne from too great a submission to court favorites! The third reason is Tallulah Bankhead, who has never before bowed to any rival. The unchallenged queen of the London stage, and high-handed ruler of Broadway is not likely to be patient in second place on a studio lot. The very fact that she has triumphantly survived so many second-rate pictures, and the fact that she has had the will and courage to go on making pictures after her first discouraging efforts prove that her personality is one that does not admit defeat.

At present, there is no other near rival for Marlene's crown. Carole Lombard has not yet succeeded in her fight for studio advancement, a fight which no doubt was responsible for her recent breakdown. Sari Maritza, heralded as "another" Dietrich, proves to be too immature and uncertain as yet to be dangerous. If, as seems probable, Marlene calmly tosses her crown into the nearest Paramount ash can and saunters back to Germany one of these days, it will undoubtedly be "Queen Tallulah"—and it might even come to pass earlier. But Sylvia Sidney is in there fighting—as is proved by her winning the much-coveted title rôle of "Madame Butterfly."

A Battle Between Connie and Ann

ON the Radio lot, Bebe Daniels was once Queen. When she left, her dressing-room became the sign and symbol of queendom on that lot. It was the only private suite of rooms intended for a gorgeous star. At Pathé, Ann Harding and Constance Bennett had shared adjoining dressing-rooms and equal honors. Neither girl had shown a sense of superiority by being patronizingly affable to the other; they seldom spoke. The issue of which was the real ruler of the lot was still in doubt, though Connie assumed the attitude of studio queen, according to rumor, by her autocratic ways.

When both stars were transferred to the Radio lot, by the merging of the two companies, it was a breathless question which would get the "star" bungalow. Ann Harding said at once, "Why, if Connie wants it, let her have it!" But the studio powers decided differently, and Ann Harding took possession of the bungalow. Affably enough, Connie accepted quarters in the scenario writers' building and had a kitchenette installed, from whence at noontime savory onion odors were wafted. But Connie made it known that she must have a bungalow dressing-room of her own, and at the moment one is being built for her!

If salary and sensational popularity determine queendom, undoubtedly it is "Queen Connie" at Radio. At a time when Ann was staying at home, raising a baby and adoring her husband, Connie had been marrying multi-millionaires and Marquises and doing other glamourous things. The public clamored to read about her. It is the public, after all, and not the movie powers, that crown them queens. Recently, Queen Connie decided that her subjects might not remain faithful if this publicity about her temperament went on. Now, all is sweetness on the Radio lot. Connie graciously gives interviews, graciously sits for pictures. But you may be sure that Connie is keenly watching Gwili Andre, the dazzling Danish beauty who is being groomed for stardom, beginning with "Roar of the Dragon." And the presence of Dolores Del Rio makes her none too comfortable.

Janet Has Several to Fear

JANET GAYNOR has been queen of the Fox lot so long that it seemed that no newcomer would ever aspire to her throne. "I am going to be great," they quote her as saying on the night when "Seventh Heaven" was first shown to the public. "I know that now!" That night was coronation night for Janet. Never for a moment has her supremacy on the Fox lot been threatened since—until recently.

It was not threatened even when Fox imported a real, honest-to-goodness descendant of royalty, Elissa Landi, to be a star on the same lot. Yet war now rages at Movietone City over the throne of Queen Janet. The aspirants are several. Possibly Janet, herself, fears Sally Eilers most. Sally, however, recognizes Marian Nixon as a serious rival for the succession. And Joan Bennett is another to be heard from. Then, to complicate the uneasiness of Janet's crown-wearing head, from afar she can hear the trumpets and cymbals welcoming Clara Bow back to the screen—Clara, who ruled the Paramount lot for many years with a toss of her flaming head.

If there was ever a possibility of divorce in the Peck-Gaynor household, we venture to prophesy that there will not be one now. For Janet is not going to risk losing her crown. It would seem that she had cast about her for precedent and discovered that most movie queens were temperamental. All right, then—she would show that she had a temperament, too! She began by copying Garbo's policies of "No interviews, no quotations." She then began to balk at sitting for fashion pictures. The studio, which had always found her the soul of friendliness and cooperation, began to discover to its shocked dismay that she could be fractious, too.

There was one picture plum to be given out on the lot, "The First Year"—that gay and charming comedy of newlyweds, which has been a hit so long that it belongs to public legend. Janet wanted it, but for a moment—it must have been an awful moment to Queen Janet—it seemed that it might go to Sally Eilers, fresh from her undoubted hits in "Bad Girl" and "Dance Team." It was a close call for Janet's crown, but she exerted her rights as ruler of the lot and got the picture, and Sally fled to New York because her heart was almost broken at losing it. Perhaps Sally also sensed that with it she lost the chance, at present at least, of being queen of a lot.

Sally, herself, has her troubles. Marian Nixon is playing opposite James Dunn for "Walking Down Broadway," in the rôle originally scheduled for herself. Sally was crazy about Jimmy as an actor. Indeed, her generous and impulsive praise of his talent at home was the cause—they say—of the recent "love spat" between Sally and hubby Hoot Gibson. Now Marian Nixon is being co-starred with Jimmy Dunn. Sally and Marian have been close friends for years, but they aren't speaking to-day.

Ruth's Dangerous Young Rival

WARNER BROTHERS-First National have announced Ruth Chatterton as their queen. Ruth occupies the royal bungalow, wields the royal perquisites of life and death over scenario, director and leading man. And yet—it is not Barbara Stanwyck whom Queen Ruth has had to fear (though Barbara is her closest rival for the rule of the lot), but an upstart youngster called Ann Dvorak. In this girl, the trained eye of Chatterton is probably able to discern the fire and emotional power of an authentic dramatic star. And Ann Dvorak, still in her teens, has youth in her favor—laughing, eager, undaunted youth. But she has just staged a startling and unexpected walkout for more salary (she was getting $250 a week)—and there is no telling what effect this will have on her future.

Universal has had its queens—Priscilla Dean, Mary Philbin, Genevieve Tobin, but at the moment its throne is vacant, though they say that Carl Laemmle, Jr., prime minister of its destinies, is grooming exotic Tala Birell for the crown. There is a lovely unknown who might get crowned first—if Gloria Stuart gets the right rôle.

And so the battles rage. Much is at stake—wealth such as few of the queens of Europe have dreamed of holding in their own hands, fame such as no queen has ever known, power that any queen would be glad to wield. It is a bloodless battle with rival claimants to the throne attending each other's premières, calling each other "dear," smiling sweetly with beautiful painted lips their congratulations at each other's success. Instead of blood—tears! Instead of bullets—rôles! Instead of victories—contracts! Movie thrones may be lost for such a small thing—a single scene, an added pound, an unbecoming hairdress, a breath of gossip. Movie thrones may be won just as easily by a winning smile, a visit to the beauty parlor, a quaint mannerism or a dinner with a producer! The Battle of the Beauties is on—let the best blonde win!

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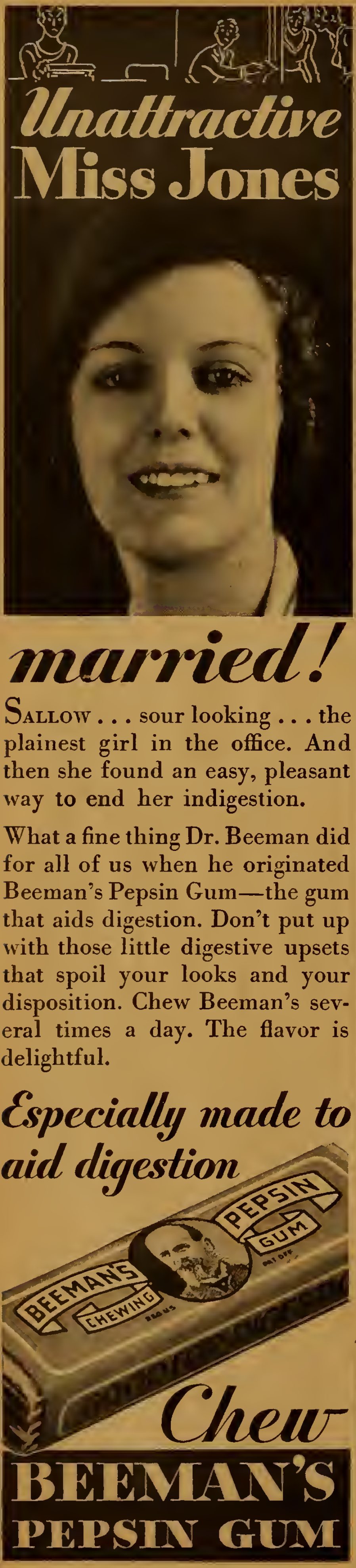

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Is Hollywood Doomed? Asks De Mille

(*Continued from page 43*)

in store for the heedless, reckless world of to-day—unless it saves itself in time.

"And do not say America only," adds De Mille. "I have just returned from a trip abroad. Everywhere it is the same. The lust for power and conquest has spent itself as Rome's did and after the orgy of blood came the orgies of pleasure. The whole world has been on a spree for the last dozen years, and has forgotten what happened to ancient Rome.

"Rome's overthrow came almost overnight by fire, revolution, and death to those who were to blame for the oppression and degradation the common people had suffered. It came without warning and left Nero whimpering out his life in a refuse heap, with a wilting wreath from his last 'wild party' around his head. One moment it seemed nothing could touch those in power—and the next, *destruction!*

The Unholy Rulers of To-Day

"THERE are Neros sitting in the seats of power now all over the world—not conquerors by the sword perhaps, but by something just as powerful: money. These money lords are fiddling while civilization burns. To get more money, the Roman Emperors taxed the citizens remorselessly. The common people of the world to-day are crushed with taxes. In America we are beginning to feel the weight of them.

"I said to one European I met, 'How does it happen that everyone looks so cheerful here? In New York the crowds were sullen and long-faced.'

"'Oh,' said he, 'we have been oppressed for so many centuries that we are used to it. You are just beginning to feel the first touch of hardship!'

"Rome was founded on the same principles as America—the unselfish ideals of liberty and democracy and humanity. For many years it practised these ideals, just as for many years America has practised them. Then its leaders grew ambitious for power. The law-makers ceased to work for the whole people and catered only to the influential. Can anyone deny my parallel here? We have not crowned our money-Caesars, but the bankers and brokers are our unseen rulers.

"Without ideals, the nobles of Rome turned to pleasure. And it is strange how few new pleasures we have invented since their time! They gave lavish parties at their villas, as the idle rich give lavish parties in their penthouses to-day. They ate and drank almost the same dishes and drinks we have to-day. Though they didn't have the cocktail. (Think what honors Nero would have heaped on a slave who could have shaken him a cocktail!) They spent money extravagantly to surround themselves with luxurious homes—but our Hollywood swimming pools are as gorgeous as Roman baths. Our modernistic interiors resemble the decorations and furnishings of the villas of Roman nobles. The evening gowns of our women are strikingly similar to those worn by the favorites of Nero's Court.

Outdoing the Old Romans

"SEX occupied the thoughts and imaginations of Roman rulers. Instead of merely watching the movements of half-naked dancers, as Nero and his friends did, modern men and women dance almost the same dances together. Change the costumes and language of any lavish party of modern young people slightly, and you would have a Roman orgy in Nero's Golden House.

"The Romans forgot the worship of their old gods. And which do we think of most to-day—*God* or *money*? They even had their gangsters! When Nero and his friends tired of other pleasures, they dressed themselves in the garb of common soldiers and went abroad up and down the city, holding up private citizens and taking their purses, attacking girls after they had knocked out their escorts, even committing murder.

"The valuable things in life were cheap in the times of Nero—and they are as cheap to-day. *Beauty*, for instance. I can hire all the beauty I want for pictures in Hollywood at five dollars a day. *Virtue*—don't be shocked! Just read the hospital records of unwed mothers in their teens! *Life*—look at the Lindbergh case, and the wanton murders by gangland, the bombings. Yes, and suicides. Read police reports of automobile deaths—if you don't think life is as cheap today!

"Nero's martyrdom of Christians wasn't planned, but his subjects were angry with him for burning down their city and he needed someone to lay the blame on—what we call a 'goat.' Listen to any political speech about the Depression—see how one party hands the blame to the other! And tosses party leaders to the lions.

"Hollywood Filled with Neros"

"OUR Hollywood is filled with Neros—men in power who think only of self and not of their fellows; and Poppaeas—voluptuous women who rely on their beauty to get them their hearts' desire. The most voluptuous-looking woman in Hollywood," adds De Mille, "is Greta Garbo. She has the true voluptuousness—not of body, but of mind."

Some of the principals in the cast are Fredric March (who will play *Marcus Superbus, Prefect of Rome* in the early part of the picture), Claudette Colbert (*Poppaea*) Elissa Landi (*Mercia*), Charles Laughton, an English newcomer who is built somewhat along the Jannings lines (*Nero*), Ian Keith (*Tigellinus*), and Tommy Conlon (*Stephanus, the boy*).

This first great spectacle in sound is a heartening thing for Hollywood. It brings back echoes of the good old days of "The Ten Commandments," "The King of Kings," and "Ben-Hur," with its five thousand "extras" in brassy armor, its mammoth settings and grand-scale orgies, acre-wide rooms and sunken marble baths. (It was De Mille, you remember, who made baths famous on the screen. "*Poppaea* will bathe in asses' milk, not water," says C. B., loving the sound of the words.)

Whether or not "The Sign of the Cross" will do more for the world than give temporary work to several thousand jobless "extras" and passing pleasure to many millions is a question. Talking to Cecil B. De Mille, listening to his hypnotic voice and beautiful enunciation, watching one of the best actors in Hollywood (De Mille should have been on the screen) emphasize his words, and seeing the flame of the zealot in his very blue eyes, one finds it easy to heed what he says. It is impossible not to listen as he prophesies an end to the present world as we know it, with its Very Rich and its teeming and taxed Poor, its reckless extravagance and irreligion and loss of ideals. One is almost inclined to share his belief that the movies need to warn the world.

But when one comes out of the De Mille presence, into the outer office with signed photographs of movie stars on the wall and obsequious groups waiting to see the director-producer, the effect of the De Mille magnetism is shaken. Have we been listening to a prophet crying in the wilderness of Hollywood, or to an actor playing the part of a prophet?

Will Hollywood Change Paul Muni, or Will He Change Hollywood?

(*Continued from page 52*)

Americans" was molded into film six or eight times, Muni was not in any of the pictures. The same thing happened when, in the following season, he again staggered the critics with his supremely vital portrayal in "Four Walls." As a picture it was one of the first gangster thrillers. And it was enacted by the rough, tough feller, John Gilbert!

But when Hollywood does come to life, there are no half-measures! And when the old master, Winfield Sheehan, signed Muni to a movie contract, a brand-new star was born overnight. He was no longer Muni Weisenfreund—or even Wisenfrend. He was Paul Muni, a name derived from his own and his father's monickers. And one that has demonstrated its lure when electrically emblazoned on the marquees of movie palaces.

Everything looked rosy. But just then a terrible thing happened! Someone in Hollywood read a book, or something, and learned that the star was a genius at make-up, and that he had played old-man parts at eleven, and hundreds of different characters in the eighteen years following his début. So they hurried through "The Valiant," which was "pepped up" with everything but a hoss-race, and shot Muni into "Seven Faces," and made this mighty artist a sort of cinematic one-man-band.

He was, to be exact, (1) *Svengali*, (2) *Napoleon*, (3) *Schubert*, (4) *Joe Gans*, (5) *Don Juan*, (6) *a Cockney*, (7) *Papa Chipon!* Practically everyone except William Fox. That was surely going some, you'll admit! In one and the same picture, Muni played a hypnotist, a warrior, a musician, a pugilist, a lover, a mugg and an old man. Hollywood, you see, took a fling at art, or what it thought was art. Muni passed this terrific test with high honors. But the picture did not.

So it happened that we had to wait for "Scarface" for a real good glimpse of the young man for whom the astute Otto Kahn had prophesied such glories. In "Scarface," the forecast of Oracle Otto came true. In "I Am a Fugitive from a Georgia Chain Gang," a title which must be shortened unless they run it up and down the sides of theatres, he eclipses even the most brilliant of the portrayals that have gone before.

Likes to Play He's "Unknown"

WHERE many actors cling to past performances, Muni forgets them, himself, and wishes them forgotten by the movie-going world. He's currently trying to forget *Scarface*, a rôle he liked "even though the censors wouldn't let him be human." He'd be willing to start anew with each picture—to begin all over again, an unknown. He practically promises the fans that he'll give them something better in each succeeding film. He tries his level best to do so. And he succeeds.

Among other things he fears "being typed"—drifting into that Sargossa Sea of Hollywood where a man stagnates as a type, and is doomed forever to be the same character over and over again.

"I don't care what rôle I play," says Paul, "just so it's different from the last one. I'm through with tough guys for a while, and old men, too. And my next rôle won't be that of a chain-gang unfortunate, either.

"I've played quite a few parts in pictures, and quite a few hundred in the theatre. But I haven't begun to portray the characters that are painted in the gallery of humanity. There are millions of men. Each is an interesting study. Each has his story,

AUNT FLO TO THE RESCUE — by ALBERT DORNE

IT'S A SHAME A PRETTY GIRL LIKE MY NIECE HASN'T MORE PARTNERS BUT I THINK I KNOW THE REASON
NEXT EVENING
WHY DON'T YOU ASK SOME OF THE GIRLS OVER
OH, I DON'T KNOW. THEY DON'T SEEM TO CARE ABOUT COMING
SOMETIMES I'M SO LONELY, AUNT FLO. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO
DEAR, I'M GOING TO TALK TO YOU FRANKLY AND YOU MUST NOT FEEL HURT
NEXT MORNING
WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE MY FAVORITE TOILET SOAP —LIFEBUOY
IT'S MARVELOUS! SO MUCH LATHER AND I FEEL SO WONDERFULLY FRESH AND CLEAN

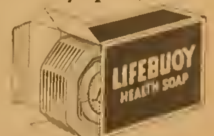
TWO MONTHS LATER
HOW GLAD I AM I TOLD HER HOW TO STOP "B.O." NOW SHE'S ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR GIRLS IN TOWN

Guard against "B.O." (Body Odor)

DON'T just trust to luck that *you* won't offend. Pores are constantly giving off odor-causing waste—a quart daily. Others are quick to notice even a trace of "B.O." (*body odor*) about us. Take no chances. Use Lifebuoy and be *sure*. Its creamy, searching, purifying lather makes every trace of "B.O." vanish. Helps protect health by removing germs from hands. You'll quickly learn to love its pleasant, hygienic scent that vanishes as you rinse.

A complexion secret

Every night, massage Lifebuoy's pure, bland lather well into the skin. Then rinse. Watch dull complexions freshen to healthy radiance.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●

THIS Rogues Gallery of artists, authors and the editorial staff will give you an idea of the dashing young things who will contribute to a gayer, sprightlier monthly magazine of wit, personalities and campus didos, to be published exclusively for gay dogs of sixty and sophisticated sixteen-year-old grandmothers with bustles on their sleeves and flasks on their—dressing tables. . . . As a special Fourth of July treat, we are happy to announce that along with the latest sports cars, trips to Europe, gardenias and double feature movies, COLLEGE HUMOR'S price has been reduced. Beginning with the August issue, by popular demand, it will sell for a quarter. . . . Now is the time to own one of your own. If you've been an ol' hoarder of dimes, you will no longer have to read your dentist's copy or the dog-eared back number on the fraternity love-seat. As a matter of fact, you can't afford to miss a single issue if you belong to the collegiate world and pride yourself on being super-super-smart. . . . You must have COLLEGE HUMOR, with its world of youthful import behind a brow that never wears a frown.

●

Watch for the August issue
On Sale now at all Newsstands

his problems, his joys and sorrows. There's drama packed into every face you pass in the streets. I'd like to enact all their varied rôles for the screen!"

That's the way Muni talks about his job. And his job is his most vital interest. It's not all that he knows, by any means. But it is what he knows best. And for the readers who have what the French call a "beguin" and what we call a "yen" to be movie stars, here's what Paul has to say about how to do it.

"My only training as an actor has been—acting. If you want to be a writer—write. If you want to be a fighter—box. And if you want to act, just go ahead and do so.

"I quit school at twelve and went into a Cleveland stock company with my parents. I hid my kid's face behind a set of whiskers and became an aged grandpap in my first rôle. I aged rapidly. That is, by the time I was fifteen I'd played parts of men from fifty to eighty years old.

"The first time I appeared without the face-foliage and the putty nose, I give you my word I felt naked! Did you ever have one of those dreams in which you're caught in a crowd without your clothes? It was the same sensation. Only recently have I assured myself that it isn't necessary for me to worry if my nose gets jostled a bit in a movie kiss. I know now it won't come off!

The Ambition of His Life

"IF I can send the audience from my pictures with just one big moment that it won't forget, I feel that I've accomplished something fine. And when I reach the place where I can convey great, tearing emotions from the screen without saying a word or moving a muscle, I'll be happy. I want to be able just to stand, still and silent, and communicate what I feel to the folks out front. Then I will have arrived as an actor!"

Paul Muni, you see, has ideas and ambitions. He's articulate about them, too. For he's far different from some of the movie darlings who, as the saying goes, know what they want, but can't spell it!

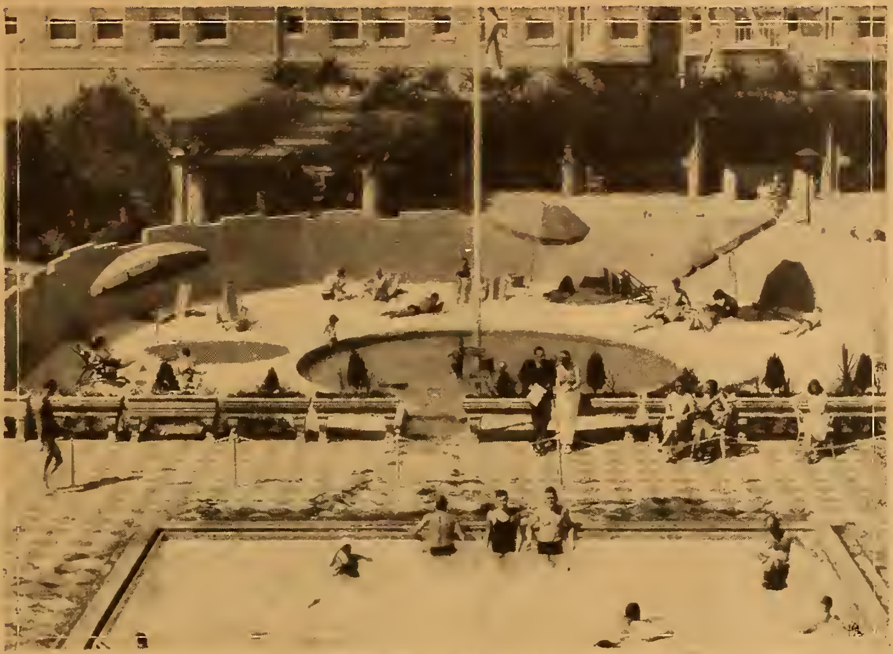
Modest, he doesn't underestimate his craftsmanship. To pretend to blush unseen would seem to him hypocritical. And Muni is no hypocrite. He doesn't care the proverbial fig about the inconstant glories of stardom. Give him a part to play—and he'll do the rest. He knows that a real actor can steal any picture from a synthetic star, who is merely hung in the movie heavens like a tinsel ornament on a Christmas tree. The real stars will shine even through clouds of supervisors!

The best authorities of the theatre, and in the movies, too, have told him in so many words: "If you don't get a swelled head, or dissipate, or do rash, foolish things, you'll be the greatest actor in the theatre, in the movies, in America and in the world!" And invariably he replies: "I never have done any of those things, so I don't believe I'll bother starting."

What he says is true. When he's not working, you'll find him at home. And if you register a little surprise at finding a movie star home, he'll ask blandly enough: "Why not? You don't know a better place, do you?"

There he is, and there he stays. All foolin' aside—curled up with a good book. He continues to cling to a life-long habit of reading the volumes he considers necessary to the continuation of a man's education. And in a life like Muni's, education never ends. This, perhaps, is the secret of his impressive background. This, and the little fact that although he quit school at twelve, he was at the time in his second year of high school. There's a mind, apparently, capable of understanding and retaining what it absorbs.

(*Continued on page 76*)



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Complexion	*EYES*	*HAIR*	*SKIN*
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	Grey....☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Oily..☐
Creamy..☐	Hazel..☐	BRUNETTE	*LIPS*
	Brown.☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Moist☐
Medium.☐	Black...☐	BROWNETTE	Dry ☐
Ruddy....☐	*LASHES*	Light ☐ Dark ☐	*AGE*
	Light..☐	REDHEAD	
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Platinum Blonde Wins Stardom And Husband as a Redhead

(*Continued from page 41*)

Finally, I asked why she did it. Her answer was simple and characteristically honest: "Because the public likes me that way, and even in these depressed times is willing to pay to see me doing that sort of rôle. I'm sort of an Eternal Other Woman, I guess—at any rate I'm enough of a novelty to have established a vogue. And as long as it's popular—why, what else is there to do but continue to exploit it?

"Of course," she went on, a shadow crossing her forehead, "there is the inevitable penalty. Too often the kind of people I naturally like are suspicious of me and aren't as kind as I'd like them to be. For instance," she pointed out, "I like you. But have you gallantly asked the young 'loidy' out to lunch? The answer is no!"

Later (as much later as it requires a young "loidy" to get her hat and coat and be conducted to one of those places where the afternoon is gone before you know it) I sought to come to the defense of my seeming negligence.

"You admit being a sort of Eternal Other Woman to your women observers—but did you ever stop to think that to the men you look like ten million dollars' worth of trouble? Why, just from looking at you, how could one think of approaching a girl like you without being bowed down with orchids and diamond bracelets and things? And in these days, as you may have heard, most of us are lucky if we could bring you a lollipop!"

Feels Cheated of Friendship

"I KNOW," she said. "And, of course, I can't help but feel sorry that my screen self has made people—well, think I must be a gold-digger and such in life, too. I miss the normal relationships of life—miss them dreadfully. Working as hard as I do, I have small chance to go about much, to form new contacts and associations. Modern life is such a matter of touch and go, hit or miss, that few of us have a chance to learn about one another as was the custom in more leisurely periods. We have to take our friendships on the run, the first bounce, these days. And consequently when I meet new people—and find, as is almost invariably the case—that they already have formed their opinions about me, what is there to do but simply abandon the idea of developing the acquaintance further?

"It's unfortunate, because if there is one thing more important to me than the rest, that thing is friendship. And I have so few chances to gain real friends! Judging me by the parts I play, women instinctively distrust me. And men—but perhaps the less said about the general attitude of men toward me, the better.

"It's small fun being an actress off the screen. I'll tell you that truthfully. I'm young, and I like to do the things and go the places that all girls do—but how am I able to do so when I'm so tired at night from my work that often at dinner I scarcely say three words to my mother and father?

An Actress' Inner Thoughts

"AND then this flood of gush that a well-known figure is subjected to! People using the slightest pretext to come up and tell you how much they admire you. Admire *you* nothing! It's that shadow they've been looking at—not you, not the kid, herself. They know nothing of the real *you*—the person that you, yourself, really respect. And when that person is so different from the one on the screen—!

"But all of that adulation, no matter how hard you try to shrug it off, does something to you. Sub-consciously you begin to wonder, whenever anyone shows an interest in you, no matter who it may be, if it isn't the actress and not the person that he is interested in. Would he be thus attentive if you were an unknown girl? That's the horrible part of fame—the distrust it inculcates in one!

"That is why so many of us in the limelight are driven in upon ourselves as we are. My circle of very close friends is extremely limited. Naturally, I'd like more—but I'm leading a theatrical life, and that's that."

These were Jean Harlow's thoughts just before she went on her recent record-breaking personal appearance tour last Spring. On the tour, she was forced to hold fast to her opinion that it was Jean Harlow, the screen siren, that the crowd was interested in, and not the Jean Harlow who was also Harlean Carpenter. To that end, four or five times a day on her tour, she clothed her lovely, long-legged figure in one of her famous white satin gowns and went through an amusing skit designed to give the public what it wanted: i.e., an in-the-flesh look at the celebrated meanie-queen.

The Chance of a Lifetime

THAT tour was no child's play. Its strain affected Jean's nerves and her health, and while she did not deviate from her allegiance to the East, she returned to the Coast—and pictures—without regret. When, soon after arrival, she was chosen for the title rôle of "Red-Headed Woman" (after two hundred and fifty actresses had been tested for the part), she had a million-dollar thrill. She was immensely intrigued—and still is—by what "Red-Headed Woman" might do for her. The red hair (a wig, by the way) not only changed the Platinum Blonde's appearance, but altered her whole outlook toward her future. She now sees a glimmer of a chance to be a *new* Jean Harlow.

"After that rôle, inflammatory though it was, maybe I'll have my chance to get away from totally unsympathetic parts," she told me this time. "The character in the picture was changed considerably from what she was in the book, and while she still couldn't be termed a 'good' girl, I think she's going to have a measure of sympathy. Because she was funny, through it all—and how we need humor these days! I'm holding the thought that maybe audiences have been coming away saying, 'Wow! What a woman!' And I want that—I always want people to feel that they've received a full measure of entertainment for the money they paid to see one of my pictures."

Wise as Jean is about her career, a day is coming when she will leave it—and leave it without regret.

"There are so many other things in life!" she exclaims. "This business practically absorbs one to the exclusion of everything else, because one simply hasn't the strength for anything else. Last year I made seven pictures in eleven months. During that time I went out dancing only once. It's a rarely-broken rule with me to be in bed every night by nine-thirty. I have to be, to keep fit—and to keep from having circles under my eyes. Naturally, I realize that there are a million things I'm missing—that there is so much to know, about which I know nothing, undeveloped details of my growth.

"But for the time being the path I'm following is my life. The other things must wait. Next year I hope to have three months in Europe; it may be a delayed honeymoon trip. My book is half-written, but it is difficult to know when I will have the time to finish it.

Never in Love Before

"I'VE never been in love until now. I was married the first time at sixteen—and what can a sixteen-year-old girl know of love? That marriage was unfortunate and failed, but I'm a believer in the institution. It must be all right to have survived as long as it has. The fault is that so many people enter it with such odd ideas. In other words, it is not matrimony that is wrong—it is the people who don't respect its few simple rules.

"I have been a little dubious about its happening to me again. I've said to myself: 'At least, it won't occur until a man comes along who is able to distinguish between my real—and my reel—selves!'"

Jean's marriage on July 2 to Paul Bern, M-G-M executive, was a surprise to Hollywood—and Jean says it was a surprise to her, too. He had usually been her escort at the few openings and parties she had attended, but there was no hint of a romance until a week before their wedding. In fact, some gossip writers had just finished commenting, "There hasn't been a romance rumor about Jean Harlow for months"—when she and Paul Bern visited the Marriage License Bureau.

"We had often talked of marriage casually," Jean reveals, "but no more than that. Then, suddenly, he asked me to marry him. And, suddenly, I knew that that was what I wanted more than anything else in the world. Here was *the* man who could distinguish between Jean Harlow and Harlean Carpenter!"

Jean is twenty-one (her birthday was last March); Paul Bern is forty-two. He is one of the most popular and respected men in the movie colony. It is little known outside Hollywood, but he is almost the only friend who stayed by Barbara La Marr to the tragic end; and he it was who saw that she had a decent burial. Other unhappy, unlucky stars have come to Paul Bern for help, and have not been turned away. He has been called "The Kindest-Hearted Man in a Heartless Town" and "The Little Confessor of the Stars."

He has been rumored engaged, at various times, to many of the famous beauties who have been his friends—among them Barbara La Marr, Jetta Goudal, Estelle Taylor, Leatrice Joy. But the girl he asked to marry him—forty-two years a bachelor—was Jean Harlow. Or, if you know her as she is, Harlean Carpenter.

She is likely to continue in her career—perhaps under the personal guidance of her producer-husband, who gave his bride his sixty-thousand-dollar home as a wedding present. And the man who understands Jean Harlow as she really is, is likely to see that she gets rôles that are sympathetic—rôles that will allow her to be a new Jean Harlow! And the very fact that she *is* married will win her more friends with women—and will not keep men from wanting to see her. That's my guess about this newest of the stars. What's yours?

Did You Know That--

Barbara Stanwyck is the only star who does her own screaming on the screen? The others fear hoarseness.

Helen Hayes, now making "A Farewell to Arms" with Gary Cooper, says, "It looks as if I'm in Hollywood to stay this time"?

Ethel Barrymore, now making "Rasputin: The Mad Monk" with brothers John and Lionel, may also be "in Hollywood to stay"?

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36 39

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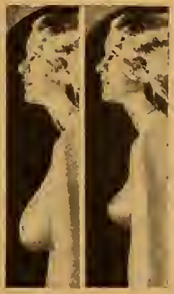

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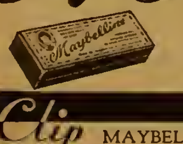

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ollywood Change Auni, or Will He nge Hollywood?

ontinued from page 72)

Never Played Himself

aw Muni in a café, strolling the ard, among a gathering of friends, ant to know more about him. something in his manner, in his e, in his poise that is instantly ng. Scarcely a "pretty boy," quite ately not the "perfect profile," there's adness of brow, a tilt to the chin, a fire e smoldering eyes that make you want ear about him, to meet him.

And when you do, you'll feel in five nutes that there's stardust sprinkled in at curly mane of hair tossed back from his forehead. That here is an unusual person, even in that Mecca of the Unusual which we call Hollywood. He'll talk easily of his work—but you'll find it difficult to guide the conversation into personal channels. Paul regards Muni, the actor, as a sort of third person, and as such he will discuss the merits and faults of the player and his play. But for some reason he considers himself, as himself, uninteresting.

"In all the years since I came to America in 1901 as a baby I have never played myself in the theatre," he'll tell you. "Occasionally I have portrayed young men, and my face has been my own, but never have I essayed a character endowed with my own personal mannerisms. It wouldn't be fair to the audience. I'd be cheating. Personally, I'm not interesting!"

Such a remark leads one to wonder what Paul's portrayal of Muni might be. Surely he, like the millions mentioned, has his own story, his drama. Arriving from Austria, the third generation of show folks, becoming an American almost in name only—being in the country, but not of it. Then the long apprenticeship and the final triumph in his struggle for recognition—a recognition only in the Ghetto and by the few from another sphere who realized the virile state of the Yiddish theatre.

Broadway, and a new triumph in a new world. Then Hollywood, doubts and fears of the new medium to be dispelled and obviated. And once more the paeans of praise accorded motion picture success, cheers echoing around the world from China to Chinatown—everywhere movies are shown! Here, indeed, is a Personality as fascinating "off" as "on" the screen!

Of motion pictures, Will Hays has often said that no romance of the movies is half so fascinating as the romance of the screen itself. And, somehow, this applies to Paul Muni. Of the hundreds of parts he has played, of the hundreds he will play, none may be so enthralling as the one that we shall never see him act. The part of the Austrian, Muni Weisenfreund, genius of the Yiddish theatre—now Paul Muni, Hollywood's trebly gifted star—and one hundred per cent American!

Did You Know That—

Mrs. Fredric March—known on the stage as Florence Eldridge—is entering the movies, herself, in "Thirteen Women"?

Billie Burke—the Broadway star and wife of Florenz Ziegfeld—is likewise facing the cameras (and John Barrymore) in "Bill of Divorcement"?

Amelia Earhart Putnam, the feminine Lone Eagle, turns down movie offers with a laugh, saying, "Can't you imagine me in the movies?"

Renée Adorée, completely well after twenty-one months abed in an Arizona sanitarium, has had to learn how to walk again?

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Looking Them Over

(*Continued from page 67*)

Maybe it was because the folks seemed so determined to show Charlie how glad they were to see him. There was a world of Hollywood sympathy in those six curtain calls Charlie took after the first act.

Not that Ray's performance called for any sympathy—he is splendid in the rôle of the bewildered idealist. But, somehow, you felt that so much depended on this stage appearance. For four years Charlie has been playing stock engagements all over the country with one hope in view—another chance in Hollywood. The previous hit of Colleen Moore in "The Church Mouse" at the same theatre must have raised his hopes considerably. (Colleen was signed by M-G-M following the Hollywood run of her play.)

Now, if the movie folks really want to show Charlie how glad they were to see him, another chance on the screen, which he so richly deserves, will prove it.

HELENE COSTELLO (the ex-Mrs. Lowell Sherman) and Hugh Trevor (Betty Compson's former beau) are stepping out high, wide and handsome. Wherever you see Helene, it's a cinch that Hugh won't be more than a couple of steps away. They appear devoted, though at the time of the Lowell Sherman divorce suit, Helene said something about "being through with marriage." We shall see . . .

GEORGE O'BRIEN'S former flame, Cecelia Parker, is now receiving corsages from Junior Laemmle. George has switched his floral offerings back to Marguerite Churchill.

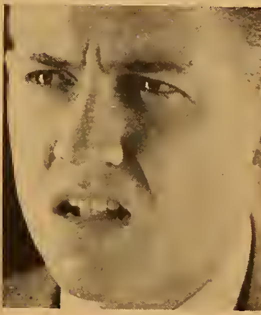
CLAIRE WINDSOR did not sit idly by and do nothing about it when Mrs. Marion Young Read, Oakland society woman, charged her with alienating the affections of her (Mrs. Read's) husband. Claire filed a counter suit charging attempted blackmail. Mrs. Read was suing Claire for the neat sum of $100,000. Claire, in her reply to this suit, alleged that Mr. Read had represented himself to her as an unmarried man, and then later as a married man about to get a divorce. She admitted that she once was "very fond" of him, but stated emphatically: "There was nothing improper in our conduct." Mrs. Read has sued her husband for divorce, naming Claire as co-respondent.

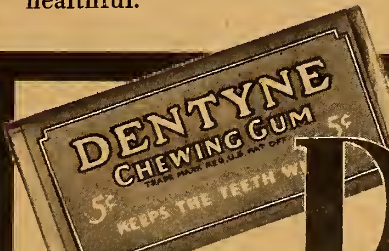
DOROTHY LEE has returned to Hollywood and her flame, Marshall Duffield, protesting that "Marsh" (of U. S. C. football fame) is the only man in her life. That means that Fred Waring, the orchestra leader, is a closed book, so far as the peppy Dot is concerned. And is Duffield happy? Wedding bells are expected as soon as Dorothy's divorce from Jimmy Fidler becomes final.

LAST month it was Billie Dove and George Raft that were keeping the gossips agog about romance rumors. This month Billie has switched her affections to Austin Parker (of Miriam Hopkins fame) and they say it's serious!

DID you know that Ethel Barrymore hates to be interviewed by women reporters? The reason is that she is just plain frightened of them. So far Ethel has been interviewed by ten men—and one woman.

(*Continued on page 82*)





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Bullets, Bolo Knives and Broken Bones Haven't Stopped Tom Mix

(*Continued from page 25*)

staged a pitched battle in the street, as was the custom of those days. I got in the way of a wild bullet from a politician's gun and stopped it with the fleshy part of my left leg.

"The closest shave I ever had, though, was the one I got right through here." Mix pointed to a region below his heart. "I was a U. S. Marshal on river duty near Capablanca, Texas. That was in 1904. I was on the lookout for rustlers who were driving cattle across the border into Mexico. I followed a band herding about a thousand head of cattle and caught them just as they were fording the river. One of the rustlers plugged me through the ribs. A couple of inches higher and I'd never have known what hit me.

"It was in Oklahoma that I got shot up worst. During the years that I was a Marshal in that state, I was plugged seven different times. There isn't much to tell about these shootings. I was chasing outlaws who would come out shooting at the sight of an officer. I was lucky not to have been shot oftener.

"Much of this was due to the reputation I had in those days. I was proud of my record for arrests without gunplay and I reckon some of the fellows I captured respected my desire to bring 'em in alive. I know a lot of 'em shot only as a last resort."

Shot Twice by a Murderer

"DID you ever kill a man, Tom?" we asked, feeling like a very small boy.

"One," was the reply. "And I don't like to think about it. I didn't shoot the fellow until he had plugged me twice, through the arm and the stomach."

Mix is extremely reticent about discussing the man he killed and only after considerable urging was the whole story told. He was sheriff of Washington County, Oklahoma, in 1909. Two horse-rustlers killed a rancher in cold blood and made off with his herd of live stock.

"The rancher was a friend of mine and he was shot from ambush while he was cooking a meal at his campfire one evening. A rifle bullet bored him clean through the head from temple to temple.

"Chasing those two rustling murderers was my job, outside of the personal angle that they had killed a friend of mine. I was on the trail for three weeks before I located them in a mountain hideout. Then for two days I scouted around, watching them, so I could learn their habits. I had to get them separated in order to have any chance of making an arrest.

"The third morning I stole down to their barn before daylight and lay for the one who came out to feed the hosses. I jumped him and got him tied up all right, but the noise of our tussling warned his pardner. He came a-gunning. I yelled to him to surrender, as he was surrounded by officers. Reckon he knew I was alone, for he kept on shooting. First he hit me in the arm and then in the stomach. So I had to shoot him. All I wanted to do was to put him out of commission, but I had the tough luck to kill him."

Though badly injured himself, Mix succeeded in bringing in the other rustler alive. Although he didn't say so, it is more than likely that this unfortunate occurrence had something to do with Tom's resignation as an officer of the law. At least toward the end of that same year, 1909, Mix turned his talents to trick-riding in the circus.

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"AGLOW WITH FRIENDLINESS"

"A very funny thing about my injuries is that I suffered only one broken bone in all the years I rode range and hunted outlaws. I had to get into trick-riding for the movies and circuses before I got really bunged up. I've been making pictures off and on since 1913 and have been in the hospital forty-seven times during that period with fractures and severe sprains. And somebody asked me not so long ago if film work was dangerous!

"When I said only one broken bone, I was thinking of the fractured shoulder I got when my hoss was shot from under me once in Texas. I wasn't counting the breaking of my nose in China during the Boxer uprising. That was an odd injury. I was pushing an army artillery wagon into position for action when an enemy shell took the wagon right out of my hands. A splinter from the spoke broke my nose and other splinters took all the skin off my head from the forehead back. I was scalped quicker than you can skin a cat."

"Any other war injuries?" we inquired.

"Got shot through the jaw in the Spanish-American. Sniper's bullet hit me in the mouth, knocking out my front teeth and tearing out a piece of my jaw. Should have taught me to keep my mouth shut, but it didn't.

"I was knifed in the Philippines—hand-to-hand encounter with a native armed with a bolo knife. Wicked weapon. And I got a bayonet wound on the Mexican border. That's all.

"I counted up once and found I had been knifed twenty-two times. When I was a sheriff and marshal, a lot of the bad men were knife killers. They were dangerous fellows—more dangerous than most gunmen. You never could tell when they were going to strike.

Knifed Once by a Woman

"ONCE I was knifed by a woman—a Mexican. With my pardner, Joe Neill, I was out after a murderer, Ned Burton, I believe his name was. This Burton had a peculiar history. He was a faro dealer in Oklahoma, got paid ten dollars a night for dealing. One night he got into a crap game after the faro table closed and ran his ten dollars into a couple of thousand.

"Unlike most of the fellows who make an easy pile, Burton didn't blow it in foolishly. He used his money to grub-stake himself on a homestead claim and married a girl he was interested in, who worked on the line. A couple of years passed and he was doing fine. His wife, though, tired of ranch life and took to going into Oklahoma City, she said to visit her relatives. Actually, what she did was to go back to her old life for a couple of weeks.

"Well, a neighbor of Burton's tried to tell him what was going on. Burton wouldn't believe him, threatened to kill him for slander. He was finally persuaded to investigate. He went to the City and found his wife just where his friend said she was—on the line. He killed her without a word, then gave himself up.

"Public sympathy was all for Burton and the boys framed it for him to escape. A sheriff's officer was to take him to a barroom, outside of which was a hoss all saddled and ready to go. The barkeep slipped Burton a gun and he made good his escape. Just to make it realistic, the officer chased him to the door and fired a few shots in the air. But Burton lost his head. Misunderstanding, he turned and killed the officer.

"The murder of an officer of the law could not go unpunished, according to the code of that day. So the gang was turned loose to catch the fugitive. It was a couple of years before we got trace of him in New Mexico, running a sheep ranch near Sunnyside. He had taken a Mexican wife.

"Joe Neill and I were sent out to get him.

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He must have been warned, for when we got to his house, we found evidence of a hasty departure. The Mexican woman said her man had been gone for days, but we found fresh tracks and followed them to a nearby canyon. Joe and I split. He took one side of the canyon and I rode in from the other.

When the Woman Slashed Him

"I HADN'T gone very far when I heard a shot, followed closely by another. When I found my pardner, he was down, a .45 through his lungs. A short distance away lay Burton, dead. Joe died in my arms. Before he passed, he told me how he had come upon Burton, called to him to surrender and when the outlaw raised his gun, had shot him. Joe used a light .32-.20 and the bullet, while true, wasn't heavy enough to stop a man. Burton shot before he dropped, getting Joe.

"Taking the two dead men, I returned to the sheep ranch. As soon as that Mexican woman saw her man, she started for me. She knifed me pretty badly before I could get her tied up. Next day I had to take both bodies and that crazy woman into town. She was sure a bad 'un.

"I reckon I won't go into the other knifings. That one makes the best story. I've told you about all the shootings except the time bank robbers got me in Tennessee and the shot I stopped from a Hollywood bandit.

"This last fellow got into the house and I came acrost him toying with the silver. He went out the window and I followed without stopping to pick up a gun. He must have heard me running after him and he turned to fire over his shoulder. His bullet plowed through my shoulder and I dropped. A second later he dropped, too. The tarnation fool wasn't looking where he was going and he ran right into a tree, knocking himself cold.

"That about completes the score. I've had some narrow escapes but I'm still among those present. There isn't a single one of the things I've told you about that I wouldn't rather go through again in preference to the appendicitis operation I had last November. That busted appendix was the closest call of all."

"Do you know," asked Mrs. Mix, "that Tom had one hundred and fifty-nine stitches taken before his last operation?" Turning to her husband, "And how many did they take for the incision, dear?"

"About thirty," grinned Tom. "Did I ever tell you about my operation?"

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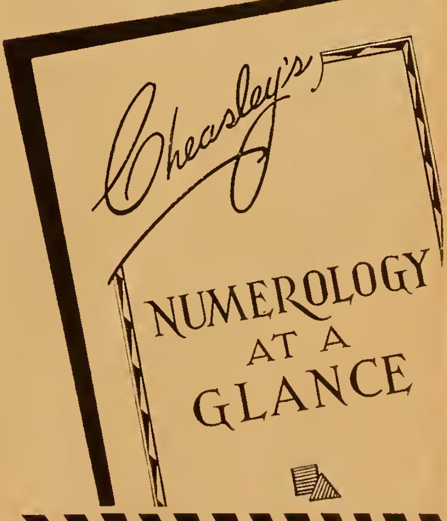

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Permanently Destroys Hair

Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 77)

GRETA NISSEN and Weldon Heybur newlyweds of a few months ago, a suspected of plans to "call it off." Ev though they frequently make appearanc in public together at the Culver City nigh clubs, talk has it that it won't be long no until the finale.

ELISSA LANDI is a very lucky girl. S was one of the few stars who manag to get out of the Beverly Hills bank closi before the institution called a tempora "quits." It happened this way:

Elissa wanted to buy a home, but she w worried that perhaps the one she had mind was too great an extravagance. Fo couple of weeks she pondered the de wondering whether to buy or not to bu Finally, she decided that she must own t lovely home—and, what's more, she pa cash for it.

Exactly one week before they closed t doors, Elissa checked out her Beverly ba balance. And is she happy?

EVERYONE who has had the privile of meeting her is crazy about Et Barrymore, who is playing with broth John and Lionel in "Rasputin." (She pl the *Czarina.*) To employ a very comm phrase for such an illustrious member of royal family seems slightly out of order, they say Ethel is "one grand scout."

She is particularly amused at the serio ness with which Hollywood takes Hollywood. The other evening she was invited to a dinner party and made the mistake of referring to the movies as "the business" and the producers as the "bosses." It was none other than Mary Pickford who seriously pointed out to Ethel that the correct references are, respectively, the *industry* and the *executives.*

AN editor for a local publication recently sent down his staff photographer to take Sunday frolic shots along Malibu Beach, playground of the stars. Finally, the photographer arrived at the home of Harry Bannister, who was apparently giving quite a nice, gay party. Several very pretty blonde girls were draped about the Bannister beach. Harry was invited to pose with a couple of the ladies.

But he flatly refused. When pressed for a reason, he said with dignity: "I would not want to embarrass Ann Harding!"

If that isn't post-divorce chivalry . . .?

IN every picture, Joan Crawford's lower lip becomes more and more protruding. After watching several reels of the pouty, well-rouged lip of *la* Crawford in "Letty Lynton," a certain movie reviewer said:

"That lower lip is going to come in handy in 'Rain.' They can use it for a water break!"

WE hear that before Mary Brian left Hollywood on another personal appearance tour she sweetly, but definitely told Russell Gleason that there wasn't a chance of wedding bells for them. Russ is said to be quite broken up about it.

OWEN MOORE and his wife, Kathryn Perry, are not going through with last month's contemplated divorce plans. Owen and the popular "Kate" have decided to forget their differences and make up!

No Thyroid—No Physics
No Starving Diets
No Violent Exercise

HERE is the fat-reducing news for which you have waited. Eat plenty of good food, and grow slender! Take no strenuous exercise yet lose pound after pound of your harmful, unsightly, excess fat! Here is Nature's way to reduce any case of simple, uncomplicated over-fatness! Just drink the scientific reproduction of the natural waters from two of Europe's most famous springs. No thyroid or other dangerous drugs, no physics, no purgatives, no creams. The pleasantest, most refreshing, safest, and most convenient method you ever heard of.

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Write today for a sample of SAIF, the new tablet which reproduces in formula the reducing waters of the famous European springs. The free sample is merely to show you how refreshing these waters are. We will also send you the complete story of this reliable and SAFE way to reduce. Mail coupon or letter NOW. SAIF, Inc., 139 Empire Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio.

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for YOU . . . .
NEW, SOFT, GLAMOROUS BEAUTY IN MAKE-UP

BY PATRICIA GORDON

How Lovely, How Exquisite!

Do *they* say that of *you?* Does the whispered word echo back to you that your cheeks are silken, smooth, of the tone of translucent pearls? For *you* is there glorious assurance of color that *dares* be youthfully sparkling because it is *softly natural?* Are your lips an enticement of red worked in the magic of precious softness? And your eyes . . . do *they* hold mysterious shadows, the allure of promise and sophistication?

All this is for you! And so easily. Not skill, but choice of modern, *harmonized* make-up . . . Princess Pat make-up, brings this new, soft, glamorous beauty.

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Princess Pat rouge is veritable mystery . . . fascinating, magical. It is glowing, luminous. It seems *not* to lie opaquely upon the surface; but, instead, creates the wondrous illusion of color "coming from within the skin." This inimitable beauty is created by the famous *Duo-Tone* blend, an exclusive Princess Pat secret.

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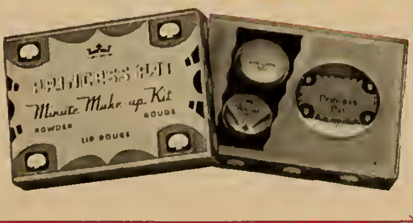

● Third, THE POWDER

Powder of the *almond base* . . . of soft, silken texture . . . of clinging, velvety smoothness that seems to caress the skin . . . to impart its *aristocratic* loveliness without a revealing trace. As to powders, *usual* powders, you have thought *only* of *shades*. With Princess Pat powder, there also is *tone*. In *all* shades of Princess Pat there is supreme purity of tone—no hidden chalkiness. No *cold* tones of starchy base . . . instead, translucent, pearly beauty that *almond base* alone makes possible.

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OCTOBER
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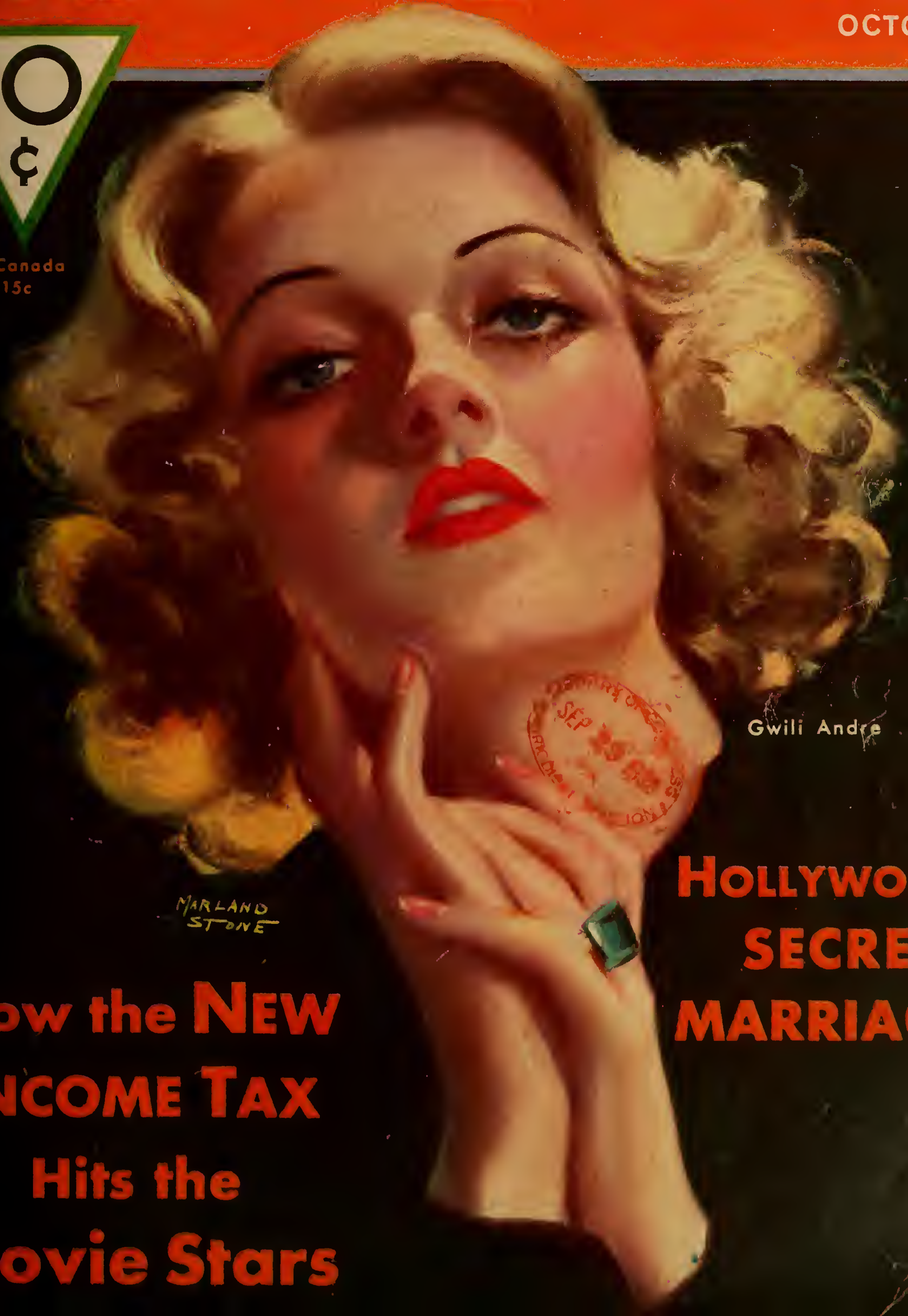
MARLAND STONE

Gwili Andre

SEP [illegible]

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How the NEW INCOME TAX Hits the Movie Stars

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IT'S a close-up of travel comfort enjoyed by nearly 25 million people in the past year . . . weekenders, vacationists, commercial travelers . . . folks from every walk of life who have turned to Greyhound bus travel.

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WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

A crank about dust and dirt

... careless of her teeth and gums

and she has **"pink tooth brush"!**

HER husband would probably notice in a minute if she didn't keep the house neat and clean. But don't you suppose he notices how her *teeth* look, too? While she's taking such good care of the house, it might be wise for her to keep her teeth good-looking, too!

Do you realize that while today's foods are delicious, they are too soft to stimulate the gums? Gradually your gums have become flabby and tender. If you haven't "pink tooth brush" already, you probably *will* have it unless you do something about those touchy gums of yours.

And "pink tooth brush" not only tends to dull the teeth, but it often leads to Vincent's disease, gingivitis, and even pyorrhea. And it may endanger perfectly sound teeth.

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Ipana really *cleans* the teeth! And because it contains ziratol, Ipana with regular daily massage tones up the gums, stimulates the circulation through the walls, and helps bring them back to healthy firmness.

Before you have used up one tube of Ipana, and rubbed it regularly into your gums, your teeth will begin to glisten and your gums to show marked improvement. Keep on using Ipana with massage, and you can forget all about "pink tooth brush."

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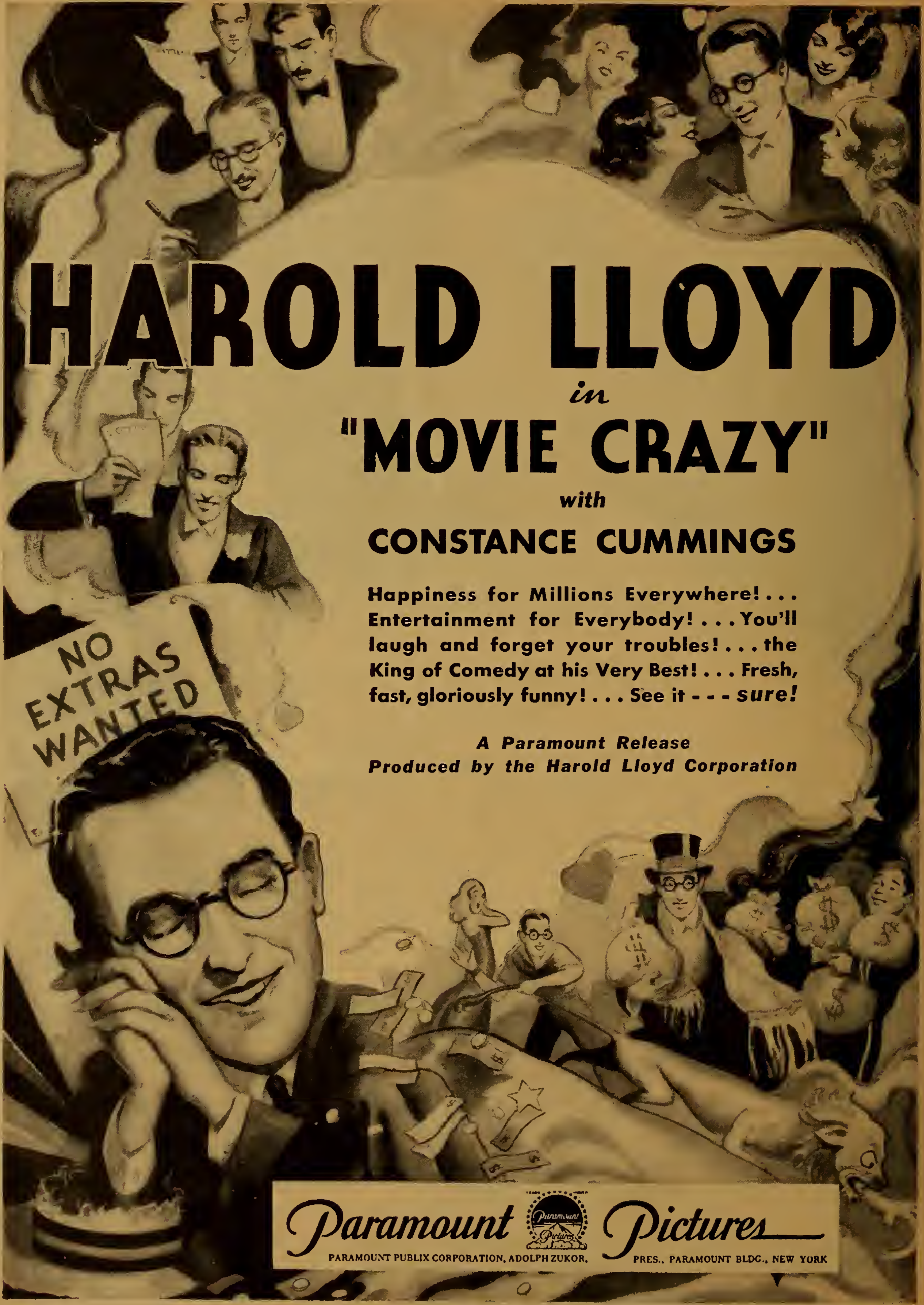
A GOOD TOOTH PASTE, LIKE A GOOD DENTIST, IS NEVER A LUXURY



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Happiness for Millions Everywhere! . . . Entertainment for Everybody! . . . You'll laugh and forget your troubles! . . . the King of Comedy at his Very Best! . . . Fresh, fast, gloriously funny! . . . See it - - - *sure!*

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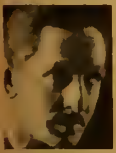
THE TABLOID MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN

MOVIE CLASSIC

VOL. 3 No. 2 OCTOBER, 1932

GWILI ANDRE
The Girl On The Cover

The above photograph of Gwili Andre was taken by Cecil Beaton (right), famous English photographer of beautiful women. And from this portrait, Marland Stone (below) painted the full-color portrait on the cover of this issue. Both men are artists at portraiture—as proved by the fact that both have produced startling likenesses of the Danish newcomer who has other Hollywood beauties so worried. MOVIE CLASSIC is proud to be the first screen magazine to present her thus to the world. Gwili, though new to Hollywood, has been in America about four years — and before being "discovered" by RKO was the highest-paid gown model in New York. She leads a secluded life, and is a bit of a mystery. Her first picture was "Roar of the Dragon."



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COVER DRAWING OF GWILI ANDRE BY MARLAND STONE

DOROTHY CALHOUN, Western Editor

STANLEY V. GIBSON, Publisher
LAURENCE REID, Editor

HERMAN SCHOPPE, Art Director

MOVIE CLASSIC *is published monthly at 350 E. 22nd St., Chicago, Ill., by* MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. *Entered as second class matter July 29, 1931 at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879; printed in U. S. A. Editorial and Executive Offices, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.* *Copyright 1932 by* MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. *Single copy 10c. Subscriptions for U. S., its possessions, and Mexico $1.00 a year, Canada $2.50, Foreign Countries, $2.50. European Agents, Atlas Publishing Company, 18 Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4. Stanley V. Gibson, President and Publisher, William S. Pettit, Vice President, Robert E. Canfield, Secretary-Treasurer.*

MOVIE CLASSIC comes out on the 10th of every Month

BETWEEN OURSELVES

JOHN GILBERT'S fourth marriage (to Virginia Bruce) may have been a surprise—but that was nothing, compared to the surprise packed in his new picture, "Downstairs." He wrote it himself, and with it he is trying a sensational experiment. Once the Great Lover and long a popular hero, he now becomes a villain! As a chauffeur in a castle in the Balkans, he swerves from one intrigue to another, his villainies constantly mounting, until finally there is a cataclysmic ending to them all. The world will be talking about John Gilbert again when it catches a glimpse of what he has done. If I am not mistaken, the world will be raving about him again.

WELL, well, well—what do you know? The movies have been vindicated as being fit for children! The British Commission on Educational and Cultural Films (sounds impressive enough, doesn't it?) has just finished a two-year international inquiry—and the good old motion pictures are being actually praised for what they have done, and are doing, for children! American censors please note.

The investigation revealed that "films encourage children to read more widely, enlarge the vocabulary, enrich personal experience" and that "the morally questionable element in films is ignored by children of school age." Take that, and that, and that!

Wonder how the Commission would have liked some of the recent titles on the theatre signboards? Aren't the movies, with such titles as these, being just a little too self-consciously naughty? It's like trying to get people inside the theatres by socking them in the eyes.

A GRAND FELLOW PASSES

James Quirk—"Jimmy" to everyone who knew him—is gone, and all Hollywood is in mourning. Jimmy's heart, which always beat double-time for Hollywood, suddenly stopped pulsing—and the movies lost one of the best friends they have ever had, or ever will have. But he was more than a friend of the stars and executives. As publisher and editor of "Photoplay," he was the public's friend first. First, last and always, he was there to tell the truth—and he was there to fight for better pictures—and to give credit when those better pictures came along. Publishing was more than a business to him; it was a great game of truth-telling and fighting for ideals.

As a competitor of his, we—perhaps better than anyone else—can testify to his fairness. We respected Jimmy Quirk. He was the kind of man who did not let business get in the way of friendships. He was a grand fellow, with a sense of humor that was irresistible; as independent as he was Irish; and more colorful than most of the stars he wrote about. He died where he would have wanted to die—in Hollywood, which is infinitely the poorer with his passing.

HELEN HAYES, who is about to make "The White Sister" and is debating whether or not she will give up the stage for the screen, declares that the actress who is doing the most for the stage today is Eva Le Gallienne, actress-manager of the Civic Repertory Theatre in New York. Helen points out that the famous daughter of Richard Le Gallienne, the poet, "can do anything from *Peter Pan* to *Juliet*, and do it superbly." And yet we haven't heard any rumors that the movies have been pursuing her! They'd better get busy. The movies could stand another good actress—or even two of them.

SOME of the producers seem to be getting hard-boiled. They are intimating that they are through "coddling" their stars. From now on, the stars will listen to the producers about what pictures they will make, and how they will make them; the producers are through doing the listening. They claim that they are in closer touch with the box office than the stars are, and accordingly know better what will go over at the box office, and what won't. They are through trying to make "artistic pictures" and will let the public—not the would-be artists—tell them what pictures to make.

I don't like the sound of this. It sounds like a stifling of experimentation in screen drama. It sounds as if studios are going to make, over and over, only the types of pictures that have proved to be money-makers.

If such a theory had been in practice a few months ago, "Grand Hotel"—an experiment in all-star casts—would not have been filmed as it was; "Bring 'Em Back Alive"—an experiment in jungle pictures without romance—would not have been made; and "Strange Interlude"—an expensive experiment in showing characters' inner thoughts—would have been made some other way. And look at the hits these novelties have been!

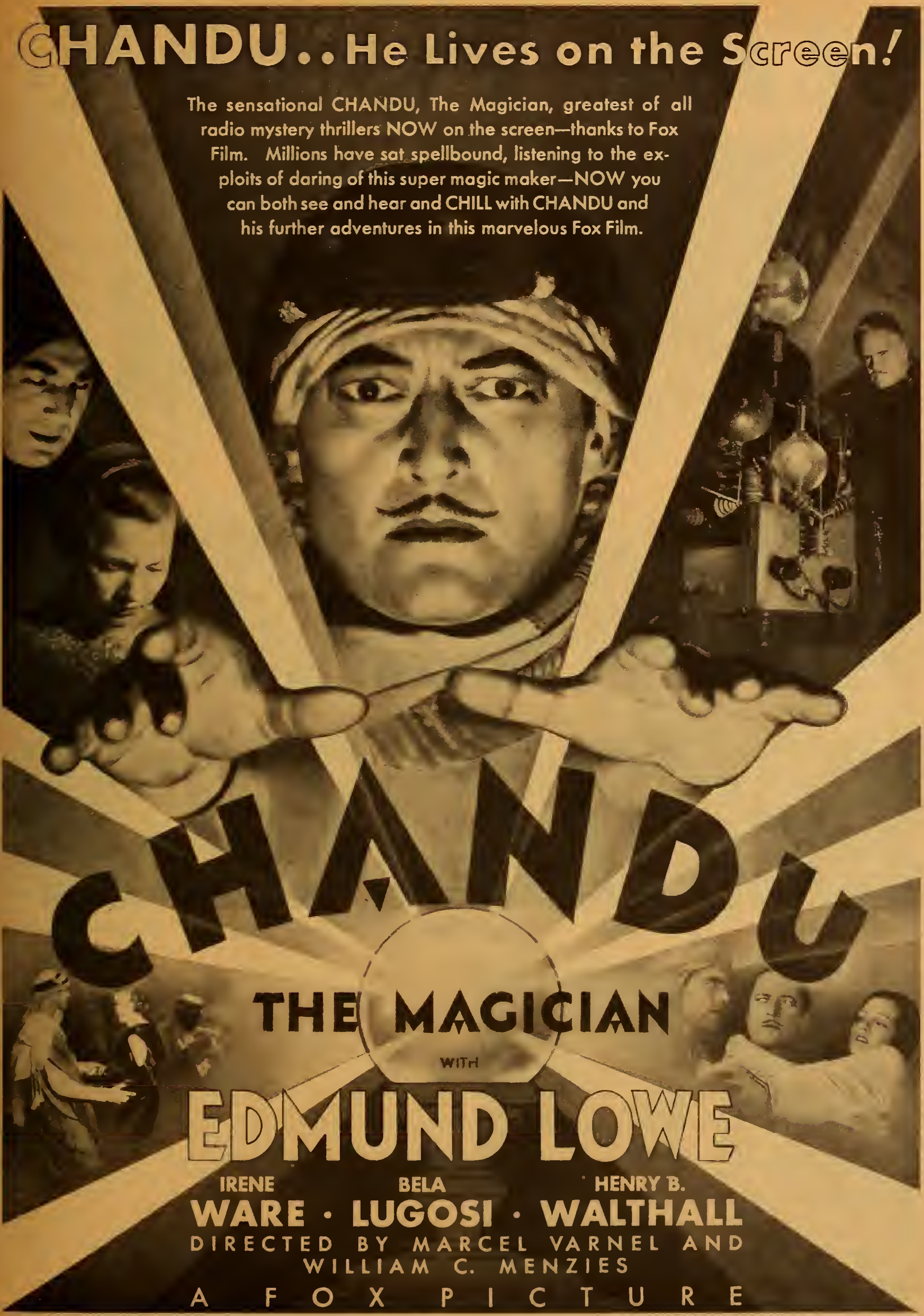
HOLLYWOOD is crowded with so-called independent film companies—but the "independent" often doesn't mean what it might. It means that they are independent of each other, not of the box office.

I often wonder what would happen if a group of first-calibre actors and actresses and directors banded together, on the order of the New York Theatre Guild, and presented only films of artistic merit. Back in its early days, the Theatre Guild scorned the box office and catered to art—and today it is the most powerful theatrical organization in New York. It has educated the theatre-going public to the idea that the Theatre Guild never presents trash, and the public appreciates the fact. I'm convinced that a similar organization in Hollywood would meet with like success. I'm convinced that the public not only deserves—but wants—more memorable movie dramas than it is getting.

THERE are some noteworthy stories, however, soon going into production that should be worth watching for. I'm thinking of "Green Pastures," the amusing spiritual of the colored race; "The Good Earth," the epic novel of China by Pearl S. Buck; "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," the drama about the romance of the poets, Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett; "The Moon and Sixpence," Somerset Maugham's great story of a conventional man who broke free and became an artist; "The Animal Kingdom," the amusing Philip Barry play about a man who married the wrong woman and did something about it; and "The Miracle," the great passion play.

"R-R-RIGHT now," I want to pay tribute to Maurice Chevalier in "Love Me Tonight." One of the film's songs has it that "the son of a gun is nothing but a tailor"—yet, to my mind, he is one of the least tailor-made stars. Clothes don't make Chevalier what he is. It's finesse. He makes love in whispers where some of the boys (you know the ones I mean) would shout their emotions. And when you think of it, aren't most lovers whisperers?

Larry Reid



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STAR POWER

ARS GRATIA ARTIS
TRADE MARK

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Norma Shearer

Joan Crawford

Marie Dressler

Greta Garbo

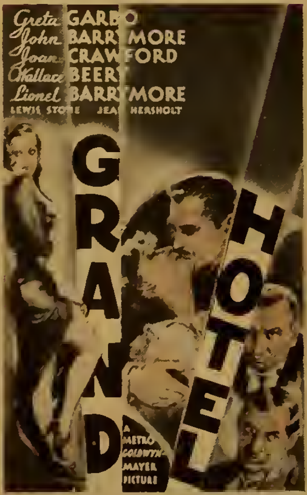
Jimmy Durante

Buster Keaton

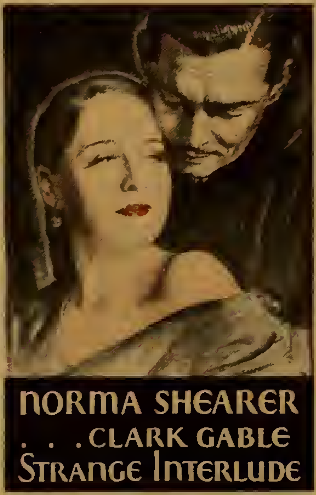
Ramon Novarro

John Gilbert

Laurel & Hardy


Greta GARBO
John BARRYMORE
Joan CRAWFORD
Wallace BEERY
Lionel BARRYMORE
LEWIS STONE JEAN HERSHOLT
GRAND HOTEL
A METRO GOLDWYN MAYER PICTURE

Directed by Edmund Goulding
From Vicki Baum's Play


NORMA SHEARER
. . . CLARK GABLE
STRANGE INTERLUDE

Eugene O'Neill's Prize Play
Directed by Robert Z. Leonard

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May Robson

METRO-

Lots of people avoided disappointment during the past year by making sure it was an M-G-M show before they bought their tickets. They saw, among other hits, such unforgettable M-G-M attractions as, "EMMA"... "HELL DIVERS"..."POSSESSED"..."TARZAN THE APE MAN"..."MATA HARI"... "THE CHAMP"..."RED-HEADED WOMAN"...*space prevents listing them all!* A new season of motion pictures is here. Again you may safely depend on M-G-M. The welcome roar of the M-G-M Lion awaits you at your favorite picture theatre! Under his banner appear the stars who light the movie sky with joy.

Clark Gable

Wallace Beery

John Barrymore

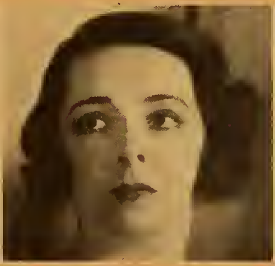
Ethel Barrymore

Lionel Barrymore

Helen Hayes

Jackie Cooper

William Haines


Colleen Moore

Rob't Montgomery

M-G-M IS PROUD OF THESE!...DON'T MISS THEM!

GRAND HOTEL...STRANGE INTERLUDE...NORMA SHEARER, FREDERIC MARCH in SMILIN' THROUGH...MARIE DRESSLER, POLLY MORAN in PROSPERITY...JOHN, ETHEL & LIONEL BARRYMORE in RASPUTIN, THE MAD MONK...WALLACE BEERY in FLESH...JACKIE COOPER in FATHER AND SONS

—and many others

GOLDWYN-MAYER

TICKER TALK

HOLLYWOOD QUOTATIONS

BY
MARK DOWLING

LUPE VELEZ: "I DON'T REALLY KNOW WHETHER I'M ENGAGED, MARRIED, OR A GRASS WIDOW!".... SYDNEY EARL CHAPLIN: "I WANT TO BE LIKE MICKEY MOUSE!"....... CHARLES CHAPLIN, JR.: "I WANT TO BE A COWBOY!"........ CLAIRE WINDSOR: "I SAY FRANKLY THAT I AM NOT AN ANGEL." ....MAURICE CHEVALIER: "AS THE WORLD KNOWS, MARLENE AND MYSELF ARE THE BEST OF FRIENDS, BUT THERE IS NO THOUGHT OF MARRIAGE BETWEEN US."........ MRS. CHEVALIER: "OUR LOVE WILL BE MORE LASTING WITHOUT MATRIMONIAL FALSEHOODS. CERTAINLY WE WILL SEE EACH OTHER--AND WHY SHOULDN'T WE LIVE TOGETHER AGAIN?".......... LINA BASQUETTE IN "SUICIDE NOTE" TO DEMPSEY: "I LOVE YOU AND CANNOT GO ON WITHOUT YOU!"...... JEANETTE MACDONALD: "I HAVE NEVER BEEN MARRIED TO ANYONE! I STILL SAY MR. RITCHIE AND I ARE ONLY ENGAGED!" ......MORTON DOWNEY: "BARBARA BENNETT AND I ARE EXPECTING A BABY FOR A CHRISTMAS PRESENT."........ GRETA GARBO: "PLEASE GO AWAY. I AM GOING TO SWEDEN FOR A REST. PLEASE GO AWAY."......GEORGE JESSEL: "OF COURSE, NORMA AND I ARE IN LOVE!"...... NORMA TALMADGE: "I AM MARRIED AND SO IS GEORGE. IT IS STRICTLY BUSINESS BETWEEN US!"............ LINA BASQUETTE: "THEY TELL ME I WROTE A NOTE TO DEMPSEY. I DON'T REMEMBER. AT TIMES MY MIND HAS BEEN A BLANK SINCE I FELL FROM A HORSE FOUR MONTHS AGO."...... EVALYN KNAPP: "I AM ENGAGED TO DONALD COOK, BUT AS LONG AS I AM APPEARING IN PICTURES THERE WILL BE NO WEDDING BELLS."...... BOBBE ARNST: "JOHNNY WEISSMULLER AND I HAVE BEEN REPORTED SEPARATED SO OFTEN IT IS A JOKE!"..... JOHN GILBERT: "IT IS NOW 5:45, VIRGINIA. WE'LL BE MARRIED AT 6."

Paul Muni, the New York actor who played the title rôle in "Scarface," the much-censored gangster film, says, "I'll soon be known as the censored actor. At present I'm working on a Georgia chain-gang story, which will undoubtedly have trouble with the censors down South.

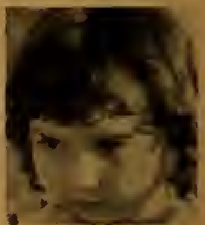
"I went to my first opening last night," the actor adds humorously. "I'm never going to another! I got recognized once, though, when a kid on the sidelines yelled *Hey! That's Walter Huston!* If I can't escape attending another opening I'll be sure to wear all my disguises."

Paul has been to Hollywood before, you may remember, when he made "Seven Faces" and other films for Fox. "But if you talk about the early days of the talkies," he says, "it sounds as if you were talking about Queen Victoria or the days when Bryan was running for president. Yet it was only three years ago that I made 'The Valiant' . . . and I'm learning new things every day.

"Microphones were rare then—we had only half enough to go round. No one thought talkies would last. We used to wait till the actors on the next set finished with their mikes, and then we'd borrow them.

"This chain-gang story," he adds more seriously, "will be another swell picture. The only difference from 'Scarface' is that that took us one year and this is going to be finished in five weeks!"

Paul is trying to forget *Scarface*, a rôle he liked "even though the censors wouldn't let him be human." He'd be willing to start anew with each picture—an unknown. He wants to give the fans a different Muni every time.



Cora Sue Collins, the coming baby star of the moment, is just five years old, and she says, "I like ice cream cones!" Under considerable prompting from her mother, she will add, "And I like the movies, too!"

Her mother, however, speaks for her, and tells a dramatic story of Cora's coming to Hollywood. "Things were pretty bad at home," she says. "Cora's father lost his business, and it's hard on a man to lose everything he has worked for all his life. We weren't very happy.

"I *knew* little Cora had talent—she's shown that ever since she was three days old!—but I didn't have enough money to buy a ticket to Hollywood. I visited the editor of our local paper and he agreed to pay the bus-fares for myself, Cora, and her little sister.

"I refused to drag Cora through casting offices, and we stayed for six months in Hollywood without anything turning up. We were nearly starving when one day the wife of a casting director saw Cora on the street, and through this lucky break she was given her first part.

"Now two big studios are offering her contracts, so it looks as if our troubles are over. Now some of the mothers of other acting children seem to resent that a little girl from out of town is getting such big parts. I'd like them to know that many's the time I have sat in casting offices and shut my eyes and said to myself —*If there is anyone here who needs that part worse than we do, I hope they get it!* I remember once that happened when we had only five cents left in the world!"

"AIR MAIL"

A Daring Drama of the Air Mail

GIANT planes roaring through the night . . . battling the fury of the elements so that you and I may receive our letters in a hurry . . . Brave men . . . and braver women . . . Living, Loving, Hating, Fighting.

This picture, dramatic in the extreme, takes you right into the lives of the air-pilots. An exceptional cast with

RALPH BELLAMY

GLORIA STUART, PAT O'BRIEN, SLIM SUMMERVILLE, LILIAN BOND, RUSSELL HOPTON, DAVID LANDAU, LESLIE FENTON, FRANK ALBERTSON, HANS FURBERG, TOM CARRIGAN and WILLIAM DALY.

Directed by JOHN FORD

Universal Pictures

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIFORNIA
Carl Laemmle
President
730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

Our Hollywood NEIGHBORS

GOINGS-ON AMONG THE PLAYERS

By MARQUIS BUSBY

THE sight of three (count 'em) Barrymores all getting up emotional steam and acting in the same picture is a thrill that comes once in a lifetime. We were taken on the "Rasputin" set at M-G-M, and seeing Lionel, Ethel and John, all served with Russian dressing, was a darned big moment. The only thing to compare with it was the time we were taken as a child to the top of Pike's Peak.

Incidentally, they're having a lot of fun working together. It's a pretty impressive picture in the filming. Ethel wears the most regal duds you've ever seen as the Czarina of all the Russias. Lionel, of course, is the mad monk, Rasputin, and John is a perfectly elegant grand duke. Other M-G-M stars sneak on the set to watch the gorgeous court processionals, and the day we were there, Tallulah Bankhead was on the sidelines, as much agog over it all as the Canadian Olympic athletes, paying their first visit to a studio.

John's court costume weighs 40 pounds, and his boots reach to his thighs. Lionel observed his younger brother very late in the day, and remarked—"the boots are all that's holding him up."

Ethel carries the most wardrobe poundage—her court dress and jewelry weigh 60 pounds, and are exact replicas of the regalia worn by the honest-to-gosh Czarina.

Acme

Here's how Clark Gable's neighbors mob him, every time he tries to become "just one of the crowd." He was trying to attend a polo game at Santa Monica—but he forgot to wear a false beard and red hair. Onlookers, forgetting the game, surrounded him for autographs. Notice how well he takes it. And polo is his favorite game, too!

IT seems like the good, old days of movies are back with us again. There is "Rasputin," with hundreds of extras at M-G-M, and over at Paramount, C. B(athtub) DeMille is deeply engrossed in "The Sign of the Cross," a religious picture with worldly trimmings. DeMille still wears puttees, and that carries us back to the pre-sound era when all self-respecting directors came fully equipped with puttees and megaphones.

There are 7500 extras in this opera—and most of 'em have curly hair. It seems no Roman who amounted to much would think of being born without ringlets. Naturally, the curling iron is the most valuable prop on that picture.

Fredric March, who is playing the Roman prefect, has to have his hair curled five times a day. And for the first time on the screen he is revealing his manly limbs in all their pristine glory. He's taking a lot of kidding about it, too. It seems they are very good legs, and his studio pals are telling him he should take up musical comedy.

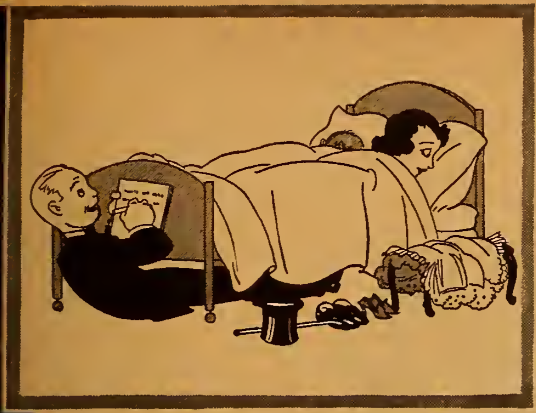
When it's all over, Freddie is going to get away from curling irons and bare legs and go to Europe for a vacation. It will be the first time across for his wife, Florence Eldridge, and Freddie wants to show her all the very best cathedrals and chateaux.

IT took a foreign lady to show the Hollywood girls something original and snappy in the way of radio speeches at a première—and radio speeches out here can be very trite and tiresome.

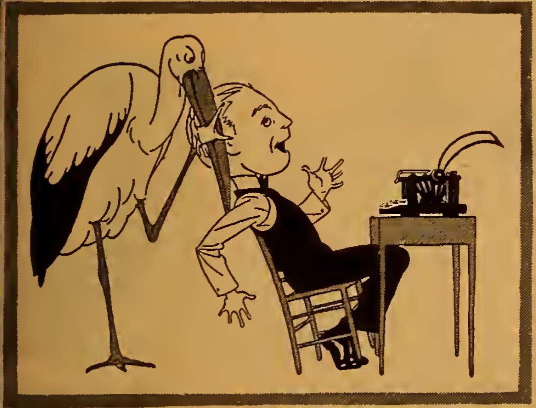
The Crown Princess Brenda of Kapurthala, which sounds like something out of *Graustark*, was invited to greet the listening public at the première of "Back Street." Everyone expected the princess to say something pretty classy, for after all crowned heads don't show up every day. She approached the radio—and this was her cheery, original greeting—

"'Ello, everybody."

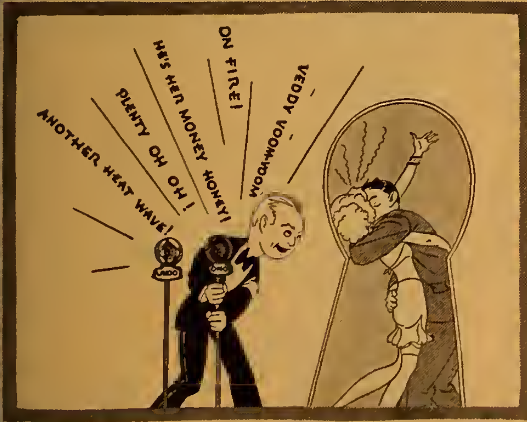
(*Continued on page 65*)



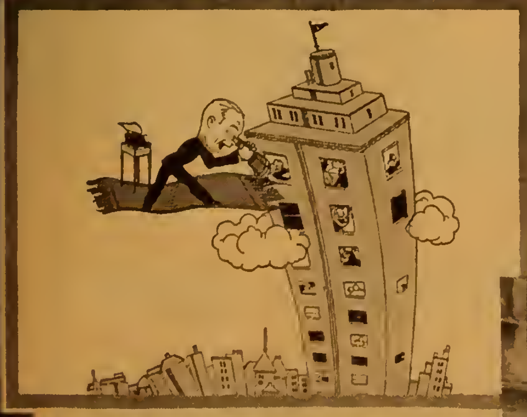
He has bedroom eyes—
and a nose for news . . .



Predicts babies like the weather
bureau predicts the weather . . .

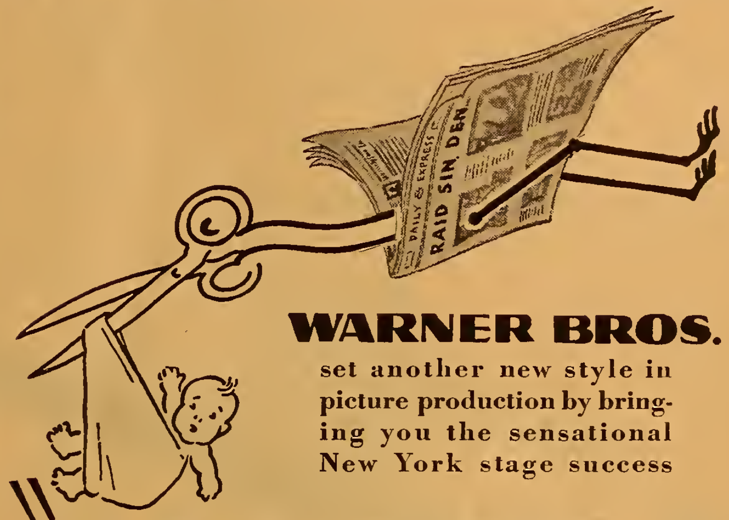

ANOTHER HEAT WAVE!
PLENTY OH OH!
HE'S HER MONEY HONEY!
ON FIRE!
VEDDY VOOM-VOOM

Sells scandal by the square inch—and
cleans up in the shock market . . .



Sees all — knows all —
and tells everything!

Here it is! The scandalous comedy of a scandal columnist who rose FROM A KEYHOLE TO A NATIONAL INSTITUTION


DAILY & EXPRESS
RAID SIN DEN

WARNER BROS.
set another new style in picture production by bringing you the sensational New York stage success

"BLESSED EVENT"

with **LEE TRACY . . . MARY BRIAN**
DICK POWELL
Directed by **ROY DEL RUTH**

The private life of the man who abolished privacy...The lowdown on the Gossip King whose name bounced from Broadway 'round the world!...Take the *Los Angeles Times'* word for it—"it's the best screen entertainment seen in many a day" . . . By all means watch for your theatre's announcement of this great hit.

The famous Longacre Theatre where New York crowded to pay $3.30 a seat to see "Blessed Event"

BLESSED EVENT
ROGER PRYOR

WARNER BROS.
will bring you the new season's biggest thrills!

To make teeth Beautiful . .

LISTERINE
TOOTH PASTE
LAMBERT
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LISTERINE
LISTERINE
TRADE MARK REGISTERED IN U.S. PATENT OFFICE
ANTISEPTIC
ALCOHOL 25%
LAMBERT
PHARMACAL COMPANY
ST. LOUIS, MO., U.S.A.
LAMBERT

THIS PASTE TO CLEANSE AND POLISH

THIS ANTISEPTIC TO KILL GERMS

It is true that Listerine Tooth Paste will cleanse your teeth thoroughly and give them a marvelous brilliance and luster. It is true also that it will remove germs from gum and tooth surfaces.

But Science now says that such treatment is not sufficient to combat tooth decay properly.

After such cleansing, the gums and teeth should be rinsed with Listerine, the safe antiseptic, because dental authorities have now found that the lactobacillus germ causes tooth decay. Listerine is fatal to this germ, as it is to all others.

Because of the marvelous cleansing ability of Listerine Tooth Paste, and the luster and brilliance that its polishing agents give to teeth, we hope that you will use it. But whatever tooth paste you use, don't forget to rinse the mouth with Listerine afterward.

Then you know that you are killing the germs which cause tooth trouble and at the same time you are cleansing the mouth and rendering the breath sweet and agreeable. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

Brush with

Listerine Tooth Paste . 25¢ . . .

follow with **Listerine Antiseptic**

The day after Ralph Forbes gave her a friendly divorce, Ruth Chatterton became the bride of George Brent—and thus brought an all-around happy ending to one of the most involved love stories in Hollywood history

By
ELSIE
RANDALL

Ruth Marries George And Everybody's Happy

"TOO happy for words!" Ruth Chatterton said to reporters, just after the ceremony at Harrison, New York, on August 13, when she became the bride of her leading man, George Brent. Out in Nevada, where he had obtained a divorce from Ruth the day before, Ralph Forbes wished the newlyweds "every happiness"—and meant it. The romance of Ruth and George is an unusual one, and behind their love story lies an unusual triangle—a triangle with eight angles.

Ironically enough, there is a similarity in the way both romances of Ruth Chatterton's started. When she was starring on the stage in "The Little Minister," she chose a young English actor, Ralph Forbes, as her leading man—and later married him. (That was eight years ago.) For her first picture under her new contract at Warner Brothers, "The Rich Are Always with Us," Ruth chose a young Irishman, George Brent, to be her leading man—and later married him. (After their mutual friend, Mr. Forbes, had obligingly sought a divorce—on the familiar grounds of "mental cruelty and divergence of tastes.")

No less a person than Ruth, herself, revealed just how obliging Ralph Forbes was, when she returned from a vacation in the Austrian Tyrol on August 12—the day of the divorce. She surprised reporters by asking them if she had yet been divorced; she said she hadn't heard. They hadn't yet heard, either. They asked her why Mr. Forbes was getting a divorce. "Why," said Ruth, "because I asked him to. He's a perfect darling, you know, and we are great pals." The reporters lifted eyebrows, but Ruth insisted that she was not joking.

How Romance Began

JUST when and how did the Chatterton-Brent romance begin? According to the "insiders," Ruth was looking over screen tests of various actors, in the studio dark room, seeking a leading man for "The Rich Are Always with Us"—when Brent's likeness was flashed before her.

(Continued on page 66)

How the INCOME TAX Hits the MOVIE STARS

UNITED STATES TREASURY
(*Acme*)

The bigger the salary, the bigger the tax. John Gilbert and Will Rogers are among those who will pay Uncle Sam MORE THAN HALF of what they earn, it is figured. Constance Bennett and Ann Harding are among those who will pay ALMOST HALF of what they make. Joan Crawford is one of those who will pay ONE-THIRD of their salaries in income tax. It's getting so that salary cuts are almost welcome in Hollywood!

It is obviously impossible to give absolutely accurate figures about film incomes. Salaries paid under studio contracts, with a few notable exceptions, are seldom available for publication. Then there are scores of exemptions to be taken into consideration before a net income can be computed. With all accounts at hand, corps of Hollywood tax experts labor weeks in making out returns.

The writer does not have exact knowledge of either individual exemptions or income from outside sources. He can therefore present only hypothetical deductions based upon confidential information, which he has reason to believe is approximately correct. For the table of tax percentages to which this information has been applied, he is indebted to Forest W. Monroe, noted Hollywood income tax authority.—Editor.

NO longer is it necessary for you to wonder what becomes of the fabulous money that movie stars make. Take one look at the new income tax law and you have the answer. The government gets it.

If there was ever a measure enacted to make most of us content with our relatively humble salaries, the 1932 income tax is that little pacifier. We can well rejoice in the knowledge that even if we had it, it wouldn't do us any good. For Congress apparently decided to put to use that old adage about "the bigger they come——"

The headaches already caused in Hollywood by this new income tax, if placed end to end, or even side by side, would reach considerably farther than Washington. Choice bits of scandal have ceased to arouse the usual interest in Hollywood. The movie crowd is too busy figuring out another kind of interest.

Gilbert's Big Tax

AS a concrete example of how dark the Ethiopian in the woodpile is this year, take the case of John Gilbert. Everyone knows that John draws a half-million dollars a year for two pictures. Let's say that his income from other sources equals his exemptions and that the half-million is therefore net. Upon that sum he paid a surtax last year of 20 per cent. This year, he will be requested to pay $263,720, or 52.7 per cent, if his net income is the same —*more than fifty-two cents of every dollar he earns*.

Under the act of 1928 which governed the 1931 income tax, the maximum surtax —the additional, graduated tax for the higher income brackets—was twenty per cent. This year, it runs as high as sixty-three per cent—eight normal and fifty-five surtax. And that's hard to take, even if you are earning millions.

Most studio contracts, specifying a weekly salary, are for only forty weeks a year. Thus a salary of $3,500 usually means a total of $140,000, not $182,000. Constance Bennett is one of the few exceptions, her contract covering the full twelve months.

Charlie

Mary

Douglas

Constance

Harold

Will

$400,000 and up

Ruth

Marion

Richard

Ann

$300,000 to $400,000

By JACK GRANT

Her home studio changed the terms of its agreement with the star when Connie, deciding to turn her twelve-weeks layoff into golden dollars, contracted for two features on a rival lot. This was her much-publicized $30,000-a-week contract with Warners. RKO promptly revised its agreement with Connie and she is now said to be drawing $6,000 a week. That will make her income from pictures in excess of $450,000 this year—$312,000 from RKO and $150,000 from Warners. On this amount, she must pay approximately fifty cents on every dollar for income tax, less exemptions.

Will Pays More Than Half

WILL ROGERS' film salary is also $450,000—he is paid $150,000 for three pictures a year. His writing brings him tremendous additional sums, as does his frequent radio and theatrical work. It would be difficult to estimate his total yearly earnings, but it is safe to say he must pay more than half to the Government.

There are few larger incomes than Will's in the film colony. Possibly topping Rogers are Charles Chaplin, whose grosses from "City Lights" are said to exceed three millions to date; Harold Lloyd, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, and Norma Shearer and her husband, Irving Thalberg. Norma is reputed to be receiving $6,000 weekly, while Thalberg, who is production chief of M-G-M, draws an even larger sum. The Thalberg's joint net earnings undoubtedly place them in the fifty per cent tax bracket.

Among those earning between three and four hundred thousand, we find John Barrymore, Ruth Chatterton, William Powell, Ann Harding, Richard Barthelmess, Marion Davies, George Arliss, George Bancroft and others. All will pay taxes for 1932 of approximately forty-six per cent of the net figures. Jeanette MacDonald, also, is close to being in the fifty-fifty class, with her screen, radio and concert earnings.

The following computations compiled by Forest W. Monroe, Hollywood tax expert, are based upon the *net* income of individuals receiving an income of, or over $10,000 for the calendar year 1932. No allowance has been made for dividends received or dependents.

NET INCOME	Normal Tax Single	Surtax Married or Single	Total Tax Single	Total Tax Joint Return Married
$ 5000	$ 160	..	$ 160	$ 100
7500	360	$ 15	375	255
10000	560	40	600	480
12000	720	80	800	680
14000	880	140	1020	900
16000	1040	220	1260	1140
18000	1200	320	1520	1400
20000	1360	440	1800	1680
22000	1520	600	2120	2000
24000	1680	780	2460	2340
26000	1840	980	2820	2700
28000	2000	1200	3200	3080
30000	2160	1440	3600	3480
32000	2320	1700	4020	3900
36000	2640	2300	4940	4820
38000	2800	2620	5420	5300
40000	2960	2960	5920	5800
42000	3120	3320	6440	6320
44000	3280	3700	6980	6860
46000	3440	4100	7540	7420
48000	3600	4520	8120	8000
50000	3760	4960	8720	8600
52000	3920	5420	9340	9220
54000	4080	5900	9980	9860
56000	4240	6400	10640	10520
58000	4400	6920	11320	11200
60000	4560	7460	12020	11900
62000	4720	8020	12740	12620
64000	4880	8600	13480	13360
66000	5040	9200	14240	14120
68000	5200	9820	15020	14900
70000	5360	10460	15820	15700
72000	5520	11120	16640	16520
74000	5680	11800	17480	17360
76000	5840	12500	18340	18220
78000	6000	13220	19220	19100
80000	6160	13960	20120	20000
82000	6320	14720	21040	20920
84000	6480	15500	21980	21860
86000	6640	16300	22940	22820
88000	6800	17120	23920	23800
90000	6960	17960	24920	24800
92000	7120	18820	25940	25820
94000	7280	19700	26980	26860
96000	7440	20600	28040	27920
98000	7600	21520	29120	29000
100000	7760	22460	30220	30100
150000	11760	46460	58220	58100
200000	15760	70960	86720	86600
300000	23760	120960	144720	144600
400000	31760	171960	203720	203600
500000	39760	223960	363720	263600
750000	59760	356460	416220	416100
1000000	79760	491460	571220	571100

Ruth Chatterton and William Powell are both under contract to Warners for two years, the first twelve months having just ended. Their agreements were originally identical, reputedly calling for three pictures at $100,000 each the first year and three more at $125,000 each the second.

Ruth, however, had her contract changed to read $112,500 apiece for six pictures, which amount has been paid pro rata in a weekly wage. She said that, as she was not a business woman, it would be easier for her to work this way. Warners humored her and, as it turned out, Ruth's whim will be the means of saving her several thousand dollars in taxes, now that the Government has boosted the tax rate.

Ann Harding draws a straight $80,000 a picture for four this year. Her studio holds an option for an additional four next season at $100,000 each. Richard Barthelmess is paid $150,000 a feature, but makes only two a year. When recently approached to take a reduction, he agreed to make another picture without charge this season. This makes his salary $100,000 per picture. George Bancroft receives a like figure as, it is understood, did George Arliss, before he recently agreed to a cut that now makes his income approximately $80,000 a picture. Marion Davies is said to have drawn a straight $10,000 weekly for forty weeks, until she, like practically every other star in town, recently agreed to a salary cut.

In the two hundred to three hundred thousand dollars bracket, accord-

(*Continued on page 69*)

$200,000 to $300,000

Wallace

Marie

Maurice

Tallulah

Ronald

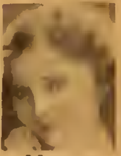
$3,500 Weekly

Joan

Gary

Kay

Robert


Nancy

Besides being armed with beauty, Dorothy Bartlam (right) is using a sword in carving out a career for herself. She's English, and you'll be seeing her in "Fires of Fate" and "The Love Race"

Is Andy Devine, the young whispering comedian, about to embark on the matrimonial seas? There's a rumor afloat that Alene Carroll will soon be keeping house on Andy's houseboat

Ray Jones

LOOKING THEM OVER

GOSSIP FROM THE WEST COAST

BY

DOROTHY MANNERS

SEEN at the Grauman's Chinese première of "Strange Interlude":

A very sunburned Jean Harlow in a flesh colored evening gown. The only make-up she wore was lip rouge. This is a new style *motif* for the platinum blonde, who used to wear plenty of make-up.

Constance Bennett smiling sweetly at the news photographers who were "snapping" her with her director, George Fitzmaurice. This smiling at photographers is also something new for Connie. She was the most simply gowned woman at the event. Her dress was black, with silver shoulder straps.

Mary Pickford in pink, strolling about on the arm of Gary Cooper, at intermission. Mary, it is said, wants Gary to be her co-star in her new picture.

Two little children in the sidewalk crowd were hurt. Above the excitement, you could hear the approach of the ambulances. Norma Shearer was dreadfully upset. The alarming sirens sent shivers down the bare stellar backs.

Lilyan Tashman wore a dog-collar of diamonds and a very Grecian sort of coiffure.

The electrician who flooded the lady stars with green lights during intermission must have had malice in his heart. The prettiest face looked like a bad bilious spell.

David Manners and Billie Dove strolled through the crowd holding hands. John Gilbert and Virginia Bruce tried vainly to get to the water boy.

For the most part, the crowd was friendly and good-natured, but somebody yelled: "How does it feel to have $5.50 to spend for a movie ticket"?

After the picture had been on about an hour, a very celebrated gentleman in front of me fell asleep. The critics were divided . . . some liked it and some didn't.

Somebody said that Clark Gable (as he grows older in "Strange Interlude") looks like a man who has stood out in a snowstorm too long.

OVERHEARD on the Paramount lot: Gary Cooper, the old kidder, (putting his arm around an old girl friend and pretending to be very nervous about it): "Is your husband looking?"

The girl: "No! Is the Countess?"

WE hear tell that Frances Dee is very much in love with Charles Boyer, a young French actor, who is a great friend of Maurice Chevalier's. It is said that Frances and the young Frenchman have been on the point of eloping on several occasions until Frances stopped and remembered that the gentleman's professional work would keep him in France and she would have to remain in Hollywood. And that wouldn't be so good with a continent and an ocean between them —to say nothing of the high cost of cablegrams.

Frances, could of course, at the end of her contract accompany her love to Paris. Is it any wonder that they say the girl is busily studying French?

Acme

All punning aside, the romance of John Gilbert and Virginia Bruce was a tennis-courtship. The first time John met her, he asked her to play tennis. One love game led to another, until finally she consented to play opposite him "forever"

What's this about a "break" between the newlyweds, Weldon Heyburn and Greta Nissen? If there ever was one, it's all over now. It looks as if they're seeing "eye to eye" again!

A GIRL star who has suffered many romantic disillusions in her Hollywood romances was talking over her old beaux with a friend. After naming off one unfaithful swain after another, she sighed:

"Ronald Colman was the only one who was ever consistent!"

"Ronald Colman?" gasped her pal. "I didn't even know you knew him!"

"I don't," sighed the lovelorn, "But at least he's been consistent in staying *out* of my life!"

Here's a steer for you if you crave some adventure. Tom Keene, the hardridin' cowboy, does some fancy one-arm driving, girls, in "Come On, Danger"—with a snappy one-seater that boasts two horns

Kornman

Don't be surprised if you hear romance rumors soon about Constance Cummings. She's Joel McCrea's girl in "Sports Page"

THE Warner Brothers have given Hollywood quite a jolt! They have come right out and said that they are through catering to the temperamental whims and fancies of their contracted players. No longer will they "coddle" any star, nor will they write into any future contract the privilege of the star's having anything to say about stories, directors or casts.

Says Jack Warner: "We are running a business, not a favor factory. And what's more, I do not think a player has the clear perspective to know just what it is the public wants. On the other hand, the producer is constantly in touch with the exhibitor and the box-office. He knows what does, or does not, click. The players who raise the most fuss about their stories are the very ones who never investigate these conditions. From now on, no Warner Brothers star will have the privilege of holding up a production because he, or she, does not like the story." No report has been received from Warner players whether they'll take it and like it but no further trouble is anticipated after the Cagney and Dvorak walk-out.

Besides stealing pictures, Wynne Gibson has stolen Randolph Scott away from all the other girls. Doesn't that make her a pirate?

ON Bill's Birthday, Carole Lombard and William Powell gave their first large formal party since their marriage more than a year ago. Carole had invited about fifty people as a "surprise" for her husband. But two or three days before the party almost everyone Bill met hailed him with: "Tell Carole I'll be over Friday to her dinner party." When about thirty people made the same remark, Bill began to wonder if Carole had slightly lost her mind and invited the entire town to dine with them. Then he remembered his birthday and began to suspect what was up. In order not to ruin Carole's fun he put on the old "surprise" act when the festivities began. Bill is not the sort of fellow to queer anybody's good time, least of all his wife's. So he never let on that he knew a thing. Everyone had fun.

Coburn

Irene Dunne, with "Thirteen Women" finished, is burning up golf courses again. She's Hollywood's best woman golfer

Welbourne

Her European trip ended, Ruth Chatterton is back in Hollywood—and besides planning a life together, she and George Brent will probably co-star, also

CLARA BOW is temporarily Cecil B. De Mille's next-door neighbor on a high hill in Hollywood, while her Beverly Hills home is being re-decorated. Clara looks wonderfully well and managed to reduce her weight to 117 pounds as "Call Her Savage" went into production.

But here's the catch. Clara and Rex Bell miss their ranch "something awful." "Just one or two more pictures for me," says the red-head. "Then Rex and I are going back for good. . . ."

Richee

Using an orange instead of a daisy, Maurice Chevalier is saying, "She loves me—she loves me not." Wonder who "she" is?

THE Fox studio thought it had its hands full arranging interview appointments with the newly temperamental Janet Gaynor. But Janet is comparatively easy to contact, compared to Clara. When Clara returned to Hollywood there were seventy-four requests for interview appointments from the local press people. Clara took one look at the list and nearly swooned. "If I saw all these people, I'd never get the picture made," she wailed. In view of the fact that she feels she can't meet them all, she has just about decided not to see any of them. The publicity department is still arguing—and may win. Clara has always been an obliging girl.

LEE TRACY pulled the classic line of the month in the following unconsciously humorous remark:

"I do not think it is good for the public to know an actor sometimes takes a drink."

Lee, you know, is pretty fast on the trigger. He thinks them up, just like *that.* No wonder they gave him the wise-cracking columnist rôle in "Blessed Event." Read what Lee says about himself a few pages over. You're sure to know him better.

(*Continued on page 64*)

Dolores Del Rio

Marlene Dietrich

Greta Garbo

Are Foreign Stars Hated in their own Countries?

"Hate" may be a strong word—but Dolores Del Rio and Lupe Velez have recently been censured by Mexico, and their last pictures banned. Dietrich rates higher than Garbo in Sweden—and Greta is more popular in Germany than Marlene. Novarro is one foreign star who's an exception—he's a hit in all Spanish-speaking countries. You may be surprised to find out who are the biggest international favorites of them all!

By TOM FRASER

Mexico City—After the second day's showing at a local theatre, the Mexican Government ordered "The Girl of the Rio," starring Dolores Del Rio, closed. The film was roundly flayed by the press and public demonstrations were staged in protest against the characterization enacted by the star.—News Item

THE publication of the above press despatch was the basis of considerable editorial comment in daily papers throughout the United States. Newspapers recalled and quoted the proverb about "prophets without honor in their own country." Only in Hollywood was the occurrence regarded as routine news. For "unhonored prophets" are now an old story to Hollywood.

It may surprise you, as it did the rest of the world, to learn that Dolores Del Rio is much more popular in this country and in Europe than she is in her native Mexico. You may also be amazed that Marlene Dietrich is regarded as a bigger box-office attraction in Sweden than Greta Garbo, while conversely in Dietrich's fatherland, the Swedish Garbo outdraws the German girl two to one. In France, Jeanette MacDonald outranks them both, likewise towering in popularity far above such French women in American films as Lily Damita, Claudette Colbert and the French-Canadian, Fifi Dorsay.

These statements are not based upon hearsay, but upon actual records of motion picture attendance in foreign lands. Then, too, there is the matter of billing. In Berlin, the advertising for "Morocco" read "Gary Cooper and Adolphe Menjou in 'Morocco,' with Marlene Dietrich." Some houses left Marlene's name off altogether.

Hollywood recognizes the supremacy of the American film star over native sons in European countries. Popularity is not so fleeting in other countries as in America. Once an actor is established, he is assured of a following

(*Continued on page 78*)

HOLLYWOOD'S SECRET MARRIAGES
(*Who Can Tell?*)

By EDWARD MADDEN

IS *George Raft secretly married?* For a "yes" to that question, masculine Hollywood would be willing to pay several thousand dollars—because the sleek, black-haired former gigolo who lately reached star prominence on the screen has stirred the hearts of the feminine members of the film colony more than any young man in many a moon—not excepting even the great Gable.

The past life of this handsome screen menace is hidden by an attractive veil of mystery, which his studio's denials of every sort of rumor, Georgie's own smiling, but silent attitude, and his recent habit of hiring an impressive "bodyguard" (with a hint of secret enemies) does nothing to diminish.

Gwili Andre is supposed to be engaged to a rich New York broker but there are those who say she is married to a Washington diplomat

Hollywood greets most newcomers with a "Who are *you?*" and "Where did *you* come from?"—but in Georgie's case there seem to be hundreds of people all over town willing to tell, to any reporter who will listen, fantastic and startling stories that could not all have happened to one man, not even Georgie.

The first hint of the Raft marriage rumors came when a beautiful star who had attracted Georgie's attention decided that she would like to know a little more about him than the facts that he danced as smoothly as a professional and talked amusingly. She had him looked up. Just what her sleuths uncovered she has not revealed, but from the moment she read their reports, she refused to consider Georgie very seriously.

George's Alleged Marriage

"I *found out he already has a wife in existence,*" she confided to friends. "Of course, that puts him out of the running, matrimonially speaking!"

This astonishing news burst like a bombshell upon the contingent of feminine admirers who had hitherto regarded Georgie as a very eligible bachelor. Other rumors followed thick and fast. A woman who had known George Raft intimately for years volunteered the information that he had been married, for ten years, to a non-professional who lives in New York. There has been no divorce as yet, she adds, though they expect to procure one soon.

More ambitious gossips, not content with this report, whisper that Georgie has a handsome nine-year old son by this marriage, at school somewhere in the East.

That's the *pro* side of the argument. The *con* stand is taken very firmly by Mr. Raft, himself, who says, "Why should I get married when there are plenty of attractive girls who seem willing to dine and dance with me—just as I am? . . . I'm

Hollywood suspects Aileen Pringle, left, is married to Matt Moore, but Aileen says "we're just pals." Lily Damita, above, keeps everyone guessing whether she is married to Sidney Smith. No one can deny they are very much in love

Joan Blondell wouldn't even admit she was "engaged"—and then it turned out she was secretly married. Which makes Hollywood wonder about several other stars. What about George Raft—and Jeanette MacDonald—and Lily Damita—and Lina Basquette—and Gwili Andre—and Carmelita Geraghty—and Aileen Pringle?

Jeanette MacDonald, above, has been engaged to Robert Ritchie for five years, but Hollywood's romanticists like to believe she has marched to the altar with him. And what about Lina Basquette at the left? Is she the secret bride of Teddy Hayes?

sitting right here," he adds, meaning that he intends to maintain his status as a bachelor, "It's up to *you* to find out the truth!"

To make matters still clearer, he doubles up his fists (he used to be a boxer, too) and repeats, "I'm not married now, I never have been married, and I'm not going to be married!"

Hollywood, however, has been misled so often by the denials of the principals in these matters that a star's word is no longer taken for gospel, where matters of divorce, marriage, and engagements are in question. Didn't Ruth Chatterton, for instance, deny up until the last moment that she was almost at the parting of the ways with Ralph Forbes? Wasn't the idea of George Brent as the other man in the case laughed off persistently by everyone concerned?

Joan Was Secretly Married

MORE recently, didn't Joan Blondell maintain silence regarding her "engagement" to George Barnes, refusing to affirm or deny the reports that they intended to marry?

It was only the other day that the film colony discovered that the couple were secretly married, when they appeared at Gold Beach, Oregon, on a honeymoon fishing trip. Even Joan's studio, Warner Brothers, insisted that they were in ignorance of the star's plans until reports of her secret wedding to the United Artists cameraman were published in the newspapers.

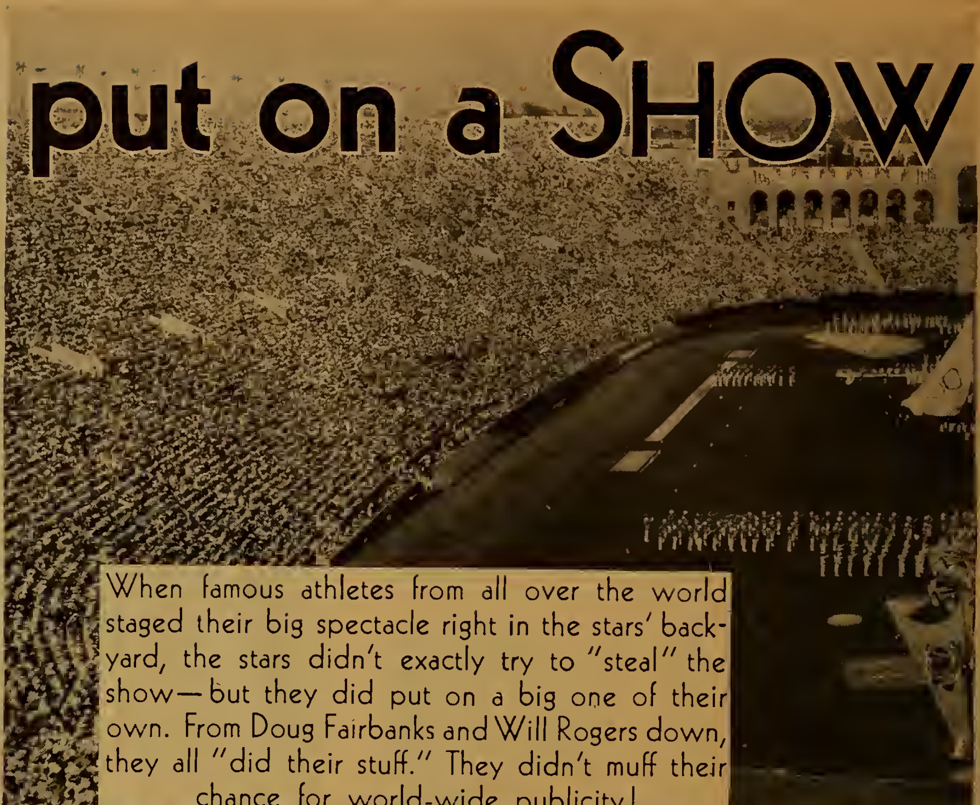
Everyone knew, of course, that Joan and George had been going together for months—and that's just why all the other "engaged" couples in town are

(*Continued on page 60*)

Joan Blondell was secretly married to George Barnes and fooled Hollywood completely, while George Raft denies he was ever married and insists he will remain a bachelor

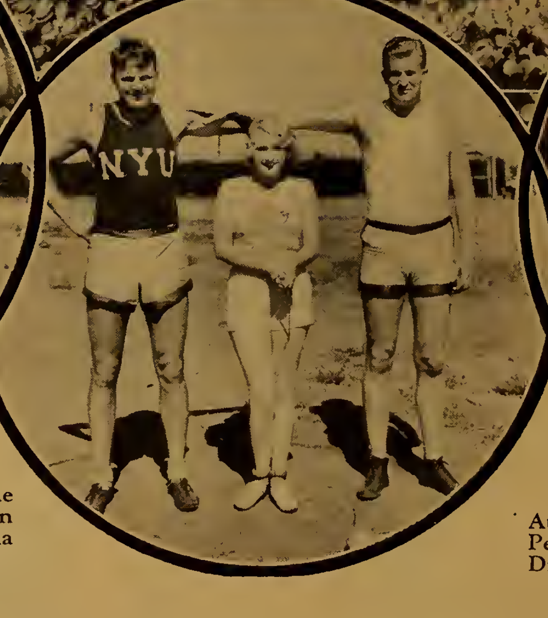
STARS put on a SHOW

Johnny Weissmuller in the pool with seven American mermaids. At right, panoramic view of the opening ceremonies in the Stadium



When famous athletes from all over the world staged their big spectacle right in the stars' backyard, the stars didn't exactly try to "steal" the show—but they did put on a big one of their own. From Doug Fairbanks and Will Rogers down, they all "did their stuff." They didn't muff their chance for world-wide publicity!

Groucho and Chico Marx clown and wise-crack for the Olympic swimmers. That's Eleanor Holm in center. In the rear are Katherine Rawls, Fredric March, Georgia Coleman, Jo McKim and Mickey Riley



At left, Anita Page gets ham Pete Zaremba and Grant Didrickson, the one-gal spects to

THE only time in the history of the movies that the stars have stopped turning out pictures to show themselves to visiting celebrities—not for just a day, not for just a week, but for three long weeks—has just been recorded. This precedent-shattering event took place with the 1932 Olympic Games. While the athletes were staging the greatest record-breaking show of all time, the movie stars—from Douglas Fairbanks down—were putting on the greatest free show in Hollywood history.

Although billed as a tremendous international sport spectacle, competed in by more than two thousand bronzed, lithe young men and women, the pick of forty-two nations, the Tenth Olympiad, so far as Hollywood was concerned, turned out to be one of the great publicity opportunities of a lifetime.

To begin with, the stars really didn't know that the Olympic Games were in town until they found themselves having their pictures taken in greater doses than ever before. Hollywood, except for a few rare souls, revolves about Malibu, movie sets, parties, gossip—and the Olympics were beyond their horizon.

Suddenly the stars discovered themselves posing with track pants draped lightly over either arm, with javelins poised ready for hurls, with arms affectionately draped around burly boxers; they found themselves, to their great amazement and probably slight horror,

By MURIEL

©1932 Xth Olympiad Committee

for the OLYMPICS

Acme

Doug and Mary didn't miss any of the games—and visitors didn't miss them. Here they are autographing pictures and programs

mer-throwing lessons from McDougal. Above, "Babe" track team, pays her re- Janet Gaynor

At left, Dorothy Jordan intends to vault high to stardom and asks Bill Miller and George Jefferson to teach her. Above, the husky girls of the Dutch team collect autographs from Frances Dee, wearing the dark pyjamas

going through the motions of acting before empty cameras just—all to amuse visiting celebrities.

And when Hollywood works and actually emotes without any recompense in the background—not even a stray foot of film in the camera to show for perspiring efforts—that's something! It was the beginning of an ordeal in the interests of international publicity, they discovered.

Buster Keaton was one of the first victims. Hot and weary, he worked all one day before a dummy camera on a torrid set, performing in his frozen-faced way for the benefit of a half-hundred goggle-eyed visitors. The episodes were for Buster's latest picture, "Speak Easily," but what the visitors didn't know was that it had been completed for a week and that Buster was just walking through scenes for their special benefit. In one sequence, he was supposed to quaff his thirst by drinking from a huge crockery pitcher—the kind you used to find on small-town hotel wash stands. And Buster did it with much gusto.

BABCOCK

Johnny Weissmuller did his bit for the athletes. Recalled from his favorite seat in the bleachers overlooking Olympic pool, he re-enacted "Tarzan" all over again. Johnny swung from trees, and burbled unintelligible monkey sounds for the benefit of watchers. Now, I don't know whether the studio thought the Olympic visitors of the day were so simple-minded that they wouldn't know

(*Continued on page 80*)

LEE TRACY, *Fighting Mad,* Kills a Rumor

He's the Irishman who took Cagney's place in "Blessed Event" and made a big hit for himself. Then somebody started the story that he was irresponsible—because of The Cup That Cheers. With fire in his eye, Lee denies the charges—and advances evidence to prove his case. Here's a chap who can talk straight from the shoulder!

BY DON WINTERS

Although he has been in Hollywood a comparatively short time, Lee Tracy has worked at three major studios—and has left two of them without sufficient explanation to satisfy Hollywood. The movie colony immediately sought the "real reason" for his "losing so many jobs!" It hit on the argument that the reason was The Cup That Cheers—to which Lee replies in this exclusive interview, reasonably and frankly.—Editor.

"I'D like to lay my hands on the fellow that started the story that I liked my 'likker' in big dozes! Sure, I take a nip now and then; sometimes I take two nips. Who doesn't? But I'm no irresponsible drunkard, and I can prove it—by statistics!"

Lee Tracy is burning, ladies and gentlemen—burning white-hot over the rumor that the "real reason" why he was not placed under contract by Warners after his hit performance in "Blessed Event" was that he drank, not wisely but too well. And when Tracy burns, even Nero would have a hard time fiddling. The spectacle caused by this Irishman ablaze calls for no soft violin music.

No wonder Lee is hot! Far from the producers' being afraid to sign him, three major studios have been fighting for him, with the result that he is now under contract to all three of them! He will make two pictures for Columbia and has now started on his second under this contract. He will make two pictures for Radio, one of which will be "Phantom Fame." And he will make two pictures for Paramount, stories of which are yet to be chosen.

There's something about the combination of the words *real* and *reason* that unduly excites Hollywood. It never fails. Hollywood relishes *real reasons* and invariably gives them wide circulation. In Tracy's case, the gossiping reached a greater circulation than usual, even to the extent of having one of the local columnists publicly wail, "It is a shame Mr. Tracy drinks, for if he didn't, he might become an outstanding screen personality."

What Made Him Maddest

IT was the publication of this blurb that ignited Lee to violent rebuttal. Only with difficulty did his friends restrain him from buying a page in the columnist's paper in order that he might offer a thousand-dollar reward to any person proving him irresponsible or unreliable because of drinking.

"I never was fired from a stage show or a movie studio because of drinking. At one studio they kept me sitting for weeks, waiting for something to do—naturally I had a few highballs to forget my troubles!

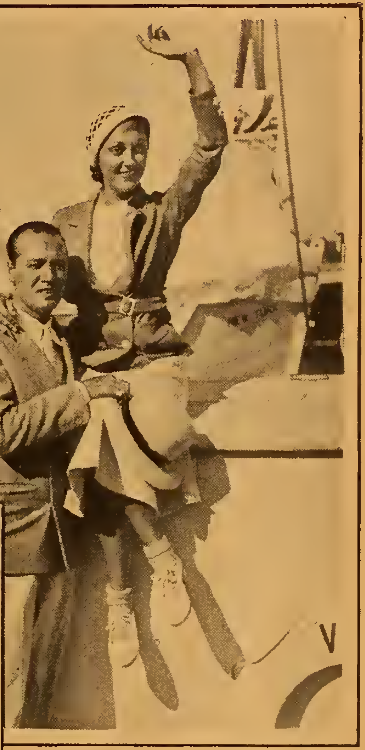
"That's where my statistics would come in," he says. "You see, I played in 'The Show-Off' for over a year in New York, *five hundred and seventy-one performances,* to be exact. As the hoofer in 'Broadway,' I did a total of

(*Continued on page 76*)

MOVIE CLASSIC TABLOID NEWS SECTION

THE NEWSREEL OF THE NEWSSTANDS

Lilyan Tashman has a cottage at Malibu and the whole Pacific Ocean to bathe in, but occasionally she likes to tub. Lil, who sets styles in Hollywood, came through the summer without a tan. She's now in "Those We Love"



Mr. and Mrs. Leslie Fenton (Ann Dvorak to you) sail away on a surprise honeymoon trip. See story page 30

Acme

George Jessel and Norma Talmadge, appearing on stage together, deny marriage plans—since neither is yet divorced. But both have mentioned divorce plans!

Father of a new son, John Miljan (left) has just adopted Richard and Robert Hale—sons of Mrs. Miljan by a former marriage

Stax

Grimes

The happy little girl above is the latest platinum blonde to have Hollywood all in a dither. For, suddenly appearing from nowhere, Paulette Goddard seems to be the newest heart interest of Charlie Chaplin. (See story page 29.) And the happy couple at the left are, of course, John Gilbert and Virginia Bruce, who became Mrs. Gilbert on August 11. John decided at 5:45 that he'd like to be married that day, and by 6:30 he was—in a ceremony at the studio

HARRY BANNISTER DENIES HE'S "ENGAGED," BUT GIRL DOESN'T

Actor, who objected to being "Mr. Ann Harding," says there will not be a "Mrs. Harry Bannister" right away—but 18-year-old Nancy Lyon keeps Hollywood guessing

By JANET BURDEN

WHEN Harry Bannister was divorced from his wife, it was offered as an excuse that he objected to being known as "Mr. Ann Harding." Now, only a few months later, it looks very much as though there might soon be a "Mrs. Harry Bannister."

When Harry left recently for England to act on the London stage, there were three ladies at the airport to say goodbye to him. One was Ann Harding; one was Jane, their small daughter; and the third was an attractive eighteen-year-old girl named Nancy Lyon, who arrived in Harry's car with him, only to flee at the sight of waiting photographers.

When Harry Bannister left for London, Nancy Lyon said: "I wouldn't say we are engaged—and I wouldn't deny it"

"I congratulate you on your engagement!" Ann was reported to have said to Harry.

"Miss Lyon is a lovely girl, but I am much older. I'm not engaged to be married," Harry told the reporters nervously.

"I wouldn't say we are engaged," giggled Nancy, "and I wouldn't deny it, either. We are very, very good friends."

Nancy is the daughter of State Senator Lyon of California, and she is a beginner in pictures. Recently she signed a contract with Samuel Goldwyn to play in "The Kid From Spain" with Eddie Cantor, whose daughters are Nancy's school friends. She is a blonde.

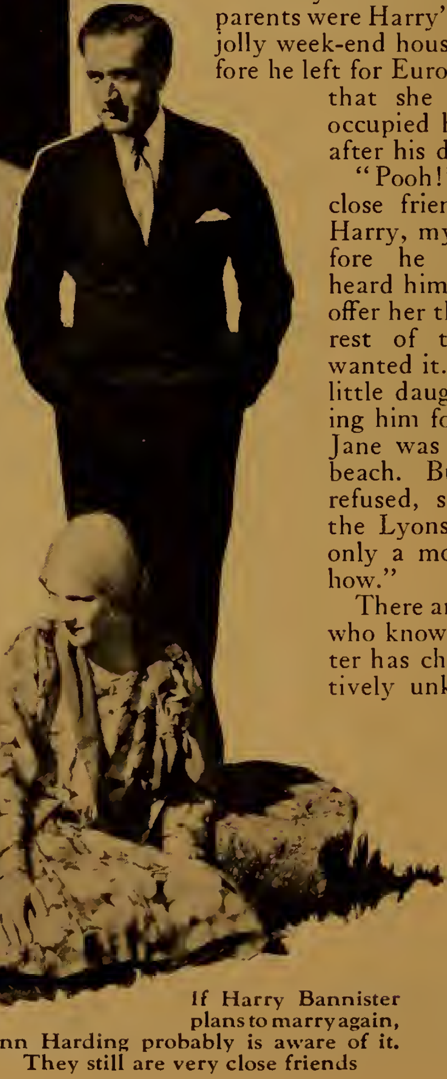
"It's a press stunt," declares a close friend of Harry Bannister, huffily. "Sure, Harry knows Nancy, but there's nothing serious about their friendship. He took her to lunch at the Brown Derby once, which seems to be equivalent to announcing one's engagement in Hollywood. Nancy has got a lot of newspaper space refusing to deny the engagement, hasn't she? And 'The Kid From Spain' has always been mentioned too, hasn't it?

"And what can Harry do when a pretty lady won't deny that she's engaged to him except smile and let it ride—except when reporters get too insistent? But take it from me, it has all the earmarks of a press-agent stunt! They say the engagement can't be announced till his divorce is final. Say—Harry Bannister could marry legally tomorrow if he liked. A Reno divorce is final as soon as it's given."

On the other hand, Malibu residents say that Nancy Lyon and her parents were Harry's guests at several jolly week-end house parties just before he left for Europe, and point out that she and her mother occupied his beach cottage after his departure.

"Pooh!" says Harry's close friend, "I was with Harry, myself, the day before he flew East, and heard him call up Ann and offer her the cottage for the rest of the lease if she wanted it. He had had his little daughter, Jane, visiting him for two weeks and Jane was crazy about the beach. But evidently Ann refused, so he gave it to the Lyons. The lease had only a month to run anyhow."

There are only two people who know if Harry Bannister has chosen a comparatively unknown girl to be Mrs. Harry Bannister. Or, rather, there are three people. For Hollywood is willing to wager that Harry wouldn't dream of taking that step or any other important step without consulting Ann Harding!



If Harry Bannister plans to marry again, Ann Harding probably is aware of it. They still are very close friends

"MYSTERIOUS" BLONDE ENTERS CHAPLIN'S LIFE, AND IT LOOKS LIKE REAL ROMANCE

Paulette Goddard, Newcomer To Films, Wins Interest Of Famous Comedian And "Discoverer" Of Beauties—Affair Has Reached Stage Of Marriage Rumors

BY EVELYN DERR

Charlie Chaplin doesn't object to having his picture taken at an opening—not with Paulette Goddard

From all appearances, the famous comedian has been bowled over by his "discovery" of Paulette Goddard, new platinum blonde

MRS. CUPID'S little boy, Dan, has again caught up with Charlie Chaplin, after pursuing the famous comedian all the way around the world. For Charlie has been appearing in public and at private dinner parties with a dazzling, willowy platinum blonde, a bit taller than he. And to make things more exciting, she is somewhat of a mystery. It is no mystery, though, that Charlie is quite stricken, if ardent glances and whispered words and tender handclasps mean anything. Those ol' marriage rumors have even popped up again.

The name of Charlie's Latest Lady Friend is Paulette Goddard and she is playing at the moment in "The Kid from Spain" with Eddie Cantor. But though all the other beauties of the picture have photographs and biographies which the publicity department is more than delighted to hand out, Paulette appears to be shrouded in mystery. "We're told not to publicize her," it is politely hinted.

She is said to be twenty-one years old. Previous to the Goldwyn picture, Paulette worked for Hal Roach, the comedy producer. There is a rumor that she was formerly married, that she came to Hollywood directly from Reno, and that the glittering imported Hispano-Suiza she drives was given to her by her former husband. She is said to be "socially prominent" and is also said to be a New York show-girl, presumably—with her figure—in Ziegfeld shows. However that may be, she wears a pearl necklace with a diamond clasp to work, and appears at the studio in lounging pajamas trimmed with blue fox. Her platinum blonde hair is worn in a tightly-curled coiffure designed by Antoine of Paris. Charlie, it is said, drives to the studio almost daily to see her.

A Hollywood connoisseur, who requested anonymity for the sake of diplomacy, ventured this opinion about Paulette to the writer: "She is the most extravagantly-gowned, luxurious-looking girl in Hollywood. She has poise and charm, which so many Hollywood beauties haven't."

Recently it was reported by the tax assessor that Chaplin, the London slum boy, was the wealthiest of motion picture stars, having more than seven million dollars' worth of taxable securities—surely enough to support a wife. His fifty-room house in Beverly Hills is a lonely spot for the small gray-haired comedian, who seldom emerges into Hollywood society. Does marriage tempt him again?

ANN DVORAK AND HUSBAND "RUN AWAY" FROM HOLLYWOOD—WHY?

Leslie Fenton, Who Has Interrupted His Career Several Times To See Far Places, Suddenly Takes Bride Abroad—Ann Wanted More Salary

Acme

Leslie Fenton and Ann Dvorak, who didn't have time for a honeymoon when they married last February, pay a surprise visit to England—Ann gaily interrupting her sensational career

BY DOROTHY DONNELL

GARBO once threatened to go to Europe and interrupt her career unless studio executives agreed to the salary she asked—but Ann Dvorak, without any advance notice, did "run away" to Europe—with her husband, Leslie Fenton. Now Hollywood is trying to figure out why.

The feminine lead in Ronald Colman's new picture, "Cynara"—coveted by every actress in Hollywood—had just been given to her. Other big pictures awaited her. Her mother's fear at the time of her surprise wedding to Leslie Fenton, several years older than Ann, that the marriage might hurt her career seemed baseless. Ann seemed deliriously happy.

The first intimation the studio had that she had "run away" from Hollywood was a radiogram sent from the *S.S. Virginia*. "I'm off to New York, and then to Europe. Goodbye," it said in effect.

The rumor was broadcast in headlines that she had staged a walkout for more salary. It was reported that she was receiving $250 a week, under contract to Howard Hughes, while he was receiving $1000 a week from Warners for her services—and she thought she deserved a raise. She allowed this impression to stand on being interviewed in New York just before she and Leslie boarded the *Olympic* for England to visit his parents.

Fryer

At the time of her wedding, Ann gaily said, "My career is important, but there are other things in life! I want to go places—see things, travel!" And now Hollywood says "It's Leslie's doings. He has abandoned a promising career in the movies half a dozen times to travel to far places of the earth."

From Europe presently came messages from the runaway—unrepentant messages. In reply to urgent wires begging her to come back and save her career, Ann was reported to have cabled, laconically, "How many more options are they offering now?" A British picture concern sought her services for one picture. "And I can make it without any trouble with my own studio," Ann is reported as writing gleefully, "because Leslie is a British subject, so that makes me legally British, too."

If Hollywood's surmises are correct that Leslie Fenton's advice lay behind Ann's runaway trip to Europe (even her mother did not know that she had gone until Ann was far at sea), what was his object? Did he believe that by such bold methods he could elevate his lovely wife into immediate stardom, or did his love for her tremble at the rapid fame that threatened to come between them?

At an opening recently, Ann Dvorak turned away from the microphone saying, "Ladies and gentlemen, I want to introduce to you, my husband, Leslie Fenton." Into the microphone Leslie spoke strange, sullen-sounding words, "I don't know why I'm here, or why Ann is here," he said in effect. "The credit for her performance in this picture should go to the director. You out there may know what this is all about—we don't."

Figure it out for yourself.

Meanwhile, Hollywood is expecting Warners to buy Ann's contract from Howard Hughes—if they have not done so already.

AFTER BUSTER KEATON GIVES YACHT TO WIFE, SHE SEEKS DIVORCE

Comedian intended costly boat to be "Peace Offering" to Natalie Talmadge, who, it seems, fears water—first cruise brings climax to couple's strained relations

Acme

Sisterly devotion: Constance Talmadge Netcher (left) helped her sister, Natalie, get her divorce

By JERRY BANNON

Buster Keaton again tried to head off divorce by kidding. He said, "I don't mind losing the yacht, but I left my old ukulele on board, and I'd sort of like that"

NATALIE TALMADGE, all these years, has let her sisters, Norma and Constance, have the headlines—but when she "rose up in her wrath," she proved capable of landing on the front pages, too. Newspaper editors weren't a bit more surprised, however, when she sued Buster Keaton for divorce, than Buster was, himself.

Several months ago, when Buster "kidnaped" their two sons (Joseph, 9, and Robert, 8) and took them on an airplane ride that she had expressly forbidden, she threatened drastic action. But Buster was successful, then, in "kidding away" her impulsive plans for separation or divorce. Laughing, herself, at the pictures of Buster and the boys waiting gloomily "for Mama to come home" and at "the whale oil lamp in the window to guide Mama home," Natalie said she supposed she would always "forgive" Buster for the "foolish" things he did.

Natalie's dread of the air led to their first break; another of Natalie's dreads cropped up to make the final crisis, say friends. She is even more afraid of the water than of the air—and Buster gave her a yacht.

Buster, who holds a certificate as a first-class marine engineer, has a passion for boats. He heard of a grand ninety-eight-foot yacht, which would comfortably accomodate twenty guests, as well as crew, going for a great bargain at Seattle. Without consulting his wife, he bought it (for $100,000, it is said) but—to conciliate Natalie—he named it *The Natalie* and made the title of it over to her as a "surprise" gift.

Was Natalie pleased with this husbandly munificence? It took considerable persuasion from friends to get her to meet Buster and the boat at San Francisco. Slightly appeased by the beauty of *The Natalie*, she consented, however, to the collection of a party of friends and a cruise to Catalina Island. There the weather was so rough, both nautically and domestically speaking, that Natalie apparently forgot her terror of airplanes in her greater terror of boats, and took her first air trip—flying home with her mother. Buster again tried to smooth over the trouble with humor. But Natalie, this time, went to court—and asked for divorce, on the grounds of mental cruelty. Her sister, Constance Talmadge Netcher, verified her testimony. And the fourteen-year-old marital voyage of the Keatons was all over. Because, say their friends, Buster gave Natalie a boat—when she was afraid of water.

This is the yacht that Buster Keaton gave to his wife, after re-christening it *The Natalie*. It was sold a few days later

LINA BASQUETTE'S "LOVE" FOR JACK DEMPSEY WANES AFTER TRIP TO HOSPITAL

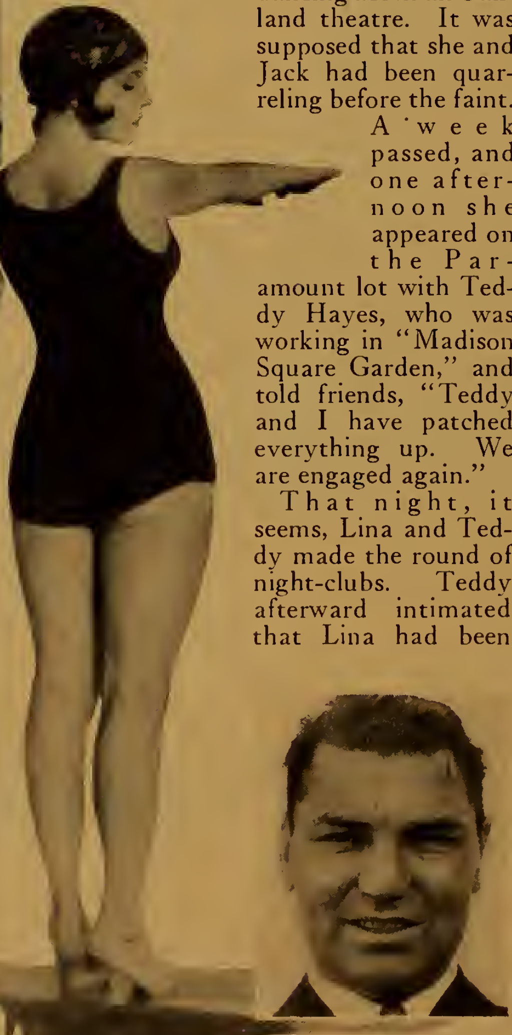
Actress, Who Had Supposedly Written Farewell Note To Ex-Champ And Then Swallowed "Poison," Is Found To Be Suffering From Onion Soup And Milk—Then Makes Up With Teddy Hayes, To Whom She Is Rumored Secretly Married

Has Lina been secretly wed to Teddy Hayes (above)? It's a rumor

LINA BASQUETTE landed in the headlines again with a bang when the newspapers had it that she swallowed "twenty-four tablets of poison" recently. Only the doctor at the receiving hospital where Lina was speeded in an ambulance said that the "poison" was just a bowl of soup together with a glass of milk!

Apparently the whole affair is a complete mystery to Teddy Hayes (her fiancé, though some reports have it that she is already married to him) and Jack Dempsey, rumored to be the cause of it all. Before the brunette dancer did whatever she did, she allegedly left a note to Dempsey, protesting that she "could not go on" without him.

The Lina Basquette-Teddy Hayes-Jack Dempsey triangle has been intriguing Hollywood for some time. When Lina and her manager (Hayes) arrived on the Coast several months ago, they were said to be engaged. Then came the sensational Hayes announcement that Jack Dempsey (whose trainer Hayes used to be) had "stolen" his girl from him.


Lina Basquette had supposedly written a "farewell note" to Jack Dempsey, and then swallowed "poison." But doctors found she had eaten onion soup and milk!

For two months Jack and Lina were seen together constantly, and had even essayed a personal appearance together. Then she "fainted" in the middle of their dancing act in an Oakland theatre. It was supposed that she and Jack had been quarreling before the faint.

A week passed, and one afternoon she appeared on the Paramount lot with Teddy Hayes, who was working in "Madison Square Garden," and told friends, "Teddy and I have patched everything up. We are engaged again."

That night, it seems, Lina and Teddy made the round of night-clubs. Teddy afterward intimated that Lina had been very blue because she believed her romance with Jack was at a finish. Teddy took Lina home, and a half-hour later called up to see how she was feeling. She told him she had taken poison. However, when the ambulance arrived, she protested this allegation and was ordering the emergency doctors out of the house when she "suddenly fell in a faint." From there on no one seems quite clear about what actually happened.

"Well, well, what shall I tell folks?" cried a young reporter for a local paper, pushing into the Georgia Street Receiving Hospital, where they had taken Lina from her apartment.

"Tell them I must have been crazy," murmured Lina, looking wan and distraught and beautiful. If, as claimed, she had taken twenty-four poison tablets, she would have been dying—but the young reporter could have sworn that she was enjoying herself. And a little later the doctor reported that to the best of his knowledge all that Lina had eaten was onion soup and milk.

"My mind is a blank as to what happened," Lina said, leaving the hospital. "Anyhow, I shall probably never dance again—unless I am hungry. And that isn't likely, because Teddy and I are going to get married."

If they do marry, Hollywood believes that it will be the second wedding for the pair, since a couple named "Lena Copeland Baskett" and "Theodore T. Hayes" were married in Newark, New Jersey, last October.

"It couldn't have been us," Lina smiles, "I was conscious every moment I was East last fall. It was just two other people with the same names!"

Meanwhile, Hollywood is trying to decide whether the "triangle" has been real drama or a publicity stunt!

BY MADGE TENNANT

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER AND WIFE PART—HOLLYWOOD PUZZLED

Bobbe Arnst, who gave up dancing career for Johnny, fights game, but losing battle to hold his love—Movie City in the dark about cause of sudden rift

By DORIS JANEWAY

Hurrell

Johnny seemed happily married until Hollywood happened to him

THE game battle that Bobbe Arnst has put up for almost a year to hold the affections of Johnny (*Tarzan*) Weissmuller seems to be at an end, and the plucky little dancer from Broadway is facing defeat!

Did Hollywood "get" Johnny, in spite of all Bobbe could do to keep him level-headed and sane in the face of his tremendous success in his first picture, "Tarzan"? Or are the insistent rumors of "another woman" the cause of the rift between them that followed immediately upon the heels of Johnny's return to Hollywood from a personal appearance tour in the East?

Almost in the face of the disaster of her marriage, Mrs. Johnny Weissmuller denied the newspaper hints of "trouble." With almost pathetic eagerness she exhibited telegrams and letters she had received from her husband, messages of love and affection that had come to her within as short a time as *two days* before his return to Hollywood. One of them was: "Am flying back to you. I love you."

Upon the receipt of a particularly affectionate message which she received practically on the eve of Johnny's arrival, Bobbe Arnst had sailed into the studio publicity department, happily exhibiting the telegram for one and all to see.

"Can't we get this printed?" she begged, "Maybe it will help stop some of those dreadful divorce rumors about us. Surely, if the public could see this wonderful message from Johnny it would be clear how foolish are these attempts on the part of Hollywood gossip to separate us!"

White

Johnny Weissmuller, away on tour, wired Bobbe Arnst, his dancer-wife: "I am flying back to you. I love you"—and three weeks later, he had moved from their apartment

In view of Bobbe's high-hearted stand, the gossip of divorce (immediately following Weissmuller's return to Hollywood) was puzzling, as well as pathetic. For the first few days Bobbe tried to laugh off his absence from their home by explaining that Johnny was "busy seeing his pals, the Olympic swimmers." One day they did appear at Johnny's studio together and it seemed to the onlookers that Bobbe Arnst almost eagerly kept her husband's hand in hers and slipped her tiny arm about his waist as they walked about the lot saying "Hello."

Then came the report that Johnny had moved to the Athletic Club, and the gossip that he had asked Bobbe to get a divorce from him! She was quoted as saying she could not understand his change of heart. One minute Johnny was so definitely hers . . . and the next he was asking for a divorce.

Hollywood, in attempting to ferret out the baffling mystery, has remembered that Weissmuller saw a great deal of Lupe Velez while in the East. But Lupe denies she might be the cause: "Johnny and Lupe are good friends. That is all."

Maybe old Hollywood must take the blame in breaking up this twenty-month-old marriage by too suddenly bestowing her favors upon Johnny for whom Bobbe gave up her dancing career "because he needed her."

ZIEGFELD REPORTED "BROKE" AT TIME OF SUDDEN DEATH

Hollywood Sees Sad Irony In Statement That The Great Showman And Discoverer Of Many Screen Stars Died Comparatively Poor—Billie Burke, His Widow, May Carry Out Plans He Had Made

BY JOAN STANDISH

FLORENZ ZIEGFELD, the man who launched the careers of the fabulously wealthy Will Rogers and Marion Davies, and who started many famous beauties, including Billie Dove, Lilyan Tashman, Ina Claire, Virginia Bruce and others on their way to fame and fortune in his productions, died practically "broke", according to close associates.

The famed "glorifier of the American girl" had gone to California to convalesce from a siege of pneumonia and pleurisy, and to be near Billie Burke, his famous actress-wife, who was entering the talkies in "A Bill of Divorcement," co-starring with John Barrymore. A relapse, followed by a heart attack, brought the sudden end. The film colony was plunged into sincere grief for Billie Burke and their fifteen-year-old daughter, Patricia. But the real pity went to the memory of the great showman, who ended his days within the shadow of financial worry.

Ziegfeld made—and spent—millions in the days of his glory. He paid to the stars and entertainers of his shows the greatest salaries ever known on Broadway. Money, apparently, meant nothing to him. He knew little of the creed of saving against the rainy day. His extravagances were a source of gasping surprise to the rest of the world—and a fount of humorous anecdotes to Ziegfeld.

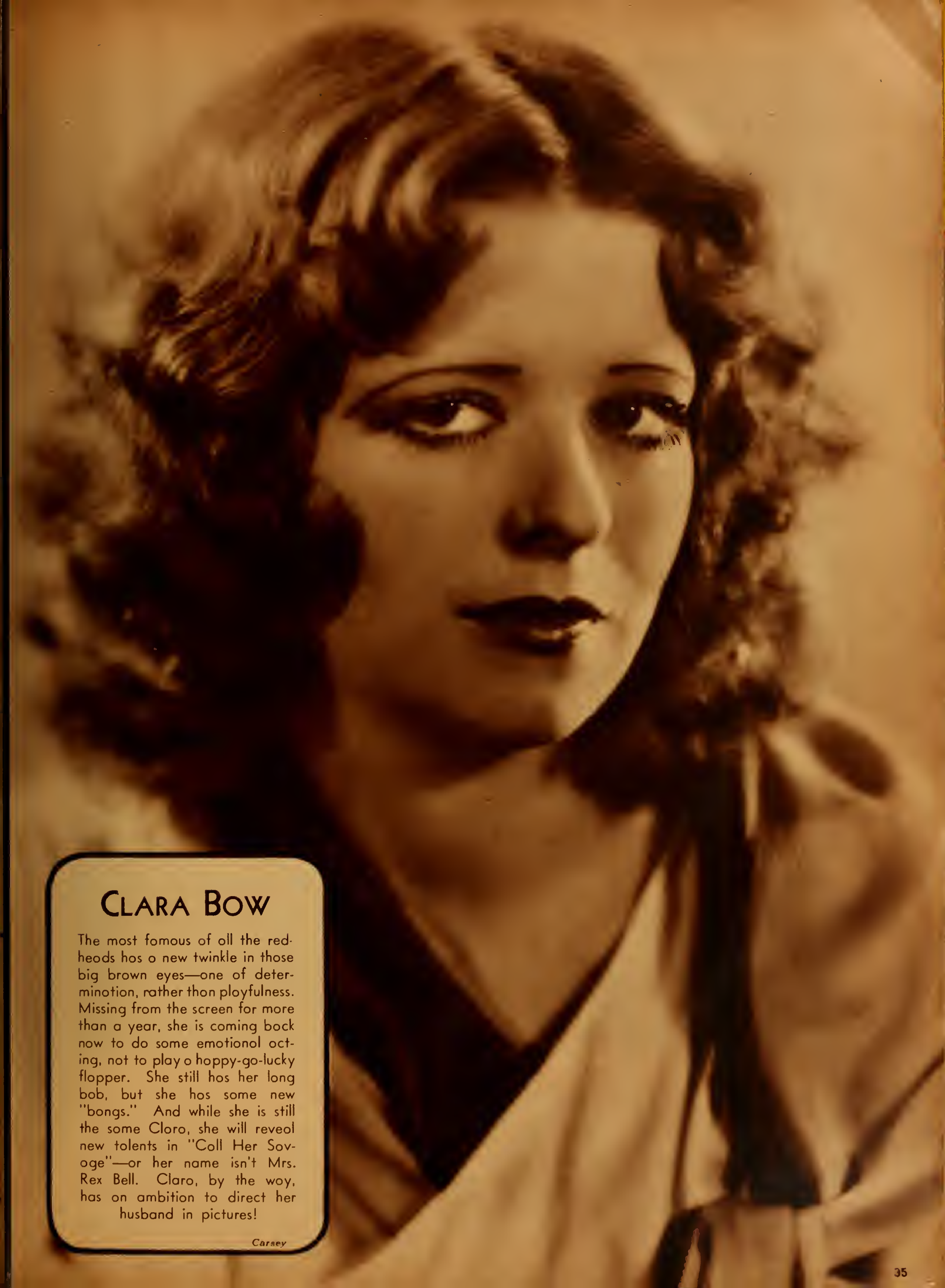
When Florenz Ziegfeld (right) died, the show still had to go on. His widow, Billie Burke, had to complete "A Bill of Divorcement," in which she co-stars with John Barrymore. She is being urged to carry on the business interests of her late great husband

He enjoyed the reputation of sending the longest and costliest telegrams in history. Once, from London he sent a cablegram to New York that cost fifteen hundred dollars. It is said that "Ziggy" never owned a suit of clothes for which he paid less than two hundred dollars. During a vacation in Monte Carlo, he once reputedly placed a quarter-of-a-million-dollar bet against one turn of the wheel—and lost. Until the last two or three years of his life he made his frequent transcontinental trips in his private car, surrounded by a retinue of servants, including a personal chef.

His shows, such as the long series of "Follies," "Show Boat," "Rio Rita," "Rosalie" and "Whoopee" were the most lavishly mounted and produced Broadway has ever known.

In any other man, Ziegfeld's free hand with money would have seemed a vulgar display, but with "Ziggy" it merely amounted to showmanship. It drew people into his theatres.

Is "the glory that was Ziegfeld" vanished forever? Business associates of the late producer are urging his widow to "carry on" in his stead. It is possible that she will. Already she has learned that "the show must go on." The picture on which she was working when he suddenly passed away, and on which a fortune had already been spent, had to be finished before she could sadly accompany her husband's body East.



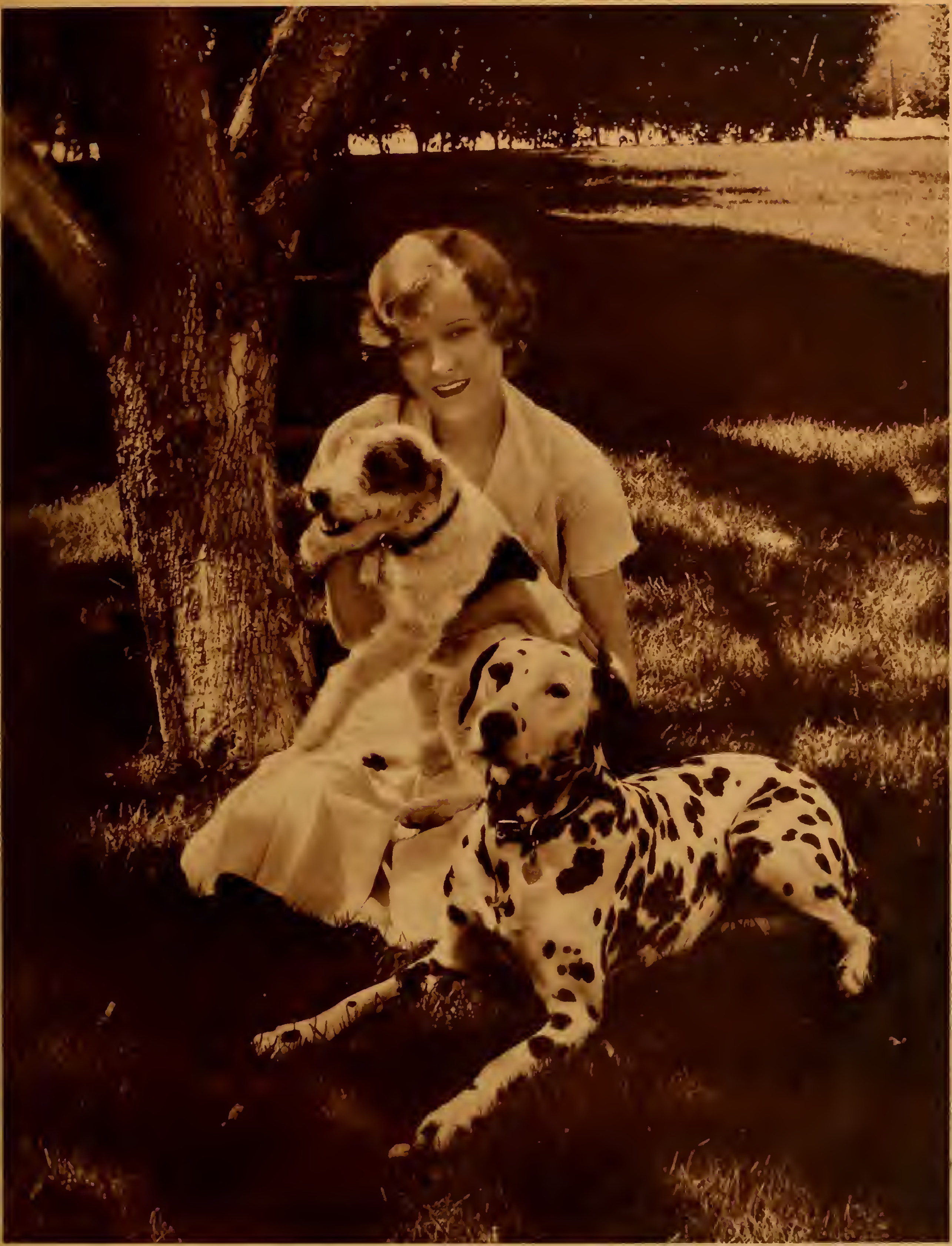
CLARA BOW

The most famous of all the redheads has a new twinkle in those big brown eyes—one of determination, rather than playfulness. Missing from the screen for more than a year, she is coming back now to do some emotional acting, not to play a happy-go-lucky flapper. She still has her long bob, but she has some new "bangs." And while she is still the same Clara, she will reveal new talents in "Call Her Savage"—or her name isn't Mrs. Rex Bell. Clara, by the way, has an ambition to direct her husband in pictures!

Carsey

It's downright disillusioning, that's what it is. Here we've always thought that everything about Clive was English—but that dog is no English bull! Clive says he has been away from England so long he has forgotten what one looks like. And he's going to be away longer. He has just signed a new contract and acquired a new home. Look for him in "Cavalcade" and "Sherlock Holmes"

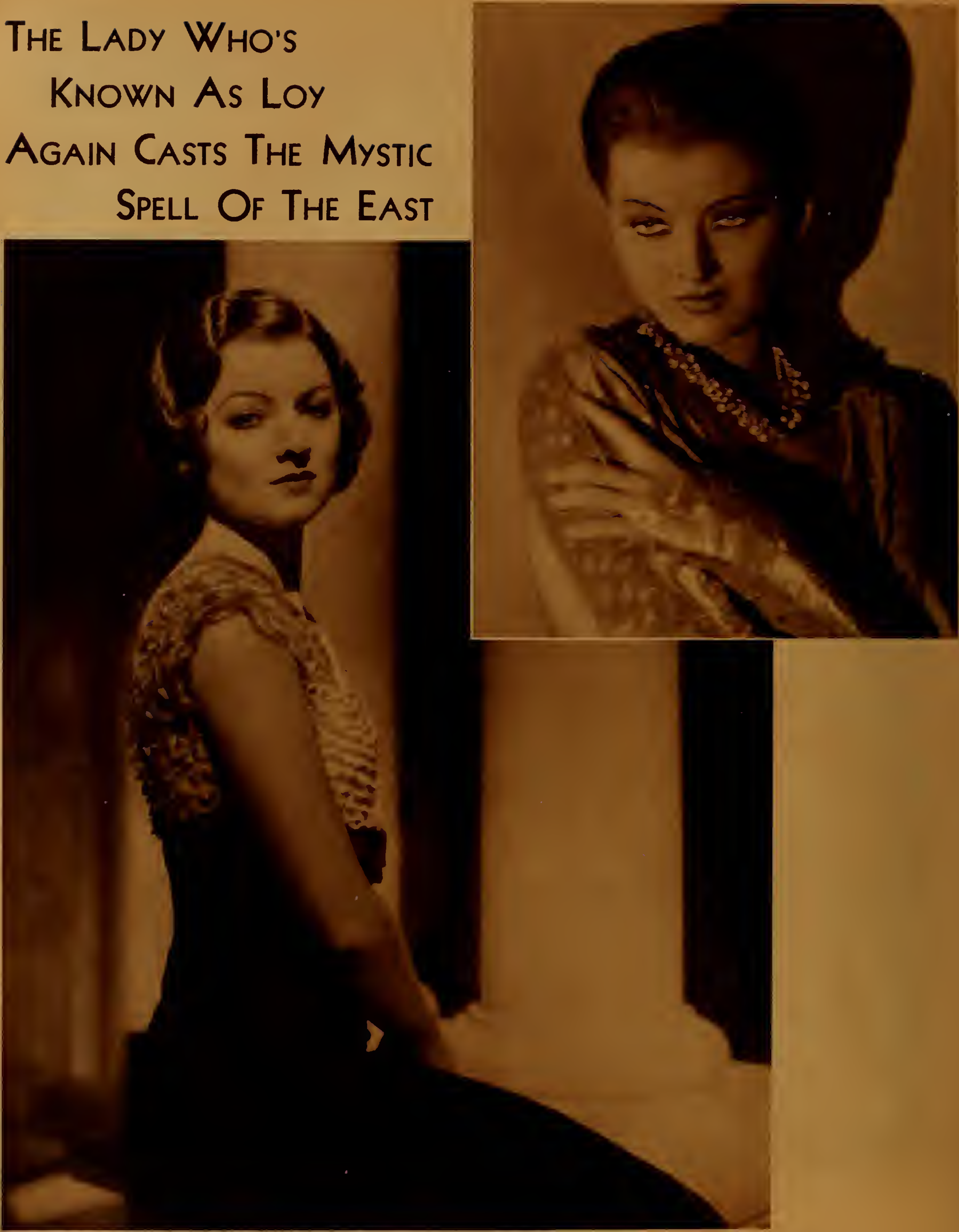
CLIVE BROOK



MARIAN NIXON

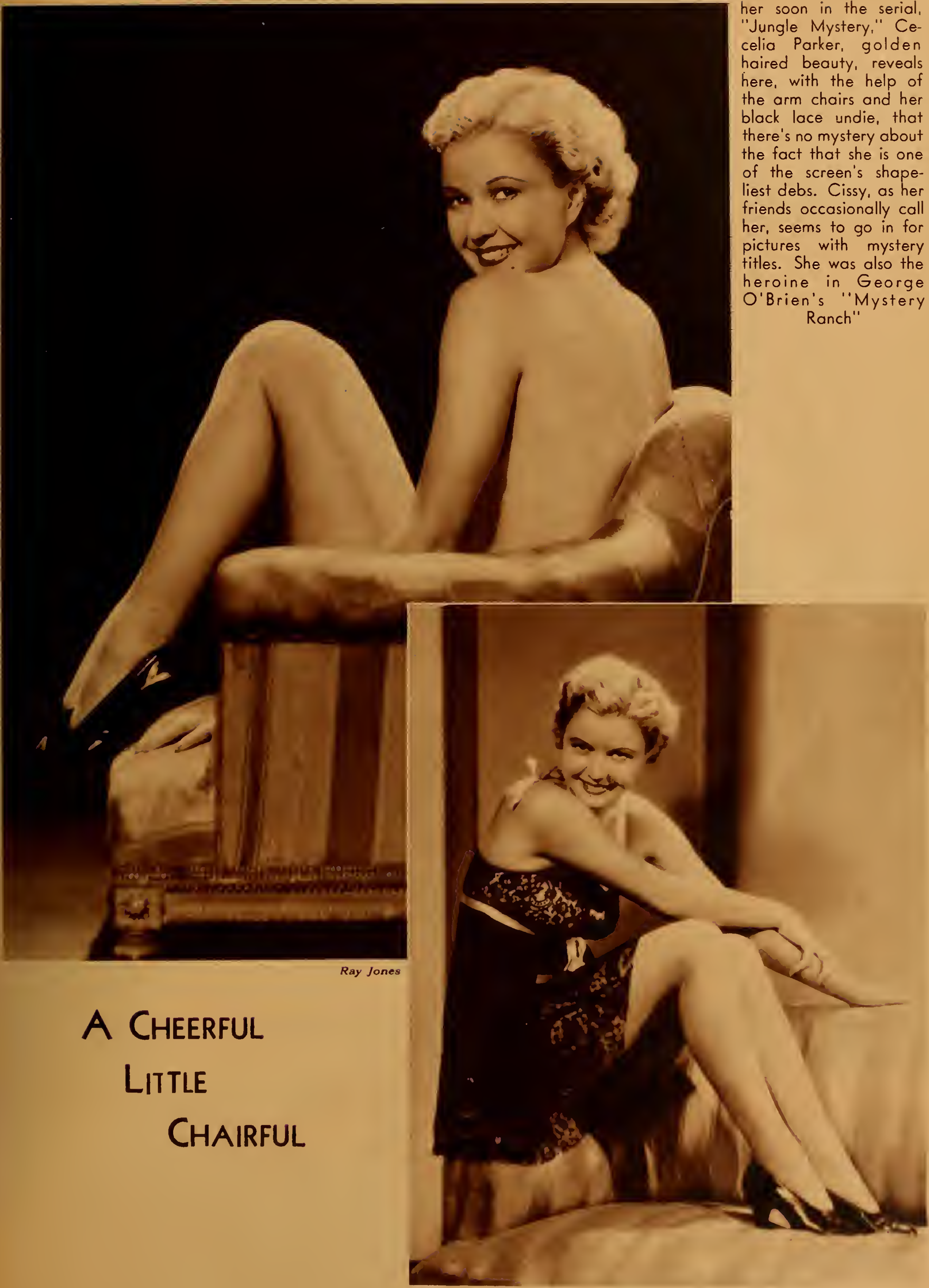
Marian seems to have gone to grass—but it's nix on all rumors about her becoming a grass widow. As Mrs. Edward Hillman, Jr., she does not need to work—but Eddie thoroughly approves of her return to the screen. And her success in her return makes the two of them as happy as the wire-haired terrier in Marion's arms. She goes modern with a vim in "Madison Square Garden"

The Lady Who's Known As Loy Again Casts The Mystic Spell Of The East



Hurrell

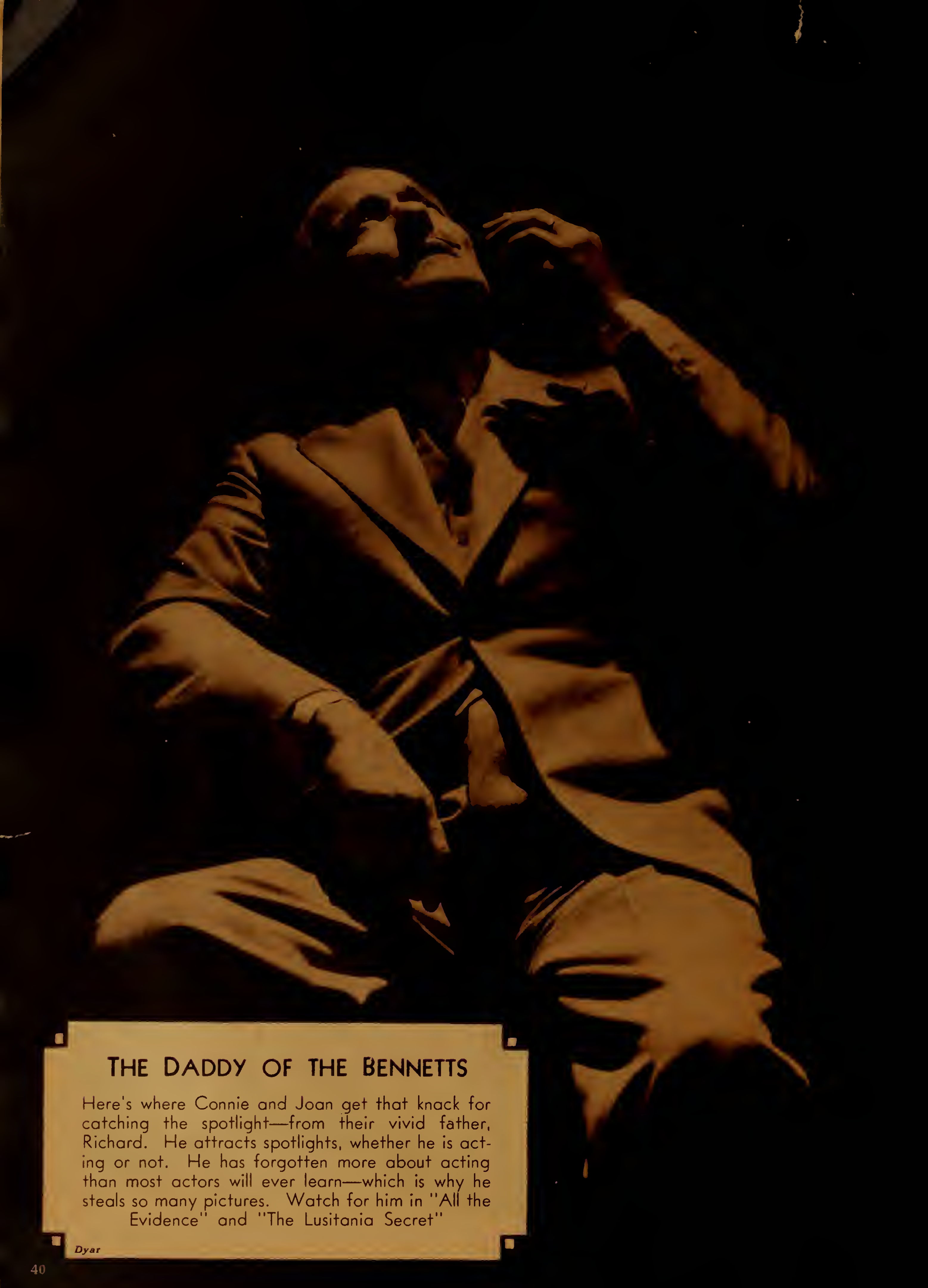
Myrna Loy, the screen's most exotic beauty, has a rôle ideally suited for her in "Thirteen Women," adopted from Tiffany Thayer's popular novel. Playing a Javanese half-caste she wields a sinister influence. That this girl from Montana is coming into her own is proved by the constant demand for her services. She no sooner completed "New Morals For Old" than she was rushed into the Chevalier picture, "Love Me Tonight." Her study of the Javanese takes you to far-off places—and you say to yourself, "I'm going East of Suez by the quickest boat." Just that old spell of the Loy coming over you again



Although you'll see her soon in the serial, "Jungle Mystery," Cecelia Parker, golden haired beauty, reveals here, with the help of the arm chairs and her black lace undie, that there's no mystery about the fact that she is one of the screen's shapeliest debs. Cissy, as her friends occasionally call her, seems to go in for pictures with mystery titles. She was also the heroine in George O'Brien's "Mystery Ranch"

Ray Jones

A CHEERFUL LITTLE CHAIRFUL



THE DADDY OF THE BENNETTS

Here's where Connie and Joan get that knack for catching the spotlight—from their vivid father, Richard. He attracts spotlights, whether he is acting or not. He has forgotten more about acting than most actors will ever learn—which is why he steals so many pictures. Watch for him in "All the Evidence" and "The Lusitania Secret"

Dyar

Why ROBERT MONTGOMERY Wants To Go Back To The STAGE

Maybe you haven't even suspected it, but Bob has long had a suppressed desire to go back to Broadway—part of the time. And he's heading that way as soon as he can get there. The movies don't give him something that the stage does, and Bob is homesick for that certain something!

By MARY WHITING

ROBERT MONTGOMERY is reading stage plays these days. Reveling in them. Casting himself in the heroes' parts. There is a hungry look in his blue eyes when he speaks of the theatre, the look of an exile homesick for his native land. He says:

"I want to go back to the stage—part of the time. I'm going back, if they'll let me, for six months every year. I've got plans—you'll see.

"But in Hollywood they don't understand anyone's wanting to do something out of the ordinary. They'll think I'm trying to jack up my salary. Like Brian Aherne, who played *Robert Browning* with Katharine Cornell in 'The Barretts of Wimpole Street.' Almost every producer tried to sign him. Brian couldn't make them understand *he didn't want to act in the movies*. 'It's very kind of you,' he told them, 'but, you see, I feel I belong on the stage.' And they said, 'Well, well, then if that isn't enough, how much *will* you sign for?' And when he told them it wasn't a question of salary at all, they named a still higher figure. Finally, they stared at him aghast. 'But, my boy,' they protested, 'even the most successful stage players never make much money. Look at Miss Cornell—*she has to manage herself!*'

"When I try to arrange my picture contract so that I can play on the stage half the time, the Front Office will either say, 'He wants more money' or 'He's crazy.' And Hollywood will say, 'Aha, Bob Montgomery is slipping. His box office must be falling off.' But I don't care what they say or think. *I know myself*. Stage salaries would seem pretty thin after movie checks, but I'd find a backer and put on my own show and take a percentage of the receipts, and be happy.

Can't Wait Till He's Wealthy

"THE studios should encourage their players to go back to the theatre. Most of Broadway is in the

(*Continued on page* 70)

The "*Love Divorce*" of the CHEVALIERS

When Maurice Chevalier asked Yvonne Vallée for his freedom, it was unexpected. But when the couple lived together while waiting for the decree, and vowed they loved no one else—well, what do you make of that, Watson? Hollywood, wrinkling a perplexed brow, is still trying to figure out who or what caused the break!

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

Yvonne Vallée and Maurice Chevalier fell in love soon after the War—and they claim that they're still in love with each other, and that divorce will help them stay that way. Hollywood believes that Maurice's changing to American ways, while Yvonne remained Parisian, led to the break

HOLLYWOOD is being treated to a divorce done in the French manner, a divorce *tout à fait Parisien* (Completely Parisian), as Maurice Chevalier would put it. Who but the French could chant such a debonair duet as this?—recalling the time, five years ago, when Maurice and his wife did a brother-and-sister act on the stage:

Maurice: "Yvonne and I wish to be friends, but if we were married another two years we would be enemies—"

Yvonne: "Our love could not last under marriage ties, yet divorce does not mean complete separation—"

Chorus: "Why shouldn't we live together while we're waiting for the divorce?"

One fancies them finishing with a triumphant twirl, and racing to the wings, with Maurice waving his straw hat at the audience.

Even the romance necessary to the musical comedy atmosphere of the divorce was supplied when Mistinguette, the famous French dancer, who first "discovered" Chevalier and once was infatuated with him, came forward to intercede with Maurice on behalf of the woman who followed her in his affections! (Cue for pink spotlight and spotlight and throbbing violins). And the wife who was being sued for divorce on grounds of "incompatibility," added the pathos the French adore by seeing that Maurice's "dream cottage" on the Riviera was in readiness for him, engaging servants and making sure that everything was planned for his comfort.

"He is my ideal," she declared, sentimentally. "My one thought is for his happiness!"

Oo-la-la! And again, Mon Dieu! To the suggestion that Marlene Dietrich, with whom Chevalier has been carrying on an ardent friendship, is the Other Lady of the piece, all three of them raised cries of protest, accompanied (one felt sure) by shrugs, outflung hands and lifted shoulders.

"Loves No One Else"

"MAURICE loves only one person—me!" declared Yvonne Vallée Chevalier angrily.

"I do not love anyone else and have no matrimonial plans," said Maurice. "All the world knows Marlene and I are the best of friends," he admitted, "but there is no thought of marriage between us."

"I admire him. I like him immensely," Marlene is quoted as saying to a studio friend, "but he does not appeal to me romantically at all. That could never be!"

Incidentally, after the Chevaliers are divorced, there still remains Rudolph Sieber, Marlene's husband. Then, too, what would Josef von Sternberg have to say about

One thing is certain: the Chevalier divorce was not premeditated. Charles Boyer, who crossed the continent and ocean with Maurice on his recent trip, did not guess it. Chevalier's final statements to the American press were promises to bring his wife back with him in the Fall "to remain permanently," instead of making hurried trips from Paris to Hollywood, as she had this last year. And certainly Paramount executives had no inkling of such a thing, or they would have "broken" the story more in accord with the prejudices of Main Street. As it was, they must have read with cold horror of the happy assertion of the about-to-be divorced wife of their greatest star: "Whether we are divorced or not, it will all be the same. We are getting divorced only to keep our old friendship." Would Americans understand such a viewpoint?

"They're *French*," mumbles executives, mopping streaming brows and laughing hollowly. "People look at things differently over there—ha ha ha—"

Richee

Maurice Chevalier: "Marlene and I are the best of friends, but there is no thought of marriage between us"

Marlene Dietrich: "I like him immensely, but he does not appeal to me romantically at all. That could never be!"

losing his star? It was Hollywood whispers a quarrel between the German girl and her director that led her to seek Chevalier's companionship at the studio in the first place.

Vowed Eternal Love

"TOUJOURS L'Amour," wrote Yvonne on the snapshots of herself in a hospital bed, mailed to

(*Continued on page* 58)

BING CROSBY Broadcasts the Date of His Surrender

He may be a big radio and movie name today, but Mrs. Crosby's little boy, Bing, isn't kidding himself. He gives himself just two more years of fame as The Voice With the Love Call. And what is he going to do then? Girls, you'd be surprised!

By NANCY PRYOR

HAVE you ever stopped to think what a chap like Bing Crosby plans to do with his life when he's no longer busy crooning croons? Possibly a night-club, for a little while—for as long as the hang-over of his fame will keep the doors open? Personal appearances in neighborhood theatres in the same towns where he used to play the "first-run" houses? An occasional talking screen short? Or maybe (if these lilting lovers keep on coming in bunches) they'll erect an Old Crooners' Home where they'll just surrender, dear?

It must have been something of a strain on Bing Crosby, crooner *de luxe*, to talk to me about the time when he won't be the Maidens' Rave. The Voice With The Love Call has never soared higher than at the present moment. It is said that his financial octave has extended (counting vaudeville, motion pictures and the radio) to the high G's—something like $10,000 weekly. Thirty-five hundred of that has been coming from the Paramount organization for his presence and his voice, of course, in "The Big Broadcast." And when you're sitting that pretty, it *must* be a strain on any crooner to stop and try to think of what he may want to do when the sitting is less comfortable.

Above: Bing paints a vocal picture of "When the blue of the night meets the gold of the day"

Above: Bing sings, with gestures, "I Surrender, Dear"—which, by the way, is just a song to Bing, not a philosophy

Left: in the manner of Al Jolson pleading for his M-M-Mammy, Bing begs "Just One More Chance" for "The Big Broadcast"

Richee

"Years and years from now," I said to Bing, "when there's not even One More Chance, what are you planning to do with the rest of a Crooner's life?"

He said: "What do you mean 'years and years'? There's not that much time. You know what I think? I think Bing Crosby has about two more years—two good years to make hay while the sun shines—and then. . . . "

Not Being Super Modest

HE didn't say it cynically. He just said it. As a simple, undeniable fact—just like that. Just as he might have said: 'In six months I'm going to Europe' or 'In a couple of hours I will be eating my dinner.' Instead, he said: "In two years I'll be through." In someone else this might have passed for that affliction so well known to interviewers who have been exposed to "publicity modesty." But with Bing it rang true. It was merely the observation of a good business man who is looking ahead and counting the remaining

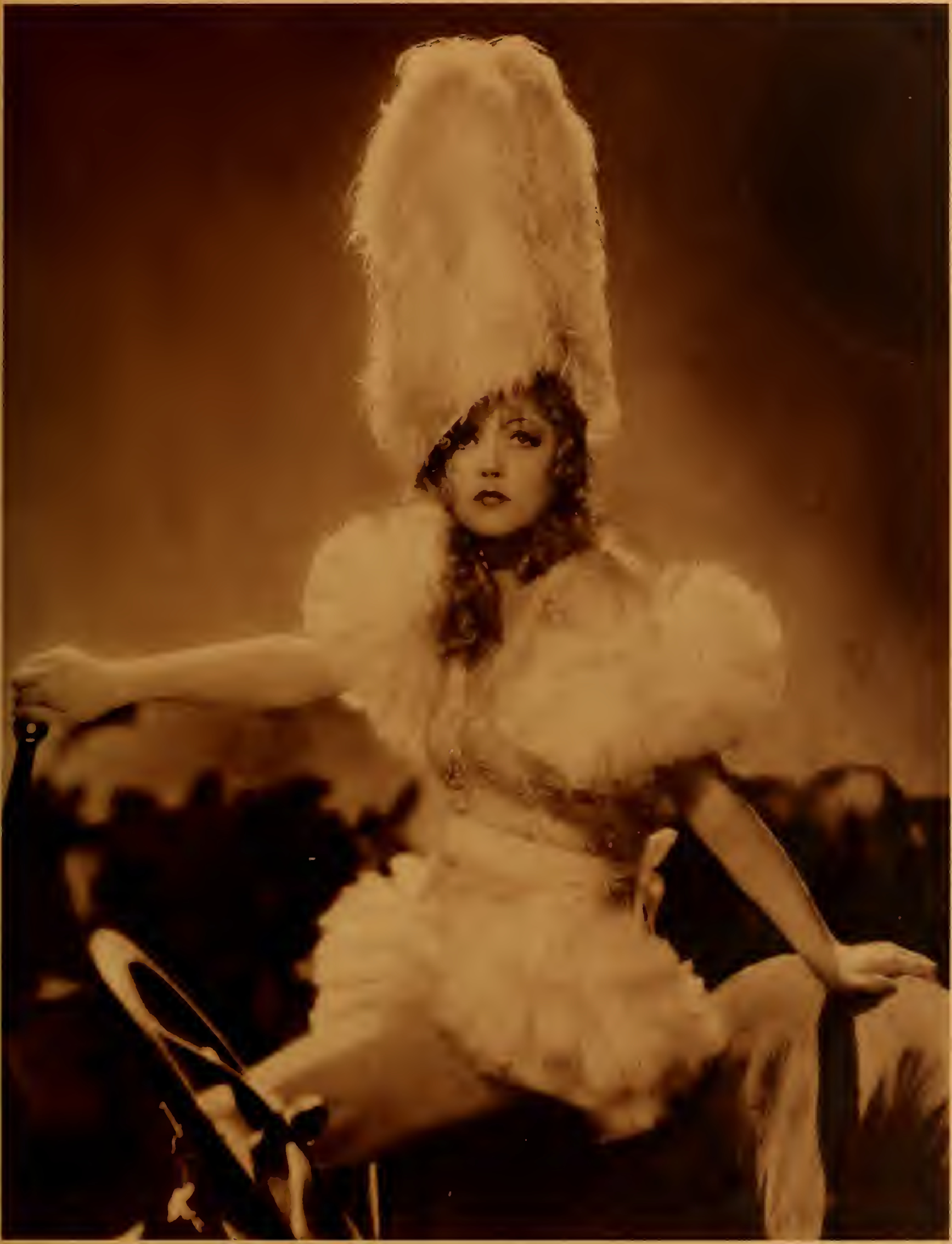
(*Continued on page* 62)

GLORIA STUART

It isn't often that studios fight over a girl to sign her, but when she comes endowed with histrionic training (yeah, she studied to become an actress) and with a social background, to boot, to say nothing of youth and beauty, well, the studio bigwigs simply surrendered. And so will you when you see Gloria in "Back Street." She did so well by that one, that they gave her "Air Mail" to carry home

There isn't much that gets past those shrewd eyes. And take it from us, it's no accident that Jack's popularity, year after year, doesn't fade a bit. He deliberately set out to be "a man's actor" —a chap who went in for action, more than emotion. Love creeps in, movies being what they are, but action is the thing with Jack. Having finished "War Correspondent," he's now deep in "Polo"

JACK HOLT



MARION DAVIES

Marion has put on an extra-high hat—all for Auld Lang Syne. (It wouldn't be like Marion to wear one for any other reason.) It's the kind of millinery that Ziegfeld beauties used to wear and get away with—and then become movie stars. Looking younger than ever, Marion is bringing back those glamorous days in "Blondie of the Follies"—in which she glorifies the show that glorified her

Lippman

To spoon while you croon is a privilege that's denied to the professional throaty warblers (ask Rudy and Bing and Russ—they know) but when the opportunity presents itself 'tween scenes on a movie set, David Manners is not the type to pass it up—not when Ann Dvorak is within spooning distance. This movie couple, having finished "Crooner," is separated now. Come home Ann!

ANN DVORAK
AND
DAVID MANNERS

WARNING:
PRIVATE BEACH
NO TRESPASSING
CONSTANCE BENNETT

When Constance Bennett goes in for anything, you can trust her to do it with a BANG! Her Santa Monica Beach house is no exception. It has all the swank and comforts of her town house. Not only the awnings and the beach chairs, with their ducky sunshades, are brightly colored, but Connie has several gayly-striped beach robes. When she's not working on her new picture, "Rock-a-bye", you'll find her resting in her sandy backyard. Like the hairdress?

JOAN MARSH

One of the most striking personalities of Hollywood's Younger Set, Joan Marsh is the type whose irresistible charms are causing Hopeful Hearts to beat faster. She's a cure for the most stubborn case of astigmatism. Joan may be married soon (not Jimmy Dunn) to some young "heart-case," but meanwhile she hopes some Front Office will rush her and give her a part like she had in "Bachelor Affairs." Those provocative eyes and hair and smile just can't be wrong

Hurrell

There's a Wedding ahead for TALLULAH BANKHEAD!

After Garbo, she is the most famous "bachelor girl" in the movies—but it won't be always thus, predicts Clifford W. Cheasley, the noted Numerologist. He even indicates when her happy marriage is likely to occur, and adds that Numerology reveals that Tallulah may temporarily return to the stage next year!

By CLIFFORD W. CHEASLEY

With this issue, MOVIE CLASSIC inaugurates a new, exclusive series of character analyses of the stars—as a sequel to the recent series by Louise Rice, the noted graphologist, who has told you what their handwriting reveals about the stars. Clifford W. Cheasley, author of this new series, is world-famous as a Numerologist. He will tell you what Numerology reveals about the stars' inner selves—*from their names and birth dates.*

—Editor.

TALLULAH BANKHEAD—the source of her name is the Tallulah Falls: cool waters flowing in graceful cascades in the heart of the warm South. Figured according to the science of Numerology, which measures character, temperament and opportunity as the yardstick measures cloth, her name sends out numerical vibrations which sound "the spirit and meaning"

(*Continued on page 68*)

HOW TO GET A GENERAL NUMBERSCOPE OF YOUR OWN

For your general Numberscope, which will outline briefly your characteristics, health, wealth, love and work, send your full name (no initials) to Clifford W. Cheasley, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Enclose 3¢ stamped, self-addressed envelope and 10 cents to cover clerical expenses.

Dyar

General Forecast for October, 1932

The value of this month in business conditions and in national and international affairs will depend largely upon the really definite phases of settlement and adjustment begun in September. April, June and August have been the important months for the new efforts at stabilization, but July and September were better months for the public to see practical results of these efforts. During October, there will be strong indications of a new order of government being prepared, but the principal result of this in relation to economic conditions will be to prolong a reaction in the public mind based upon fear and caution. Speculative markets will continue the activity seen in August, but the real issues of this month both here and abroad will not be made known to the public until November.

Readers will do well to adopt the success psychology for this month in relation to their own thinking and acting. There will be delays; it is an easy month in which to argue and fight. But two-thirds of the things that look as if they might mean trouble will be dispelled in the last week of the month. Therefore, hold on to your "hunch," and avoid argument, worry and anxiety.

Cheasley

They Asked Him to *Kiss* Joan Crawford and ROBERT YOUNG *Blushed!*

Hurrell

Bob says he has an inferiority complex "big enough for an elephant." He loses it when he starts acting—except in love scenes. "Then it gets worse than ever." For—believe it or not—this juvenile sensation thinks he doesn't have any sex appeal and arouses only mother love!

BY ELISABETH GOLDBECK

WORRYING about lack of sex appeal isn't what keeps most Hollywood stars awake at night. Helen Hayes is the only actress who has been known to admit that not having much of it has given her some uneasy moments. Now along comes a young actor who is fit to be tied because he doesn't reek with physical lure like Valentino and Gable and Weissmuller.

Maybe environment had something to do with it, for Robert Young and Helen Hayes made their screen débuts together as the mother and son in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." Anyway, Bob worries and worries—in spite of the fact that he has risen sensationally and is being boomed for stardom.

"They tell me I have no more sex appeal than an oyster," he blurted out. "Absolutely none. They admit I have a certain boyish charm, but no sex appeal whatsoever. I'm trying desperately to think of some way to develop it. They've all hinted that I should take drastic measures, though there have been no outright complaints from the Front Office."

Bob was half-kidding and half-genuinely-worried as he discussed this most frightful calamity that could befall a young actor. What to do, what to do!

"Soon they'll be suggesting that you go out and have an Affair for the sake of your art, as they always do to the sexless ingénues," I said.

"Yes, they've already delicately hinted at that," he sighed, and furrowed his brow still deeper, "but I'm afraid that's not it. I fall in love every two days, and get terribly worked up about girls. But when I do a scene for the screen, there's something in me that prevents me from becoming so familiar with strange people who aren't really in love with me. Even though I throw myself into it and give my all and act as torrid as possible, there's still some indefinable barrier that shows through.

"I can go through the motions, but the camera catches my inward feeling of restraint and embarrassment, and I look absolutely wooden in a love scene. Directors are always saying to me, 'Don't kiss her as if you thought she was poisonous!'"

(*Continued on page 72*)

To keep the supple softness . . . the yielding firmness of a youthful skin

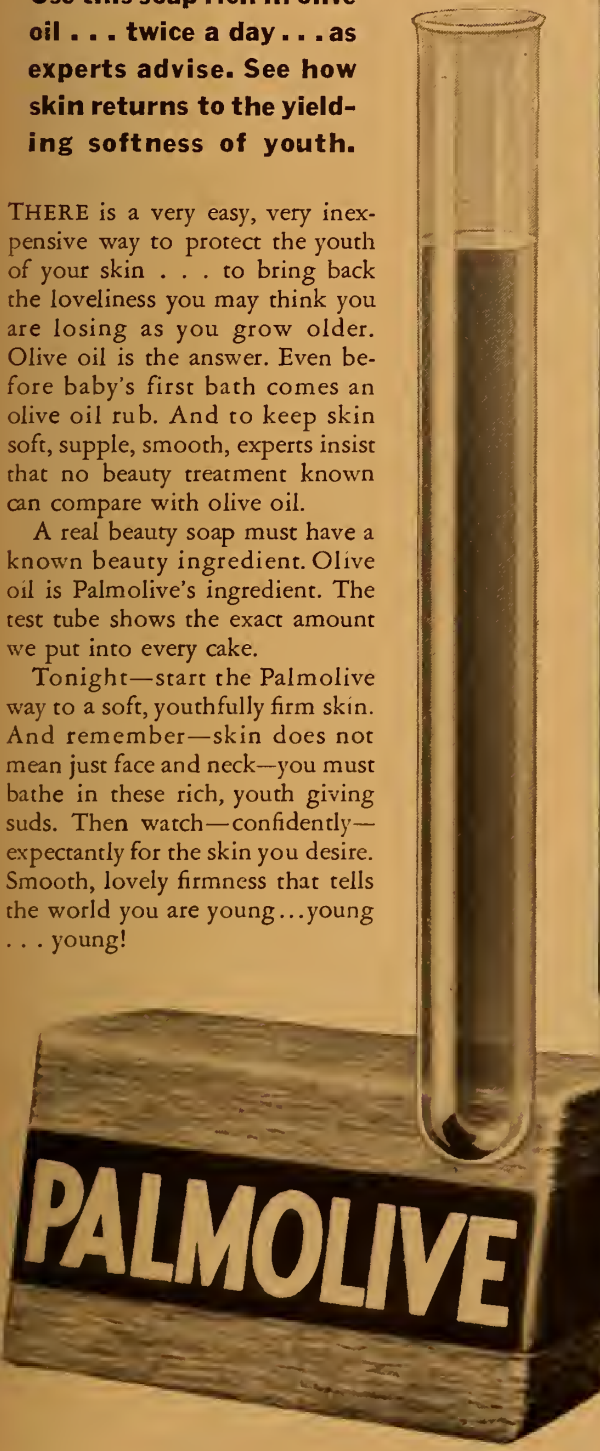
this much **OLIVE OIL** goes into every cake of Palmolive

Use this soap rich in olive oil . . . twice a day . . . as experts advise. See how skin returns to the yielding softness of youth.

THERE is a very easy, very inexpensive way to protect the youth of your skin . . . to bring back the loveliness you may think you are losing as you grow older. Olive oil is the answer. Even before baby's first bath comes an olive oil rub. And to keep skin soft, supple, smooth, experts insist that no beauty treatment known can compare with olive oil.

A real beauty soap must have a known beauty ingredient. Olive oil is Palmolive's ingredient. The test tube shows the exact amount we put into every cake.

Tonight—start the Palmolive way to a soft, youthfully firm skin. And remember—skin does not mean just face and neck—you must bathe in these rich, youth giving suds. Then watch—confidently—expectantly for the skin you desire. Smooth, lovely firmness that tells the world you are young . . . young . . . young!



A smooth, firm, youthful skin rewards the woman who realizes the beauty-value of olive oil. Reproduced from an actual photograph, the test tube at the left shows you the amount of olive oil that goes into each 10c cake of Palmolive Soap.

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Over 30!

"I'm over 30" says Betty Compson

Recent photograph by Preston Duncan

Screen Stars know how to KEEP the radiant charm of YOUTH . . . .

SCREEN STARS have no fear of birthdays! A woman can be charming at *any* age, they declare, if she knows how!

"I'm over thirty," says the fascinating Betty Compson, adored screen star. "And I don't mind admitting it in the least. No woman need fear the years ahead if she knows how to take care of her appearance."

And Anna Q. Nilsson agrees! "Keeping young isn't a matter of birthdays," says this exquisite star, whose recent return from Sweden caused thousands of fans to rejoice. "Stage and screen stars have learned how to *keep* their youthful charm."

What is the secret the lovely stars know? *Guard complexion*

■

Who would believe this lovely star is over 30! "Actresses *must* keep youthful charm," she says, "and a young-looking skin is absolutely necessary. I've used Lux Toilet Soap for some time—it certainly does wonders for the complexion."

LUX

but gloriously YOUNG

beauty above everything else, they advise. Use Lux Toilet Soap, as we do!

On Broadway, as well as in Hollywood, this luxurious soap is the favorite complexion care. It is found in theater dressing rooms throughout the country.

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 use fragrant Lux Toilet Soap—so gentle, so beautifully *white* no other soap can rival it. It has been made the official soap for dressing rooms in *all* the great film studios.

Surely *you* will want to guard your complexion this wise, sure way!

■

Over 30, and so amazingly youthful! "Keeping young is a matter of knowing how," says Anna Q. Nilsson, beloved star. "A smooth, clear complexion always says 'youth.' I discovered years ago that Lux Toilet Soap would keep my skin always at its very best."

"I'm over 30" says Anna Q. Nilsson

Recent photograph by Preston Duncan

Toilet Soap

TAKING IN THE TALKIES

LARRY REID'S SLANT ON THE LATEST FILMS

BIRD OF PARADISE

Every movie has to have a love story—but "Bird of Paradise" is the first movie I have seen in a long, long while that is ALL love story. It is refreshing in its simplicity, in its glorification of those good, old primitive emotions, and its lack of weary sophistication. Its plot pattern is an old one, but it is woven in new, more vivid colors, now that the screen can talk. It is the tale of a white man and a brown girl—how they discover one another, how they defy the tabus of both their races to run away and live in an island paradise all their own, and how their love reaches its climax. Dolores Del Rio, gloriously brown, is also gloriously pagan as the girl; Joel McCrea is impulsively boyish as the outcast white man. The settings are the real thing—no imitations. And the ending isn't what you might expect. Joel *doesn't* forget the brown girl for a white girl. Fie on the censors!

BACK STREET

"Back Street," from the photographic pen of Fannie Hurst, is a love story of a far different sort—a story of a woman who Gives All, and gets precious little return on her investment. A kept woman, in other words—a woman in the "back street" of a man's life. But she is not the usual movie type; she is not a sexy gold-digger, but big-hearted and sensitive. Your sympathies are all for her, particularly with Irene Dunne playing the rôle and rising again to the heights she reached in "Cimarron." She devotes her lifetime to a man who wasn't willing to marry her, but needs her—more than he ever realizes, until it is too late. She is the kind of character that comes along once in a blue moon and wrenches your heart out. John Boles surpasses himself as the man who didn't know love when he saw it. Though surrounded by a large and noteworthy cast. Irene and John are, from beginning to end, the only characters that matter.

SKYSCRAPER SOULS

"Skyscraper Souls" started out with a good idea, but somewhere along the way it faded away into just another movie—a bit more entertaining than most. As in "Grand Hotel," there was a chance to present a panorama of life with one building as its setting; but the characters this time aren't the kind I'll remember from now until Christmas. The chief of them is Warren William, echoing his brilliant performance in "The Mouthpiece," except that now he is a sharp, woman-crazy banker, instead of a woman-crazy, shrewd lawyer. The story revolves around his suave villainies, both in finance and romance, climaxing in his final pay-off. Verree Teasdale, a newcomer from Broadway, almost steals the picture as his secretary. Maureen O'Sullivan, as a young stenographer who catches his eye, also does good work. The dialogue has pace, and the skyscraper crowds are vividly pictured.

AMERICAN MADNESS

The movies ought to be able to borrow millions, after the bankers get a look at "American Madness." For, in the dramatic person of Walter Huston, it glorifies the men to whom America trusts its savings accounts. This banker that Huston portrays is a two-fisted man of ideals, who is out to see that his depositors get a fair break, even if he, himself, is broken in the attempt. A robbery takes place, and in the hurricane of rumors that follow, the amount soars and soars—until finally there is a panic. This mob scene is tremendous, worth going miles to see—with Huston trying to stop the frenzied onrush of angry depositors. Even before Pat O'Brien, assistant cashier, discovers who committed the robbery, Huston has matters well in hand. Kay Johnson, as the banker's unfaithful wife, and Constance Cummings, as O'Brien's sweetheart, do well with stock rôles. But that mob scene—don't miss it.

HORSE FEATHERS

If you aren't exactly in your right mind—and you can't be after you watch the Four Mad Marxes for an hour—you're likely to laugh yourself into a straightjacket at "Horse Feathers." It is more than a riot of insanity; it is a pogrom, with college and football the victims. Groucho (he's the one with the mustache and the wisecracks) is the gay prexy of Huxley College; Chico (he has a furious Italian accent and plays the piano) is the college bootlegger; Harpo (does he need any identification?) is the village dog-catcher and blonde-catcher; and Zeppo (the youngster) is the lover of the college widow (Thelma Todd). The plot, such as there is, is as mad as their antics—and ends in a football game that is the zenith of tomfoolery. Groucho's puns are atrociously funny; Harpo's pantomime reaches a new peak in dizziness. If you can take your nonsense in big doses, I advise you not to miss this one.

MOVIE CRAZY

It's a long time between Harold Lloyd comedies, but when they arrive, they are worth shouting about. Especially his latest. No one—not even a gossip columnist—knows Hollywood and the studios better than Harold, and he apparently had the time of his life in making this comedy about the old home-town. Don't get the wrong impression, however. He doesn't make fun of the place where movies are made; he lets Hollywood keep all its glamour, but he does have his fun with some of the local customs. Like *Merton of the Movies*, he is a groping young man who has an urge to be a movie star. But, unlike *Merton*, he has persistence. Everything from the sublime to the ridiculous happens to him, but Harold comes through. His misadventures are devastating, Satanically amusing; he has never had any funnier. And, incidentally, he is more romantic than usual—with Constance Cummings as the girl in his life.

"COLGATE'S ?— WHY CERTAINLY! NOTHING CAN CLEAN THEM BETTER. AND WHEN THERE'S ANYTHING WRONG WITH YOUR TEETH, YOUNG LADY— YOU MARCH RIGHT DOWN TO MY OFFICE."

"My dentist and my purse suggest the same toothpaste"

Dad said we had to come down to earth—and meant it—so mother and I started to cut corners. Necessity brought me to my senses—in more ways than one. Fifty cents *did* seem a lot for toothpaste—even in boom times. I found Colgate's at a quarter cleans my teeth—if anything—better than ever—and it tastes better, too. And you should have heard the recommendation my dentist gave Colgate's. So here we are—saving a quarter—and a lot better off—because between you and me—I never did quite believe those extravagant claims some high-priced toothpastes make.

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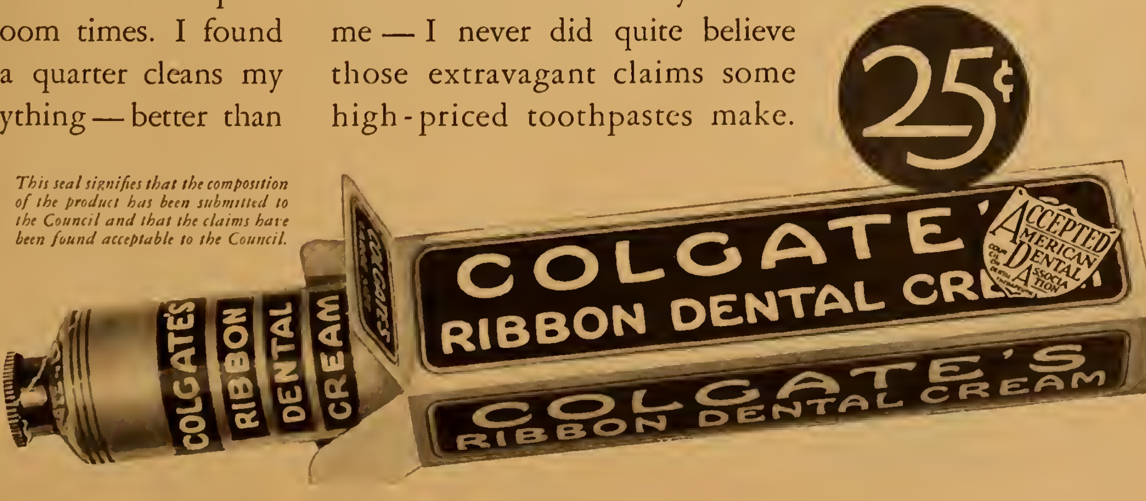
This seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.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COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

ISABEL: Honestly, it spoils my game looking at my "dishpan hands"—

MONICA: Mine looked even worse when I was first married.

ISABEL: I can't believe it—yours are so *exquisite* now—so smooth and white.

MONICA: Thanks, darling!—All I did was to use Lux for my dishes. It's so quick—and positively miraculous for your hands.

WHAT IF YOU HAVEN'T A MAID

DON'T IMAGINE that women with exquisite hands always have maids to do their work.

Nowadays it's *much* more likely that they're cooking and washing dishes themselves. But they give their hands a very inexpensive, marvelous kind of beauty care . . . they wash dishes with Lux!

While the tiny Lux diamonds work speedily to leave dishes shining, they soothe and treasure your hands.

Ordinary soaps—cakes, powders or chips—often contain harmful alkali that reddens and coarsens hands. Lux has *no harmful alkali*. That's why it leaves your hands so softly white!

LUX *for dishes— soft white hands for less than 1¢ a day*

LUX
For all fine laundering

The "Love Divorce" of the Chevaliers

(*Continued from page 43*)

Maurice several months ago when she was ill in New York—snapshots that he carried in his pocket and took out proudly to show to friends, like any affectionate husband. And that inscription, in case you don't know, meant, "Always—Love."

Yet the walls of his dressing-room bore several sumptuous poses of Dietrich.

Chevalier has never been a talkative person, and went around little in Hollywood. Pickfair was almost the only movie home he visited. As a result, there is a singular dearth of people qualified to answer Hollywood's questions about Maurice. One of those questions is: Why has Maurice so far sacrificed gallantry to sue his wife instead of allowing himself to be sued?

He once mentioned to an interviewer his ardent desire for children to inherit his name and fortune, but after Madame Chevalier almost died once in childbirth, the doctors forbade her to risk motherhood again.

Another Hollywood question: Is it another case of Napoleon and Josephine; and, if so, who is Marie Louise? The name of a Parisian music hall actress has been suggested. Was that an attempt to shield another more famous star? What about Jeanette MacDonald or Irene Bordoni—if Marlene Dietrich is to be left out? What was Madame Chevalier's intended countersuit and why was it suddenly withdrawn?

We asked these questions of the one man still left in Hollywood who knows most about Chevalier's affairs, a man who wishes his name left out of the case.

"They were two French people—in America," this friend of Maurice Chevalier says. "That was what caused all the difficulty. In their own country, they might have been able to hold on to their happiness. They would have known better how to cope with circumstances. In Hollywood, there is only one way to meet a domestic crisis—divorce."

He Was Americanized; She Wasn't

THREE years ago, Maurice Chevalier and his wife were introduced to Hollywood at a big luncheon in the Roosevelt Hotel. Maurice acknowledged introductions with a pleasant little speech, in extremely broken English. His wife said a few gracious words in French. When Madame Chevalier went back to Paris a few months ago, she had mastered only a few phrases of our strange, barbaric language. When Maurice stepped aboard the transcontinental train in July, there was the barest trace of an accent in his fluent English. His tailoring was purest Hollywood; his shrug alone stamped him as "foreign."

In the three years of their life in America, Maurice Chevalier has adapted himself to the country and its ways. Madame Chevalier, who has followed his wishes—the wishes of a French bourgeois husband, who guards his household jealously from the world—has stayed at home, overseeing his household and has remained a Parisienne.

Neither one of them liked their new existence, far from their beloved boulevards, and their native Montmartre. Madame Chevalier, in particular, shrank from the brusque and blatant Hollywood life, almost with terror. But while Maurice was learning to be an American, Yvonne remained always the little French dancer of the *Casino de Paris* and the *Moulin Rouge*—in appearance, ways, speech.

"He began to be embarrassed for her and with her," the man who knows them well says, "She didn't fit into his new way of life. She was unhappy and restless, herself. She wanted to go back to her work, too—she was well-known to Paris as a singer and dancer. But change as much as he might outwardly, Maurice was too much the middle-class Frenchman to want his wife to have a public career.

The Paris-born romance that is now in the Paris divorce court dates back ten years to the days when Mistinguette had her youthful dancing protégé, Chevalier, freed by her influence from a German prison camp. Recovering from his wounds at the close of the war, Maurice became her partner in her famous revues. In the same company was a young dancer, Yvonne Vallée. Youth called to youth, and the two fell passionately in love; but in deference to the feelings of the music hall queen who, it is whispered, also had a fondness for Maurice, their marriage was delayed for five years—until Chevalier's theatrical association with Mistinguette was broken up. They had been married and entirely happy for two years, when Maurice was called to Hollywood and Fame.

What Led to Dietrich Rumors

FOR all of his screen fame as the gay, gallant, and slightly "naughtee" lover, Maurice Chevalier in Hollywood played the happily married man without so much as a whisper of gossip—until the rumor came that Marlene Dietrich had requested to play in a co-starring picture with the debonair Frenchman.

Since then Hollywood has become accustomed to seeing Maurice and Marlene lunching together in the studio cafeteria, the usually impassive countenance of the German girl vivid with smiles, the naturally saturnine Maurice neglecting his luncheon (as no good French bourgeois ever does) to talk to his companion. In company with Von Sternberg, Chevalier and Marlene have watched the wrestling matches together, and one day repeated the holds and postures of the ring with each other as sparring partners, for the amusement of a beach party. At the studio they visit each other's sets frequently.

Admitting the attraction of Marlene and Maurice, a studio acquaintance points out that its very openness proves that it is a harmless friendship.

"It was not Marlene or any other person that was responsible for the break between the Chevaliers," he avers. "It was a growing sense of difference in viewpoint. One of them has changed in this new environment; the other hasn't. More and more, Chevalier is becoming an American business man, but his wife is a Parisienne to her fingertips and always will be. She has spent much time in her own country this last year. Who knows why? Homesickness, perhaps. Perhaps to be with her mother, who is ill. Perhaps, as I hear, Maurice sent her away. They were quarreling more and more. And I think their love meant too much to each of them to have it tarnished by petty quarrels."

Possibly. But Hollywood wonders. If, after ten years of romance with Yvonne Vallée, Maurice Chevalier wants a divorce, Hollywood feels that it is just a matter of time before the headlines will announce a new romance story for Maurice. Will the heroine be Jeanette MacDonald, whom he kissed before a Paris audience on her personal appearance tour abroad last year, and who has played his screen sweetheart so successfully for many pictures? Will it be Marlene, possibly freed by another divorce, when she makes her trip to Germany this winter? Will it be one of his own countrywomen who can give him the heir he desires? Hollywood wonders.

With a skin naturally MOIST and LUSCIOUS does LUPE VELEZ *need Creams too?*

Hollywood dermatologist says "Yes", Advises her to preserve that firm skin roundness, so childish and so seductive . . . by using Woodbury's Creams.

•

Shiny cheeks look young, Lupe Velez believes. But a skin has to be immaculately clean and fine to dare to follow that fashion. Lupe Velez softens her skin with cream, washes it with soap and water, powders lavishly, but then rubs the powder off again . . . to give her face those youthful highlights.

•

If you have dry skin, you need creams, obviously. One application of Woodbury's COLD Cream on a rough, parched skin will show you at once how much your skin has hungered for those softening oils.

But Lupe Velez hasn't dry skin. Characteristic of her ardent southern type is her rich "plummy" complexion. Her skin never flakes or peels. It blooms like the lush flowers of a tropic night. Yet the dermatologist who guards the complexions of famous screen stars advises Lupe Velez to use Woodbury's Creams regularly. Because, he says:

"Underneath a baby's skin, a supporting layer of fat cells keeps the skin full and firm. When that cushion of fat falls away, the skin loses its rounded fullness and begins to sag and wrinkle. Exposure, poor circulation, the dry-heated air of our homes, low-calorie diets, all these tend to exhaust that youthful layer of fat beneath the skin. Even if your skin is not dry on the surface, use Woodbury's COLD Cream to replenish that deep, natural cushion of fat which keeps the skin firm and smooth. Woodbury's COLD Cream is excellent for this purpose, for its fine oils are readily taken up by the skin tissues.

"Woodbury's FACIAL Cream (used as powder base) spreads a film over the skin which protects it from exposure, prevents it from drying out, keeps choking dust and impurities out of the pores."

• • •

Give YOUR skin this same wise care . . . Woodbury's COLD Cream twice a day for softening and smoothing the skin . . . Woodbury's FACIAL Cream under powder before going out. Both on sale (with other Woodbury Scientific Aids to Loveliness) at drug stores and toilet goods counters everywhere.

WOODBURY'S SCIENTIFIC AIDS TO LOVELINESS

WOODBURY'S COLD CREAM . . . Melts at skin temperature. Its fine oils soften and smooth the skin—50¢ in jars—25¢ in tubes.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL CREAM . . . An exquisite finishing cream. Use it to protect the skin and as a powder base. 50¢ in jars—25¢ in tubes.

WOODBURY'S CLEANSING CREAM . . . The lightest and "meltiest" of creams. Penetrates deep into the pores—flushes the dirt to the surface. 50¢ in jars—25¢ in tubes.

WOODBURY'S TISSUE CREAM . . . A luxurious emollient cream. Use it to prevent and correct lines and wrinkles and for excessively dry skin. 50¢ a jar.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL FRESHENER . . . Refreshing—stimulating—refines texture. For normal and dry skins. 75¢ a bottle.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL POWDER . . . Spreads evenly. Does not clog the pores. Comes in several carefully blended shades. Exquisitely perfumed. 50¢ and $1 the box.

LUPE VELEZ . . . PHOTOGRAPHED IN HOLLYWOOD BY STEICHEN

Woodbury's COLD CREAM
Woodbury's FACIAL CREAM
Woodbury's
50¢ IN JARS, 25¢ IN TUBES

USE THIS COUPON FOR DAINTY SAMPLES AND PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVICE

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6322 Alfred Street, Cincinnati, Ohio
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I would like advice on my skin condition as checked, also week-end kit containing generous samples of Woodbury's Cold Cream, Facial Cream, and Facial Powder. Also copy of "Index to Loveliness." For this I enclose 10¢ to partly cover cost of mailing.

Oily Skin ○ Coarse Pores ○ Blackheads ○ Flabby Skin ○ Dry Skin ○ Wrinkles ○ Sallow Skin ○ Pimples ○

For generous sample of one of Woodbury's Three Famous Shampoos, enclose 10 cents additional and indicate type of scalp. Normal Scalp ○ Dry Scalp ○ Oily Scalp ○

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Tune in on Woodbury's, every Friday evening, 9:30 P.M. Eastern Daylight Saving Time. Leon Belasco and his Woodbury Orchestra. Hear Janet Parker's authoritative beauty talks. WABC and Columbia Network.

GET THAT CORN

with Blue-jay . . . Write a limerick and

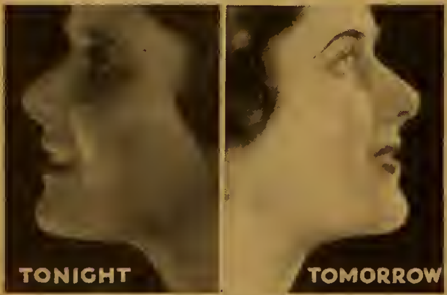
WIN $100

Get Blue-jay at any drug store, six for 25c. Put it on corn. Adhesive strip holds medication where it belongs. Pain stops immediately. Corn should lift out, core and all. . . . Write a limerick about Blue-jay and mail with Blue-jay box top (or pencil tracing) to Bauer & Black, 2534 S. Dearborn, Chicago. $100 first prize, ten $5 prizes, for best limericks received by November 15, 1932. Duplicate prizes to tying contestants.

WRITE A LIMERICK LIKE THIS

Until I got rid of my corn
I wished that I'd never been born.
I groaned and I cried,
Then—Blue-jay I tried,
And now all my agony's gorn!
(Edithe Neubert, Harvey, Ill.)

BLUE-JAY
CORN PLASTERS
BAUER & BLACK



Whitens
While You Sleep
Freckles, Blackheads, Blotches, Vanish too!

Oh what a difference a lovely white skin makes! You can have it. No matter how dark your skin now, no matter how many other creams have failed, this famous Golden Peacock Bleach Cream will lighten it one shade a night . . . or your money back! Gentlest, daintiest of all bleaches that *work*. Perfected by 30 great specialists . . . absolutely guaranteed. More economical, because it acts so fast . . . you use so little. Try Golden Peacock Bleach Cream tonight. At all drug stores and toilet goods counters.

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Hollywood's Secret Marriages (Who Can Tell?)

(*Continued from page 23*)

suspected of having already said their "I do's" to a minister. That's why the arguments are waging across the highball trays at Malibu and the luncheon tables of the Brown Derby. Is Lily Damita secretly married to broker Sidney Smith? Is Jeanette MacDonald married to her fiancé of five years, Robert Ritchie? Is Gwili Andre married? Is Lina Basquette secretly married to Teddy Hayes?

In one case, Hollywood is certain that a well-known screen star is married to her constant escort, simply because of the sincere, hearty manner in which she has slapped the gentleman's face—a gesture, observers have concluded, that could not be other than wifely.

On another occasion a Beverly Hills matron asserted that she was positive a young couple were secretly married. Didn't they, she demanded, have dinner together every night, sometimes never addressing a word to one another and in general acting so very bored that the wedding bells *must* have rung?

Until relentless questioning by interested friends, gossips and reporters finally wears down the suspects of secret marriages, Hollywood has nothing but rumor to judge by. In the meantime MOVIE CLASSIC presents the arguments as they stand at the moment, *pro* and *con*. Look them over and decide for yourself!

What About Lina and Gwili?

IS Lina Basquette really married to Teddy Hayes?

Pro: Lina's affairs have been so widely publicized in the newspapers that almost everyone is familiar with the arguments. It is amusing, however, that a marriage occurred in Newark, New Jersey, between one Lena Copeland Baskett and a certain Theodore T. Hayes on October 14, 1931. Lina and Teddy were both present in the East at that time, and the address the bride gave at the ceremony was the hotel where Lina stopped. The witnesses of the marriage were unable to identify pictures of Miss Basquette, but said the bride had been a "very pretty, dark-haired girl."

Con: Despite this, Lina denies most vehemently that she ever married Teddy Hayes, and Hollywood is wondering whether such a curious "coincidence" is really possible. Lina protests, "It was someone else of the same name!" and Teddy Hayes joins her in asserting, "Lina and I were not the persons who took out the license. This thing is going too far!"

Is Gwili Andre secretly married to an unnamed man?

Pro: Three years ago, the story goes, the beautiful new Danish starlet was married during a brief visit in Washington, to a gentleman in the diplomatic service. Apparently Gwili did not see her husband—if he exists—after that short stay in the Capital, though a close Follies-girl friend of Gwili says there has been no divorce.

The *pros* find it particularly hard to offer substantial proofs in Gwili's case, because so little is known of her past life that she is fast becoming the foremost mystery girl of Hollywood. No one suspected until just the other day, for instance, that she had ever been to Hollywood before, but now we learn that she visited the film colony two years ago, under contract to Joseph Schenck. The producer later bought back her contract, and Gwili, so far as is known, did not appear on the screen at that time.

Con: The fact that no one has come forward with the Washington diplomat's name would tend to put this marriage story into the realm of wild rumor. In addition, Gwili is understood to be "engaged" to the rich New York broker who is her constant companion in Hollywood.

Is Jeanette "Mrs. Ritchie?"

IS Jeanette MacDonald secretly married to Robert Ritchie?

Pro: This couple has been engaged for five years, which is considerably longer than some Hollywood marriages last. Mr. Ritchie traveled through Europe with Jeanette and her mother, and lives with them in Hollywood—a much closer association than is usually considered conventional for a merely "engaged" couple, even when the fiancé is the fiancée's business manager.

Further, Jeanette is said to have forbidden Robert to attempt a career in pictures, as if she thought one star in the family were plenty! Would a mere fiancée, the *pros* demand, dare assert such authority? And a final fillip is added to the argument by a close friend of Jeanette, who firmly believes they are married simply because their attitude toward one another is "too, too domestic!"

Con: Jeanette has admitted many times her fear that marriage would wreck her career, and she is known to be one of the most ambitious actresses in Hollywood. She says, herself, "If I ever married Robert Ritchie, it must have been in my sleep. I know nothing about it!"

On one occasion, a reporter visited her to ask for a statement about her marriage. He had, he said, definite proofs that a wedding had occurred. The *pros* who expected Jeanette to lose her poise when confronted with this man were mistaken. She laughed in his face. "If you have such excellent proofs, why don't you print them!"

That ended the incident, for the "proofs," whatever they were, never appeared in print, and Jeanette's fearless attitude in the matter is the *cons'* strongest argument.

What About Lily and Aileen?

IS Lily Damita married to Sidney Smith?

This is another of those long-time engagements, the *pros* assert, and it was in connection with this couple that the face-slapping episode allegedly took place. According to a bell-boy at a California resort hotel where Lily and Sidney visited, "If you'd seen Lily slap Sidney's face," he said, with awe, "you'd agree that they sure *act* married!"

On the other hand, they still appear to be very much in love, and that in itself argues against a marriage, say cynical *cons*. Just a few weeks ago Sidney gave Lily a beautiful birthday party, and husbands, notoriously, are forgetful of such occasions!

IS Aileen Pringle married to Matt Moore?

The *pros* have suspected a marriage between this pair ever since Aileen wrote to Mexico for one of those mail-order divorces from her husband of eight years, Charles Pringle. Matt, they insist, visits Aileen's house for dinner almost every night in a highly domestic manner.

Aileen herself takes the *con* side of it. "Matt and I are such old friends that I call on him when I haven't any other escort," she says. "He dines with me when his cook is out. We're just pals."

Then she weakens her own argument by adding, "We see each other when we've nothing really amusing to do!" For that, in itself, suggests the attitude of a Hollywood married couple, doesn't it?

Women!

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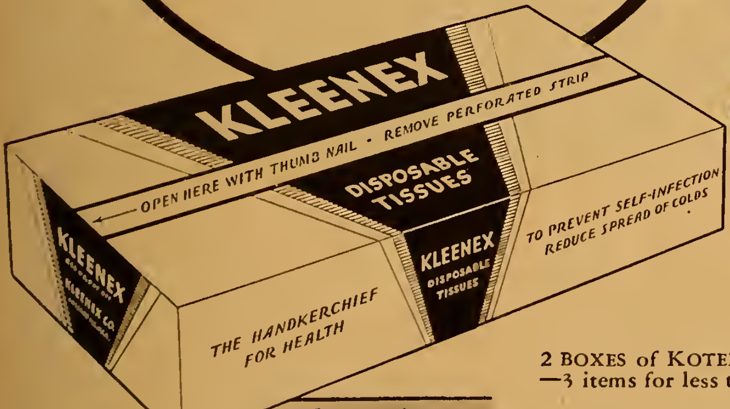

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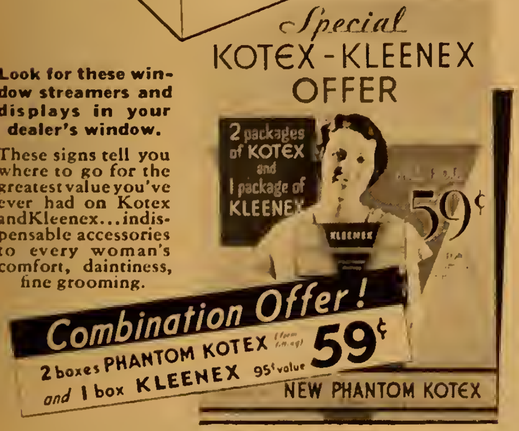

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Revolutionary, new!

There is no other pad like it!

The new Phantom Kotex—form-fitting, flattened, tapered, sanitary pad—is made to fit. It ends all fear of telltale outlines, even under the smoothest fitting dresses. You've never known perfect sanitary comfort like this before. There's nothing remotely like it.

Do not be confused. Other sanitary pads calling themselves form-fitting; other styles with so-called tapered ends, are in no sense the same as the New PHANTOM-KOTEX, U. S. Patent No. 1,857,854. Here is your chance to try the New PHANTOM KOTEX at a revolutionary low price!

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For handkerchiefs—for removing cold cream and cosmetics

You know KLEENEX, the softest, yet strongest, absorbent tissues. Invaluable for handkerchiefs . . . to remove cold cream . . . as a substitute for linen, towels, napkins . . . for dozens of home and office uses.

Made of rayon-cellulose

KLEENEX is a dainty, downy square of tissue, handkerchief size. It is many times more absorbent than linen or cotton. Gentler, too—and luxuriously soft, because it is made of the finest rayon-cellulose. The softest yet strongest tissue on the market! Because you get a big supply for so little cost, you destroy each tissue when used.

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Mrs. J. Gipe of Willow Hill, Pa. reduced 43 lbs. in 3 months with Kruschen—she's overjoyed!

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Paul Rieger & Co., 131 First St., San Francisco

Bing Crosby Broadcasts the Date of His Surrender

(*Continued from page 44*)

span of the golden harvest. After a fashion, I've known Bing a great deal longer than he has known me. Two years ago, I was one of those addicted to the Cocoanut Grove for as many nights out of the week as I could get there to listen to the blue-eyed, casual young man known as Bing Crosby. This was before he was a big shot among the Big Broadcasters, one of the crooning headliners along with Rudy Vallee and Russ Columbo. But even then, at the time when he was just another popular café singer in Los Angeles, a great many women who were old enough to know better were attempting to gaze dreamily into Bing's eyes as they floated past the orchestra dais. He never seemed to see any of them.

He would sing "I Surrender, Dear" and "Just One More Chance" with a throb in his voice guaranteed to send shivers down feminine backs—yet in a wholly impersonal way. You got the idea that, so far as Bing was concerned, the surrender was a long way off . . . somewhere on ice . . . even if it didn't sound that way.

Often ladies desirous of making his acquaintance would send for him to come to their tables. He never accepted. He was usually found between dances smoking in solitary aloofness on the moonlit veranda that adjoined the Grove. Or else he was feverishly consuming buckets of ice water in the hope of quenching a hangover. Before Dixie Lee, the little blonde actress, came into his life, Bing often managed to acquire a hangover as often as twice a night. But I can vouch for this—he never got it from sipping the contents of beautiful and strange ladies' flasks. Bing carried his own. But that's an old story—Bing's drinking and his reform through Dixie—told too often, and perhaps over-emphasized in the telling. "No one could have drunk as much as they say I did," sighed Bing. "Not even a Crosby."

Where You'll Find Him Then

THOUGH I was more or less prepared for Bing's impersonal attitude toward women and night life and cafés, I hadn't exactly thought that he might also be impersonal about himself. Crooners aren't supposed to be. But if Bing really believes what he told me that day at lunch in the Paramount café, with Marlene Dietrich and von Sternberg on one side of us, and Fredric March on the other, then he's giving Bing Crosby just two more years and then . . . .

He is going to operate a fish cannery!

"My father-in-law is already in the business down near Long Beach," he went on in that husky voice that is his singing voice, "and I'm buying in my interest this year, though I doubt if I'll be able to take over my responsibilities actively for two more years. I figure I've got just about that much time before they begin to get tired of me. Talk about a career in the movies being short—it is long-lived compared to a radio career. It isn't anybody's fault. They just get tired of you. Or else someone with another way of singing comes along and they forget all about you in the rush to the new sensation. I'm not kidding myself about that.

"And when that time comes, I want to be started in some sort of legitimate business where I can go on for years and years and people won't get tired." He grinned. "Did you ever hear of an old tired salmon-eater or tuna-fish-eater? Of course, not everybody likes canned fish, just as everybody doesn't go for baritones, but there are enough people who do like it, permanently, to keep a good cannery going.

Not Kidding Himself

"WHEN I'm through, I'm going to be really through, too. No hanging on as a second best in night-clubs or picture shorts. I'm making a big salary from Paramount now, but they are paying it to me as a singer, not as an actor. It wouldn't make much difference if I accidentally turned out to be the best actor in the world—I doubt if I should ever become a big movie star. How many men can you name who have stepped out of some profession in which they have established themselves into similar fame in another?

"You may read the articles written by Gene Tunney—but he's still the ex-champ, not a writer. It works the other way, too. John Barrymore might just happen to be a very fair boxer, but that's not his real game. It's the same with me: I'm a singer. They've been kind enough to say over here that they are very pleased with my performance as an actor in 'The Big Broadcast.' That's because they hadn't expected anything. Something tells me that my career as a movie star will last just so long as I can croon—not act!

"As for starting a little Bing Crosby Club, that's out, too. You couldn't drag me back into a café for love nor money. It's a terrible life. You work when other people are playing, and you have to sleep while they are working. I'm married now and I don't want to drag any girl through that kind of life. Dixie and I are happy, and I'm not going to take any foolish chances with that happiness.

"We're living in the house next to Sue Carol and Nick Stuart and their baby now, and I'd like to buy it. You couldn't pay me a salary to live in New York—not for good. When good old Crosby is all washed up on Broadway, he and the little woman are heading right back where they started from . . . California."

But all this is two years away, and in the meantime Sweet Sixteen is bursting an ear-drum, catching every word that flows from the Crosby throat via the radio, phonograph and screen. Until I mentioned it to him, Bing said he had never given it a thought that his "surrendering" might be having an Influence on the morals of young America. He regards the "torch songs" (ditties bewailing unrequited love, or a surrendering grand passion) as merely a fad.

When you paint a picture of a young lady, snug in the arms of her favorite beau, palpitating in a light-dimmed room to the rhythm of a Crosby melody, Bing says:

"Music has always been a sort of background for romance, but the songs we sing now are no more of a menace to morals than the songs of any other day or time. It just happens that torch songs are enjoying a flurry of popularity. They are particularly adaptable to the crooning type of singing. I believe Rudy Vallee started it; certainly he popularized it." (Rudy and Bing are supposed to be rivals. But they frequently meet in New York, and they seem to hold a mutual esteem for each other.) "Torch-songs certainly aren't any more of an influence on the Impressionables than are the new books, the new plays or the new movies. The young folks aren't reading 'Elsie Dinsmore' or 'Little Women' any more, either. Times get along—each time with its own romance motif."

And in the meantime, Bing, the one and only Crosby, is very grateful for your kind attention. 'Tis a contributing factor to the Fish Factory, which may not be particularly romantic, but may prove to be the future career of the Big Broadcaster of today.

"To be sure of good light at low cost

Use this lamp"

"IF EVERY WOMAN would remember that the *only* reason she buys lamps is to get light, only lamps that give *all* the light possible at the lowest cost would be used.

"Many people fail to realize that the true cost of light is the cost of the lamps *plus* the cost of current. If you pay for current that is wasted, instead of being turned into light, you are using the most expensive lamp made, no matter how little you paid for it.

"And because the only *sure* way of getting all the light you pay for is by purchasing a lamp made by a reputable manufacturer, I sell nothing but General Electric MAZDA lamps in my stores."

The reasons F. J. Pekoc, former president of The Ohio Retail Hardware Dealers Association and alert proprietor of 3 successful stores in Cleveland, Ohio, gives for selling only General Electric MAZDA lamps, are the same reasons that prompt so many outstanding industrial and commercial concerns, public institutions, great railway systems and steamship lines everywhere to specify General Electric *efficiency* and *economy* for every lighting purpose.

When buying lamps, just look for the initials G. E. in a circle on the end of every bulb. Then you are sure of true lighting economy. General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland.

General Electric manufactures lamps for home lighting and decoration, automobiles, flashlights, photography, stores, offices and factories, street lighting and signs. Also Sunlight Lamps.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

"Her great-great-grandmother's? How'd she dare wash it?"

"IVORY SNOW, silly! That's as gentle as the soap you use on your face."

No soap spots to strain cobwebby threads—with IVORY SNOW. Fine, sheer fabrics need delicate handling. If a flake of soap flattens into the mesh, it takes rubbing to rinse it out and if it dries in, it makes a stiff, brittle spot where the threads break easily. That is why Ivory Snow is so safe for washing precious laces, trousseau lingerie, fine woolens, sheer silk stockings. Ivory Snow has no flat particles that can cling and make soap spots! Instead of being cut into flat flakes, it is BLOWN. Each particle is soft and *round*, so that it melts even in *lukewarm* water like snow itself.

Instant suds without using hot water. No danger of plunging your fine things by mistake into too-hot suds when you use Ivory Snow! For with Ivory Snow you can *start* with safe, LUKEWARM water. In an instant you'll get thoroughly dissolved suds that won't redden your hands . . . that will be gentle to fabrics and colors . . . that will rinse quickly and clearly away.

PURE as the babies' bath soap. Ivory Snow is pure Ivory Soap. Where can you find as safe a soap for costly fineries as Ivory, which doctors advise for a baby's tender skin? Be economical. Get Ivory Snow from your grocer and take care of all your good things with this pure soap. The big box of Ivory Snow costs only 15¢.

$99\frac{44}{100}$% PURE

Looking Them Over

(*Continued from page 20*)

NOT since the good old days of silent pictures have the studios been so overrun with visitors and star gazers. During the Olympic Games the studios decided to be lenient and permit the guests from all over the world to get a peek at what goes on around the various lots. Of course it was necessary to have credentials to gain admittance. The visiting athletic teams were particularly welcome and were well entertained by the studios.

As usual, when visitors in large numbers are permitted on stages a great deal of damage was done. On the Eddie Lowe set at Fox someone knocked over a lamp valued at $400. At Paramount, Helen Hayes and Gary Cooper were run through their paces in a very emotional scene in "A Farewell to Arms" in front of an audience of visitors who were shucking and eating peanuts!

HOLLYWOOD still hasn't recovered from the shock of the change that came over Garbo as she neared her native Sweden. She permitted a young American poet, named Philip Cummings, to share her society—and even to laugh with her. And when her boat docked at Gothenberg, she was so excited that she actually summoned reporters to her! She told them—with a smile—that she was not afraid of reporters (even though she did run from them in New York last winter), but she was just tired of being written about so much. She added that she was not returning to America in the near future, and denied that she had bought the country estate of the late Ivar Kreuger, the Swedish "match king." She said that she could tell no one her future plans. But she will resume her screen career—in America. New York reporters, putting one over on Hollywood, got her to admit it before she sailed.

KING VIDOR was noticed riding down toward the beach the other night in a brand-new roadster. There was a very pretty girl beside him. Eleanor Boardman Vidor, King's estranged wife, was week-ending at the beach at the home of friends. But I don't think that house was the destination of the roadster moving so slowly through the romantic, moonlit night.

THE young daughter of Sue Carol and Nick Stuart has been named Carol Lee Stuart. The Carol is for Sue's last name and the Lee is in honor of Sue's best friend, Dixie Lee (Mrs. Bing Crosby).

THE débutante daughter of Sue and Nick has only about forty days to her credit, but she packs plenty of her mother's cute personality.

The other day, Sue was holding a sort of "open house" in her hospital room. Sally Eilers and Marion Rogell had presented the proud "little mother" with a stunning lace spread for her bed. There were fourteen baskets of gorgeous flowers about, to say nothing of ten boxes of candy, and an entire table laden with wires and letters. In the midst of this array sat Sue, decked in the "latest thing" for new mothers . . . a pale peach satin gown with a pale green bed jacket. The radio was playing merrily and, what with Dixie Lee, Bing Crosby, Marion Rogell, Sally and Hoot Gibson, Marian Nixon, a couple of nurses and Sue's mother in attendance, the entire affair had sort of a Sunday party atmosphere.

(*Continued on page 67*)

Our Hollywood Neighbors

(*Continued from page 12*)

FOR the first time in the memory of the oldest inhabitant, Hollywood is all steamed up over the coming elections. Every star physically able to stamp a ballot expects to go to the polls, and they're in training now by reading all available political propaganda. Louis B. Mayer, high mogul of M-G-M, is a staunch Republican and a personal friend of Herbert Hoover. He'll do all he can to make his lot safe for the Republican party. We aren't mentioning any names but we know two or three M-G-M workers who are going to put on disguises and vote for Franklin Roosevelt.

THE busiest girl in Hollywood right now is Claudette Colbert. She's acting in two pictures at the same time, and every once in a while she has to pause and figure out her true identity. In "The Phantom President" she plays an aristocratic daughter of an ex-President. From that she rushes over to the DeMille set and plays *Poppaea*, the wicked empress in "The Sign of the Cross." In the latter opus she is called upon to do some of the fanciest luring since Theda Bara made the world unsafe for males during the primeval studio days when vampires were in flower.

AUTOGRAPH hunters around the movie village are becoming a more serious menace than swarms of locusts. They make life a living Hell for stars who venture out in public. Now the racketeers are taking a hand. The stars do not like to be ungracious in refusing a signature, but, of late, they have discovered their names signed to some strange documents.

One famous personage, much to his surprise, found that he had signed for the delivery of a grand piano. He already had *one* grand piano, and was that surprised to see another instrument being moved into his Beverly Hills home.

Regis Toomey was almost fooled the other day as he entered a Hollywood cafe. After he signed his name he happened to glance at the paper which this particular autograph hunter was trying to keep covered.

It was a blank check.

IT's getting to a pretty pass when actresses try to end it all by soup.

Just imagine, Tottie Gumdrop, the screen beauty, getting despondent and calling Meadows, the faithful servitor—

"Meadows," she might say, "I feel another suicide attack coming on. Please open a can of split pea."

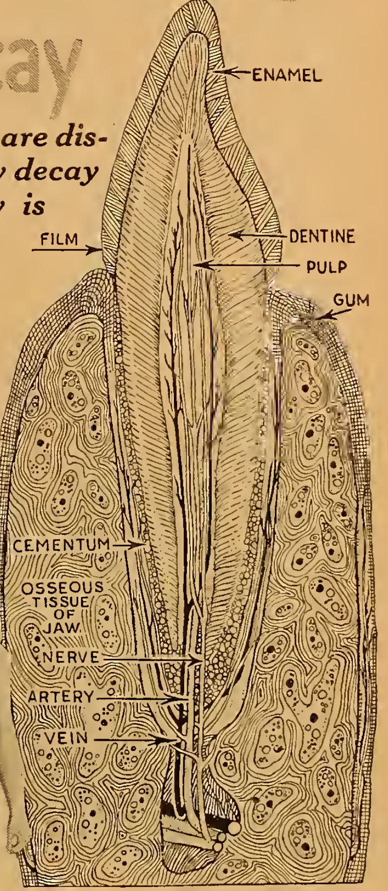
STORK rumors are still going full tilt. Blessed events are more fashionable in Hollywood than Rolls Royces. When the long-legged bird isn't actually hovering over Hollywood chimney-tops, the populace make up stories. Norma Shearer is very vehement in denying that more progeny is on the way to the Thalberg household. The story has been all over town that Norma will retire temporarily after "Smiling Through" is completed. Norma says she should know if anybody would—and it does sound reasonable, except to the gossips.

And Connie Bennett was caught knitting little baby things, and *that* story got started. It turned out that Connie was doing the knitting for sister Barbara's expected heir, but lots of folks aren't giving the Marquise the benefit of the doubt.

What puzzles us is what happened to that offspring Lilyan Tashman promised the world two years ago. It really isn't fair for Lil to get our hopes raised like that, and then not make good on her threat.

Science Throws New Light on Tooth Decay

Pain is nature's warning that teeth are diseased. The cause of pain is usually decay and an important cause of decay is the invisible film on teeth that science calls "Bacterial Plaque"



Cross-section of a tooth showing the intricate structure beneath the enamel.

Contrast the attitude of savage at the left who files his teeth with that of the modern young woman who keeps her teeth white and beautiful through daily use of Pepsodent.

Modern children may well be expected to have far better teeth than their ancestors.

THE actual cause of the aching tooth is now believed to be due to gases, formed inside the tooth during the process of decay, that may or may not be visible to the dentist from the outside. These gases expand and press on the sensitive nerves of the teeth.

Dental science answers the question of what leads to tooth decay by saying that food particles have been permitted to remain and spoil between the teeth and under the gums. Germs, or bacteria, formed in and by this decaying food, make acids which attack the cement-like structure of the teeth and dissolve out the material which composes the enamel.

The germs that cause the decay-producing acids, have a friend in the film-coat, or mucin-plaque, which forms on teeth. This film glues the bacteria to the teeth, providing a sort of warm shelter for them and even supplies them with food to thrive on.

Removal of film has therefore become an important problem for dental science. One of the most notable discoveries in this field was made recently in the laboratories of the Pepsodent Company when a new and revolutionary cleansing material was developed. The cleansing and polishing material is the part of any toothpaste that does the work. Herein lies the difference between the best toothpaste and inferior brands. Most cleansing materials are either so hard and abrasive that they scratch the tooth enamel or else they are so soft that they fail to remove film and stains. To develop a material that would outrank others both in effectiveness and in safety required several years. The ablest scientific minds in the country were consulted repeatedly.

This new discovery is contained in Pepsodent Toothpaste exclusively. Because it is twice as soft as the material most commonly used, Pepsodent is looked upon as the modern standard of safety. At the same time this new material stands unique in its power to cleanse and polish teeth. Today Pepsodent is known as the special "film-removing" toothpaste in 67 countries.

FREE! Amos 'n' Andy or Goldberg Jig-saw Puzzles

HERE are two great gifts for radio admirers of Amos 'n' Andy and the Goldbergs.

Each jig-saw puzzle contains 60 pieces, is printed on heavy board and brightly illustrated in colors. To get one simply write name and address on the inside of an empty Pepsodent Toothpaste or Pepsodent Antiseptic box and mail it with coupon below. Send one empty box for each puzzle and name the one you want.

USE THIS COUPON

Pepsodent Co., Box 1210
919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago

I enclose empty Pepsodent carton for which send me Jig-saw Puzzle of..................................

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The fragrant Linit Beauty Bath brings instant relief from warm weather discomfort

. . . and makes the skin feel soft, smooth and refreshed

JUST a handful or more of the new, perfumed Linit dissolved in a tub of tepid water transforms an ordinary bath into a fragrant refreshing luxury.

After bathing in this cooling, delightful bath . . . notice how soft and smooth your skin feels. Notice, too, that there is no damp, "sticky" feeling to your body.

The reason is that Linit leaves a fine, porous coating of powder on the skin. This invisible "layer" of Linit absorbs perspiration without clogging the pores, makes powdering unnecessary and imparts to the body an exquisite sense of personal daintiness . . . Try a fragrant, refreshing Linit Beauty Bath tonight . . . you will be surprised that so simple a bath is so effective in instant results . . . and costs so little to enjoy.

The new, perfumed Linit is sold by grocery stores, drug and department stores

THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

LINIT
DELIGHTFULLY PERFUMED FOR THE BATH

Ruth Marries George and Everybody's Happy

(*Continued from page 15*)

"There's my man!" she is said to have cried. She didn't know his name then—but the casting director soon told her, and later introduced them. From then on, they were often together.

George used to visit at the home of the Forbes', and was Ralph's friend, too. (He had known Ralph's family in England.) One day, according to the same "insiders," he went to Ralph and told him quietly, "Ralph, I'll have to stop coming here. I can't come to your house again."

"Why, what's the matter, George?" asked Ralph. "Why can't you?"

"Because," said George, "I'm irrevocably in love with your wife."

Ralph Forbes shook George Brent's hand. "You're the first man who ever had the decency and straightness to admit that to me," he is quoted as saying, "though there have been a lot of men who were crazy about Ruth."

They still went around together, the three of them. When Ralph and Ruth were rehearsing Ralph's new play at Santa Barbara—a play with the prophetic title of "Let Us Divorce"—George often drove up to visit them. And if the "insiders" are still to be believed, one time George and Ruth were talking quietly in one corner of the hotel room, while Ralph was studying his lines in another corner. Ruth went over to Ralph and put her arms around him.

"Ralph, dear," she is quoted as saying, "you'll give me my divorce, won't you—so I can marry George? And you won't mind, will you—too much?"

Ralph went on studying. "Yes, yes," he is pictured as replying. "Certainly. But don't disturb me while I'm getting my lines."

A few weeks later, she and George finished working on "The Crash," and Ruth left for a vacation in Europe. Ralph, at the train to bid her farewell, risked his life in staying aboard too long for one last kiss; he jumped off with the train in motion. A few days later, he was in Nevada, establishing residence. Ruth was in Madrid, where she confirmed rumors of divorce. And George Brent, in Hollywood, discreetly hinted that as soon as Ruth was free, they would marry.

Rumors About Boyer First

A ROMANTIC triangle is supposed to affect no more than three people—the husband, the wife and the "other man." (Or it may be the wife, the husband, and the "other woman.") But no matter how the sexes run, three is the given number of characters in a drama of affections. In the divorce of Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes and the love story of Ruth and George Brent, however, *eight* very human, rather amazed people are to be numbered among the principals—in the most unusual love tangle that has ever come out of Hollywood.

The story of the Forbes-Chatterton-Brent triangle has been far-flung from the front pages of the press—but the other five individuals have had nothing to say. Their parts in the drama have been submerged.

Is the name Charles Boyer familiar to you? He is a young Frenchman. He is a close friend of Maurice Chevalier. He is also an angle in this many-angled romance. Last year, when it was so freely rumored that Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes were "having trouble" and that they were not living together, it was politely gossiped that, if there were a divorce, Ruth would probably become Mrs. Charles Boyer!

(*Continued on page 77*)

Looking Them Over

(*Continued from page 64*)

GENEVA MITCHELL, a former Follies girl, and Lowell Sherman are still very, very interested in each other. Saw them the other evening dining at an inconspicuous little café in Beverly Hills. After dinner they crossed the street and bought tickets to a neighborhood movie theatre. This romance is beginning to look like wedding bells to Hollywood.

JOSEPH SCHILDKRAUT says he is "broke." He insists he is so broke it is necessary to declare bankruptcy. He cannot pay the $19,250 alimony claim against him!

The well-known actor and his new bride are back in Hollywood visiting his mother. The alimony is owed to Elise Bartlett, his former wife. She declares she'll get every cent due her, regardless of his bankruptcy proceedings.

ANDY DEVINE, the whisper-voiced comedian, is just about ready to break down and admit that Alene Carroll is becoming a "big moment" in his life. Both Andy and Alene are under contract to Universal. They met on the lot several months ago and it was a case of "romance rumors" from the very first.

GILDA GRAY, the dancer, than whom there is no whomer when it comes to the shimmy, is another lady who is popularly supposed to be upset over George Brent's marriage to Ruth Chatterton. George was formerly Gilda's "boy-friend." But if the lady is carrying the torch, she certainly doesn't show it.

Louis Calhern is the latest admirer to pay court to Gilda. And, of course, there are those last-month's rumors that she was planning to marry a local café owner.

NORMA SHEARER keeps insisting that she is not expecting the long-legged bird to pay a second call to the Thalberg nursery, and the gossips keep whispering that it is so. Several months ago, Norma made the mistake of saying she would like to remain away from the screen for a year and rest and play and go to parties and travel. "A year away from the screen" has come to mean but one thing to Hollywood . . . but the old town is often mistaken.

BELIEVE it or not, but Malibu beach has gone very, very exclusive. There have been several protests from the movie beach colonists that there are too many photographers about and too many reporters looking for new romances. So they have tried to rule off the photographers and reporters!

DOROTHY MACKAILL and hubby, Neil Miller, are back in Hollywood after three months of a personal appearance tour. Dot says she had a grand time on the trip, but it was so strenuous that she lost eleven pounds. With her new, very slim figure, she was one of the most striking women present at the Cocoanut Grove, recently. She wore a flame-colored dress—a stunning contrast to her suntanned skin.

AS usual, at premières, the radio provided several intentional and unintentional laughs to the listeners-in. In the mêlée and grand rush of "Strange Interlude" Mary Pickford became confused and said:

Three Girls competed in this

BEAUTY CONTEST

and she who Won

had a Lovely Skin

If you are a woman, you are in a daily Beauty Contest. You are competing with every woman in your social set . . . with hundreds who are strangers to you. But if your skin is lovely, you will win! Let gentle Camay help!

"When she entered the room, she entered one of life's daily Beauty Contests. The other girls were as smartly dressed. But her *skin was exquisite. She won! The others lost!"*

Lather your face well with Camay and warm water. Then rinse with cold water. Now your skin is immaculately fresh—ready for your other beauty aids.

CAMAY
CAMAY
'TIFUL WOMEN

This is creamy-white Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. Look for it in the new green and yellow, Cellophane-sealed wrapper!

YOU'VE often heard it said, "Her face is her fortune." What is true of the woman with beautiful features is equally true of the woman with lovely skin. For if your skin is fresh and vibrantly alive, you've passed the most important test of beauty.

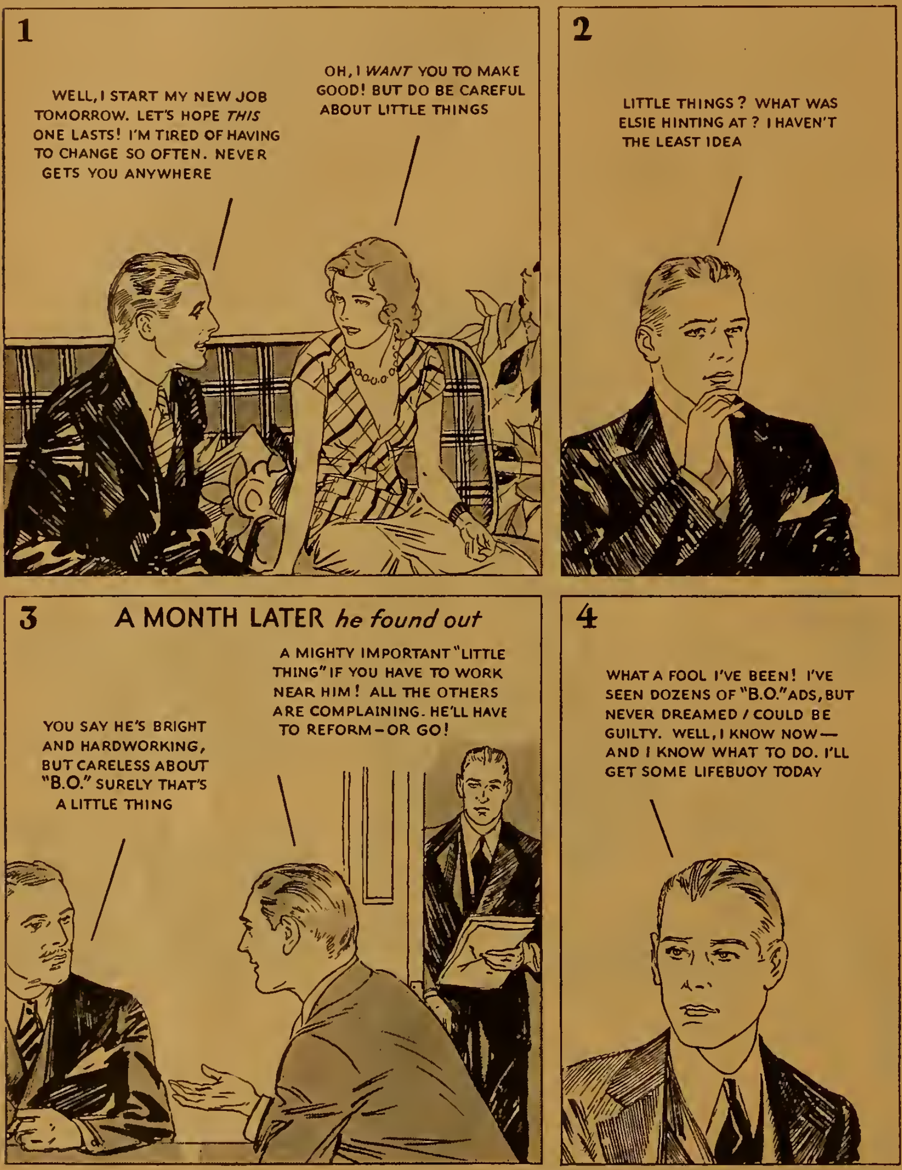
Then care for your precious skin with Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. It's gentle and mild and creamy-white—the safe beauty soap for your complexion. And here's good news! Camay actually saves you money . . . at least 20% of the cost of other beauty brands. Do get a dozen cakes of delicate Camay today!

CAMAY

Copr. 1932, Procter & Gamble Co.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

THE MAN WHO COULDN'T KEEP A JOB — by Timmins


1
WELL, I START MY NEW JOB TOMORROW. LET'S HOPE *THIS* ONE LASTS! I'M TIRED OF HAVING TO CHANGE SO OFTEN. NEVER GETS YOU ANYWHERE
OH, I *WANT* YOU TO MAKE GOOD! BUT DO BE CAREFUL ABOUT LITTLE THINGS
2
LITTLE THINGS? WHAT WAS ELSIE HINTING AT? I HAVEN'T THE LEAST IDEA
3
A MONTH LATER *he found out*
YOU SAY HE'S BRIGHT AND HARDWORKING, BUT CARELESS ABOUT "B.O." SURELY THAT'S A LITTLE THING
A MIGHTY IMPORTANT "LITTLE THING" IF YOU HAVE TO WORK NEAR HIM! ALL THE OTHERS ARE COMPLAINING. HE'LL HAVE TO REFORM—OR GO!
4
WHAT A FOOL I'VE BEEN! I'VE SEEN DOZENS OF "B.O." ADS, BUT NEVER DREAMED *I* COULD BE GUILTY. WELL, I KNOW NOW— AND I KNOW WHAT TO DO. I'LL GET SOME LIFEBUOY TODAY

5
NO "B.O." NOW *to spoil his chances*
I'VE BEEN IN MY JOB SIX MONTHS, ELSIE HAD A NICE PROMOTION, TOO. ISN'T IT TIME TO TALK ABOUT A WEDDING?
WHENEVER YOU SAY, DEAR

Don't let "B.O." (body odor) bar your way

PORES are constantly giving off odor-causing waste. Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. Its creamy, abundant lather *purifies* pores and removes all trace of "B.O." (*body odor*). Freshens dull complexions. Gets germs off hands—helps safeguard health. Its pleasant, hygienic scent vanishes as you rinse.

TRY LIFEBUOY FREE

If you don't use Lifebuoy and want to try it, send a clipping of this offer with your name and address to Lever Brothers Co., Dept. 4910, Cambridge, Mass. A full-sized cake will be sent you without cost.

(*This offer good in U.S. and Canada only.*)

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

"I have had the privilege of seeing 'Strange Interlude.' It is a wonderful picture. I think it is the loveliest thing Norma *Talmadge* has ever done!" (She meant Norma Shearer.)

But Ethel Barrymore meant it when she stepped up to the "mike" and remarked in the famous Barrymore drawl:

"They tell me the play has been shortened for the screen. I am delighted to hear it. This is probably the only time I will ever enjoy Eugene O'Neill. . . ."

Of course, the absent Garbo was the target of radio jokes. Jimmy Durante kept wailing into the microphone: "Where is Greta? She told me she would be here early!"

ONE of the prettiest parties of the season was given by Mrs. William K. Howard, wife of the director. It was an old-fashioned "picnic" in a secluded spot ten or twelve miles away from Hollywood. Brightly striped umbrellas gayly dotted the banks of a babbling brook, where the luncheon of fried chicken, potato salad, the proverbial stuffed eggs and pickles were served. After luncheon the group played bridge, walked the footpaths along the stream, or took "snapshots." Mrs. Howard wore a stunning blue and white flannel suit. Among the guests were: Sally Eilers in flannel trousers and a bright yellow sweater. Mrs. Sidney Lanfield (Shirley Mason) in a navy blue beach costume. Joan Bennett in a white sports dress with a red bow about her head. Mrs. Owen Moore in a combination of flannel "slacks" and a brown jacket. Mrs. George Lewis in green and white pajamas. And Janet Gaynor, who wore the popular "slacks" and a pale green sweater.

There's a Wedding Ahead for Tallulah Bankhead!

(*Continued from page 51*)

of this lady of the waterfall. These fundamental numbers, with their tones as clear as the cool rush of gay waters, indicate a perpetual desire to move on and express a beauty akin to her personal vision. They show that her nature is ambitious, independent and (like the waterfall) seeking to carve, by its own force, a path through the stolid earth.

The full expression of this fundamental sparkle, which is the deeper nature of Tallulah Bankhead, is often retarded to a broad glow. This is the result of having the number "3" for her Inner Nature and the number "7" for her General Temperament and Outer Expression. Three is the sign of visibility, "7" the sign of the invisible. The reaction between these two extremes, which might be called practical ambition and impractical idealism, is considerable.

Why She's Often Misunderstood

SEVEN, which is Miss Bankhead's "number," is one that I have found so often as the symbol of the Deeper Nature or the Outer Expression of people of the screen and the stage, for it means the ability to work behind a mask, which is a very evident way of explaining the portrayal of an artist who appears not as himself, but in character.

No one who has this Expression number of "7"—the result of the addition of all the letters and numbers of the birth name—finds himself easily understood by other people. It is so usual for such a person to have an idea clearly in mind and then to

(*Continued on page 74*)

How the Income Tax Hits the Movie Stars

(*Continued from page 17*)

ing to reliable authority, are Marie Dressler, Ronald Colman, Tallulah Bankhead, Maurice Chevalier, Wallace Beery, Ramon Novarro, Buster Keaton, Richard Dix and others. This means they will pay from forty to forty-five per cent in taxes.

Chevalier and Tallulah are paid by the picture. The rest receive weekly paychecks in the neighborhood of $5,000. Richard Dix also shares in the profits of his films over a certain margin. "Cimarron" is said to have netted him a tidy sum.

Profit-sharing is generally an unusual arrangement and concerns few stars who are not, like Lloyd, Chaplin and Fairbanks, producing on their own. Several directors, however, share profits. Lewis Milestone is said to have received fifty per cent of the net profit on "The Front Page" and other pictures he directed. D. W. Griffith has had similar agreements. Ernst Lubitsch makes a straight $125,000 per picture. Cecil B. De Mille's income is unknown, but he is generally believed to be the wealthiest screen director.

From the weekly salaries of five thousand dollars, we drop to thirty-five hundred. For some inexplicable reason movie wages, when passing the three thousand and a half mark, jump to an even five. Billie Dove at $4,500 and Robert Armstrong at $4,000 are the exceptions that prove the rule.

These Pay Nearly One-Third

AMONG those reputed to be receiving $3,500 weekly are Joan Crawford, Nancy Carroll, Gary Cooper, Robert Montgomery, Kay Francis, and Joe E. Brown. Nearly one third of their salaries will be collected by the Government in taxes, less exemptions.

The last official figure for Janet Gaynor and Charlie Farrell was $2,750 a week each. It is thought that this has been raised to $3,500 by now. Clark Gable, recently raised to stardom, is now thought to be in the $3,500 class. The $2,500 received by Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Conrad Nagel has also doubtless been boosted. It was Nagel, you recall, who recently decried exaggerated movie wages, saying that there were actually only twenty-three so-called "headline salaries." When he spoke, Nagel may have been thinking of what the Government tax would do to Hollywood salaries.

Just what amounts Greta Garbo and Marlene Dietrich find in their weekly pay envelopes, it is difficult to ascertain. It is popularly believed that Garbo has been drawing $7,500 a week. She is reported to have paid around $75,000 income tax last year. Some believe that Marlene, the queen of Paramount, receives more per year than Tallulah Bankhead. If so, she pays a healthy income tax.

If the glamourous Swede gets what she is said to have demanded on a new contract, namely $15,000, she will pay a big sum in income tax—roughly, about $400,000, less deductions. That's where the teeth of this new income tax law come in. Stars in some cases are going to find it cheaper to work for less money.

How The Tax Can Jump

PLACE yourself in the position of a player we shall call Millie Moonface. Millie finds that her accounts show that she has earned a net income of $98,000 for the year. She is offered $2,000 for a radio broadcast. Simple mathematics show even Millie that the sum of two thousand jumps her net earnings to $100,000, which requires her

(*Continued on page 71*)

Darling,

YOU'RE THE GIRL YOU USED TO BE!

It was years since she had looked so young and lovely. Something—somehow—had been robbing his wife of the vibrant brightness he had always admired.

. . . . Perhaps it's because gray hair comes gradually that you fail to realize how it *fades* your looks—sweeps you remorselessly into Heartbreak Age.

You must cherish your beauty! Re-color your hair *undetectably* with Notox—an entirely *new* way that leaves your hair wonderfully soft and lustrous . . . Notox does not crust the hair with a surface plate of dye. It enters right inside the hair shaft—colors the hair where nature does. . . . Notox shades duplicate Nature's own. And remember, Notoxed hair can be washed, waved or sunned just like *natural* hair.

Better hairdressers always apply Inecto Rapid Notox. Resent a substitute—no *like* product exists. Buy Notox at smart shops everywhere.

●● *Send for free booklet "HEARTBREAK AGE"—and name of nearest beauty shop featuring Notox. Write Inecto, Inc., Dept. 6, 33 West 46th Street, New York*

Inecto Rapid **NOTOX**

Colors hair inside where nature does

CORNS

INSTANT, SAFE RELIEF!

It takes Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads only one minute to end pain of the worst corn. Their soothing medication acts instantly and heals rapidly. Their triple ply protective outer rim removes the cause—shoe pressure; prevents sore toes and blisters. Keep a box handy to use when new or tight shoes hurt and you'll have instant comfort.

Quickly Removes Corns

Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the Pink Medicated Disks (now included at no extra cost) to safely remove corns and callouses in 48 hours. Get them today at your drug or shoe store. Made by the makers of Dr. Scholl's Arch Supports and Foot Remedies for all foot troubles.

Medicated DISK removes corns and callouses.

Soothing, healing PAD ends pain and the cause—shoe pressure.

CORNS
BETWEEN TOES

Dr Scholl's
Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

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Movie fan's greatest bargain: Big 9x12 inch envelope full of **Photographs,** *stories, reviews, biography, pictures, latest news.* **Clippings** *from more than 25 fan publications*—on any screen star you select. *Sent for only* 25c! Special Offer, 10 stars for $2.00. Magazine Subscription Catalog FREE.

Cowen Movie Service & Magazine Bureau, Dept. 24
2303 West North Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Why Robert Montgomery Wants to Go Back to the Stage

(*Continued from page 41*)

movies now, and the stage mustn't be allowed to suffer—*it's the only place where motion pictures can get their actors.* It's the only place where talented newcomers can get their training. All the beauty contests or lucky breaks you read about won't supply the studios with actors or actresses. You can't take a pretty girl from behind a counter or typewriter and put her before a camera and expect her to be an actress. You can't take a college boy or a bank clerk and make an actor of him just with make-up. It's a profession that has to be learned, like any other. . . .

"I have heard picture players say, 'When I've got enough money saved, I'm going to leave Hollywood and do what I want to do.' But do they? If I'd ever found even one screen star who had really done that thing, I'd say it myself. But no, while their popularity lasts, they never break away—and when it begins to lessen, they stay on, trying to make a comeback. I've saved pretty consistently since I've been in Hollywood, but if I wait until I think I've earned 'enough' to retire on, I'll probably never go back to the stage. I don't want to wait, anyhow. I want to do a play in a New York theatre right away—this Fall, if I can persuade them to let me go. And I don't want to give up pictures—I want them both. I don't see why I shouldn't have them both."

Robert Montgomery, who was one of the young pioneers who left Broadway for Hollywood soon after talkies were invented, has made an outstanding success on the screen. Yet even now, when he gets his weekly pay-check, he laughs out loud as he looks at it. The size of it is still a joke to him, an incredible, delightful joke. He has never, for one single moment, believed that it would last.

No Possessions to Hold Him

"HOW can anyone think he's on the screen to stay?" wonders Bob. "All he has to do is to look around him. If he goes out and makes a down-payment on a fine house in Beverly Hills with his first week's salary, the chances are that he'll lose his contract before the place is half paid for. Believe me, since I've been out here, my wife and I haven't bought a single thing that can't be easily moved back East when my time comes!"

Hollywood is merely Bob Montgomery's temporary residence. His *home* is an old white farmhouse on peaceful acres among the hills of upper New York State. He bought this farm after he entered the movies, and has been back only once to see it, but it's his permanent address.

"Our furniture doesn't go with the Spanish-type house we're renting," he laughs. "We bought it with a Colonial farmhouse in mind. We know the very wall space every piece will fit—we have blueprints of the house, you see. I feel better with a piece of land that's mine. It seems so sort of fundamental and safe, with the world in such a tangle as it is these days. Why, people don't discuss sex any more for small talk—they argue economics, instead. Stocks go down, banks fail—but the land is there to go back to, if you need an anchor. It's something real.

"Hollywood isn't real. Movie success isn't real. The very landscape isn't real—you can take a California tree and walk off with it almost, because things out here haven't roots. Mind you, I'm not complaining about the movies. I'm everlastingly grateful for what they've done for me, *but the greatest movie success isn't enough.* I've talked to screen stars who have attained it, and they're all restless. They've got ambition for something more, and there isn't anything more for them on the screen. No new triumphs to win. No place to go from the top! That's why I want to go back to the theatre. You're never 'there' on the stage, you're always working, trying something new, hoping for a different kind of success with each new play."

Wants a Good, Tough Job

UNSATISFIED—not *dis*satisfied, mind you. That's how Bob Montgomery impresses you—restless. It isn't enough for him to make a lot of money. Or to play polo, the rich man's game. Or to read columns of publicity glorifying him. His hard young eyes are looking for *a tough job of work.* He takes a clipping out of his billfold with a smile and frown. "Robert Montgomery," he reads, wryly, "because of his good work in 'Letty Lynton,' has earned a leading part in 'Blondie of the Follies.'" He makes no comment. He doesn't need to!

His restlessness takes the form of writing. He has several hundred short stories in desk drawers at his house. He played an admittedly duffer's game of polo till a few weeks ago, when he sold his string of ponies. "It seems childish feeding horses when youngsters are going hungry somewhere," he says. He sailed away with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. and Laurence Olivier on a yacht for a regular he-man vacation recently—but they had to get back to work after only a few days.

There simply isn't enough for youth—real, ardent, anxious, eager youth—to do in Hollywood. To be sure, some movie stars get a lot of fun out of spending their money. But beyond buying a piece of old pewter now and then, the Robert Montgomerys don't care especially for *things*—possessions that tie one down, and worry one.

"They talk about my being a good saver," Bob frowns. "Well, it depends on what you mean. I wouldn't walk to the studio if I could afford to ride, and I wouldn't drive a poor, shabby little car if I could afford a good one. But money will mean freedom. We don't know what freedom means in the movies. I haven't been away for a trip except once, since I came West, two years ago. When picture stars go to Europe, they rush over and spend their time nervously waiting for a trans-oceanic telephone call or cablegram telling them to come back to begin a new picture."

Reports that the recent closing of a Beverly Hills bank had wiped out all his savings, Bob says, are untrue. "They were in a trust fund," he says. "I lost my checking account—that's all."

In company with the rest of the stars and the studio employees on the Metro lot, he took a thirty-five per cent cut in salary recently. "They revised the contracts to include that," he says, indifferently, "but if it had broken my contract to take it, I don't think I would have cared—much. I would have been back on the stage by now!"

Perhaps money and the power of money don't mean so much to Robert Montgomery since he discovered that it could not buy for him the thing he loved most, the life of his baby. The young Montgomerys never speak of this sorrow—it lies too deep. But friends say that Bob spent a fortune on doctors and specialists, some of them sent for from the East, when his three-year-old daughter was stricken with a throat infection that proved fatal just before Christmas, 1931.

How the Income Tax Hits the Movie Stars

(*Continued from page 69*)

to pay taxes of $30,220 instead of $29,120—a difference of $1,100. In other words, she can pocket only nine hundred of the two thousand she gets for the broadcast. It then becomes her problem to decide if the amount will compensate her for the work she must do.

Figuring out that simple little problem, it is believed, is really what caused Walter Winchell, the Broadway columnist, to forego a film appearance. He computed his earnings from all sources and discovered that his picture salary would jump his net income several brackets to a higher percentage. Deciding that the few extra hundreds he would make were not worth the effort, Winchell packed up and went back to columnizing.

Another aspect of the new law that hits Hollywood hard is the section relating to bonuses above salary. It seems that 80 per cent of such bonuses go to the government. This is bad news to Hollywood's "bonus army"—those stars who are in the habit of receiving bonuses if their pictures pass a certain mark at the box office. It is understood that Clara Bow's contract at Fox for the one picture, "Call Her Savage," provides for a salary of $125,000, with a healthy bonus if the picture grosses more than $800,000. If Clara's comeback picture tops that mark, she will receive only 20 per cent of the bonus her contract calls for; the government will get the rest.

Nancy's Predicament

FREQUENTLY in the past, when players have skyrocketed to stardom, their contracts have not been rewritten—but they have received salary bonuses to compensate for their new popularity. One of the several such cases, it is said, was formerly Nancy Carroll. When she suddenly zoomed up to stardom, Paramount gave her a bonus that amounted to $2,500 a week, making her total salary $3,500 a week (her contract called for a $1,000 a week salary). If Uncle Sam should take 80 per cent of her bonus, the gross would drop to $1,500—and she would be taxed again on that. No wonder Nancy was glad to take a salary cut recently, so that Paramount would tear up the old contract and hand her a new all-salary agreement! There are others, too.

The new law has other teeth equally sharp. The matter of exemptions, for example. The Government no longer differentiates between earned income and income from investments. Losses on security transactions are not deductible any more, if the securities have been owned less than two years. Thus a loss of, say, $100,000 on a stock bought last year cannot be charged off against profits in other stocks. You may have an actual net loss in securities for the year and still have a taxable income. This tooth is probably meant to discourage stock market manipulations.

A number of ordinary exemptions allowed people in the picture industry are still deductible. Others are not. Entertainment, for example, is strictly out. Once, all the elaborate parties given by film folk could be charged to "publicity" and deducted. It was not uncommon at one time to charge fifteen per cent or more of gross incomes to "entertainment." Various reforms reduced this percentage. Now, none is allowed. Charity donations will also be closely scrutinized, with vouchers, receipts and cancelled checks demanded in proof.

Expenses They Can Check Off

ALL paid publicity, including photographs and fan mail, is still allowable—but only if paid for. Under a previous ruling,

(*Continued on page 73*)

She never omits her Daily Bath—yet she **wears underthings a second day!**

FRESH AS A ROSE, she steps from her tub and then—too often she puts on yesterday's lingerie!

She *can't* escape offending when she does this! For all healthy people perspire, and underthings absorb perspiration. Even though we don't notice it ourselves, other people do. It ruins the effect we want to make.

Why should any girl run such a risk? It's so *easy* to remove the slightest danger of offending. For Lux coaxes out every trace of perspiration acids and odors! Just 4 minutes Luxes all one day's underthings—stockings, too. Keeps colors and fabrics lovely as new so much longer. Economical!

Avoid Offending—
Underthings absorb perspiration odor—Protect daintiness this 4-minute way

Wash this 4-minute way. One tablespoon of Lux does one day's undies . . . stockings, too! Use lukewarm water—Lux dissolves instantly in it. Squeeze suds through fabric, rinse twice.

Avoid ordinary soaps—cakes, powders, chips. These often contain harmful alkali which weakens threads, fades color. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water alone is safe in Lux.

LUX
For all fine laund

LUX
for Underthings

removes perspiration acids and odors—Saves Colors

ALL GRAY HAIR —OR NONE!

Nothing ages a man or a woman's face like a streaky mixture of youthful hair and faded gray. Watch for the first sprinkling. It's easy THEN to keep ALL your hair one even shade and avoid that touched up look by using FARR'S, a modern type of preparation, clean, odorless, greaseless that leaves a NATURAL, soft, youthful shade that will not wash off nor interfere with your marcel or permanent wave in the least. Any shade. Harmless as your lipstick. $1.35. For sale everywhere.

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79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.
Send FREE SAMPLE in plain wrapping.
Name..
Street..
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STATE ORIGINAL COLOR OF HAIR..

EARN MONEY AT HOME

YOU can make $15 to $50 weekly in spare or full time at home coloring photographs. No experience needed. No canvassing. We instruct you by our new simple Photo-Color process and supply you with work. Write for particulars and Free Book to-day.

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New Freedom for Modern Womanhood

SCIENCE MEETS DEMAND FOR COMPLETE PROTECTION

German scientists have developed an amazing formula now presented as H. Y. G. TABLETS. Pure, safe, convenient and a reliable antiseptic for feminine hygiene, they provide the necessary protection to womanhood. Removes fear and uncertainty. Antiseptic vapor liberated by these tablets, destroys germs without harming delicate membranes. Dry, greaseless, non-poisonous, non-irritating and stainless. No water, liquid antiseptic or cumbersome accessories needed. Comes in a small, compact package which can be conveniently and easily carried.

MAIL 10¢ AND THIS COUPON

Progressive Laboratories, Dept. K-6
228 S. Franklin St., Chicago, Ill.
Please send me sample of H. Y. G. Tablets, Directions and Valuable Booklet. I enclose 10c.
Name..
Address..
City.......................... State.......

They Asked Him to Kiss Joan Crawford and Robert Young Blushed!

(*Continued from page 52*)

It all started when Henry Hinsdell, the voice and dramatic coach for Metro-Goldwyn's youngsters, in a moment when his applied psychology failed him, told Bob he appealed only to the maternal instinct. How Mr. Hinsdell knew this, only he can say. But everyone will admit it was enough to make any ambitious young actor morbid and neurotic. Ever since that day Bob has been in a panic, for fear when he does a love scene he may look as if he were kissing his sister.

"It's really embarrassment, that's what it is," he continued in complete vexation. "It's all part of my inferiority complex. Have I *got* one? I've got one big enough for an elephant. I've always had, and I can't get over it. I'm not at all sure of myself. But it's a funny thing—it goes away the minute I start acting. Except in love scenes. Then it gets worse than ever.

"I made a test with Joan Crawford for 'Letty Lynton,' but I was terrible. I couldn't remember that I was just a man awfully in love with this girl, a man kissing the girl he loved. All I could think of was that it was Joan Crawford, the big star, and she was so beautiful, and I was just a beginner. And I got so embarrassed they decided I couldn't possibly play the part."

The girls who used to swoon over Bob when he was leading man at the Pasadena Playhouse will be amazed to hear of this new turn of events. And it's not really serious. The truth is that Bob has his inferiority complex, and consequent maternal appeal, only, when there are celebrities around. Remember his only professional experience was six months in a stock company, and he feels just the way you would if you were suddenly asked to kiss Joan Crawford.

Test Belied His Worries

ON the first day of a picture, Bob is panicky. "Gee, what am I going to do, playing with troupers like Walter Huston and Lewis Stone and Neil Hamilton!" he jitters to his friends. For the first few days on the set he has been known to be positively sullen, so anxious is he to seem unintimidated by the famous ones.

But don't be deceived. They took some love scenes in a hammock with Bob and Joan Marsh, and the results prove Bob has nothing fundamental to worry about. Absolutely no instincts missing, no mother's-boy traits apparent. Bob is O. K.

"The only reason I'm worried about my lack of sex appeal," he said, "is because it makes me look so young. It prevents me from playing any parts but juveniles, and I despise those. In 'The Sin of Madelon Claudet' I wore a mustache to make me look a little older. I'm really twenty-five, but mentally I must be just a high-school boy, and that's what the camera registers. I'm afraid the mustache doesn't help much, though, and a false one always shows. I couldn't possibly grow one of my own." Bob admitted his shame in the same spirit of humility and desire-to-do-better with which he had confessed to maternal-appeal. "I can grow one on the edges, like a Chinaman's, but there's nothing in the middle."

That checks mustaches off our list of topics to be covered in this story. Now let's get on with the wolves and the silver platters. The wolf has never been far from Bob Young's door, he contends. His older brother, Joe, an actor in screen comedies, supported the family and made it possible for Bob to go through high-school, though the kid assisted with the usual paper-route and other adolescent jobs. The locale of this story is Los Angeles, by the way. Bob was born in Chicago, but he came here at the age of ten and hasn't been away since, except for a few weeks.

"In school I was very studious," he said, "All I needed was the spectacles. But deep down I always had a feeling that I'd like to be an actor." He gave up the idea of college because he knew he'd miss both the social life and the student dramatics if he had to work his way through. And so it came about that the Pasadena Community Players got a new leading man. (Karen Morley was leading lady.)

There was an English teacher at Bob's high-school whose only pleasure was in taking floundering young people who didn't know quite what to do with their lives, discovering their talents, developing them, and helping her charges toward their goal.

"I had to work, of course," Bob related, "so I got a job in a bank, and went to Pasadena evenings and Saturday matinées. Gee, it's been wonderful the way I've never struggled for anything I've got. Everything's been handed to me on a silver platter. It's been just luck, all the way through.

Acting Was Play, Not Work

"I WORKED in Pasadena purely as recreation. You know how some people, after work, go out to a cabaret, get drunk, and make whoopee. In exactly the same spirit, I went over there and acted. I was crazy about it, but I didn't even intend that it should be my profession, and I had no idea of doing it as a dogged struggle to get ahead."

Meanwhile Bob left the bank, and got a job as collector for a Building and Loan company. That wasn't a very profitable move. When he saw the poverty in which his clients lived, instead of collecting he'd usually give them a few dollars, and tell his boss there was nobody home. The result was that collectors began calling at *his* house, and that led Bob to accept a job with a stock company touring the Pacific Coast. He returned from the tour richer by a little professional experience, a few staunch friends, and enough money to pay his debts.

Then came the sudden streak of what Bob calls luck, served up on a series of gleaming silver platters. An agent who had seen Bob in Pasadena called him up. He had tests made at several big studios—and it was all just a sight-seeing tour to Bob, who had never been able to get inside the gates. Imagine his amazement when in a few weeks he was led to the official Metro-Goldwyn fountain pen, where, in a complete daze, he signed his name to a five-year contract.

On the way home his agent said, "Now, how'd you like to go to Honolulu?"—but Bob was too numb to be surprised. This wizard had also signed for his client to appear in one picture for Fox Films, to be made in Honolulu. And Bob's screen career started off in a blaze of glory at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, as juvenile lead in "The Black Camel."

Just one year later, he was experiencing the stage-fright of a big première at the Chinese Theatre—the première of "The Wet Parade," in which he was the undisputed leading man. His studio predicts big things for him, especially since "New Morals for Old" and "Unashamed" and "Strange Interlude." Not so bad for a boy who has no sex appeal and only the outer edges of a moustache.

How the Income Tax Hits the Movie Stars

(*Continued from page 71*)

Ann Harding could charge fifty per cent of the operation expenses of her airplane to her publicity account. To do this, her name had to be painted on the side of the 'plane in letters of a specified height. Doubtless this ruling will be rescinded under the 1932 law.

Fifty per cent of expenses for film wardrobe is allowed, and the same amount for cosmetics. Fifty per cent of auto maintenance, including chauffeur, is deductible if the car cost less than $5,000. Autos costing over five thousand rate only twenty per cent exemption.

Full commissions, salaries and expenses of business managers are deductible. The same is true of agents' fees, secretarial salaries and other personal employees *used at the studio*. There is a very clearly-defined line drawn between business employees and household servants. The salary of a maid, valet or hairdresser who works for a star at the studio can be deducted. A butler's salary cannot. Attorneys' fees are allowed only for drawing contracts, defending property and purely business transactions. If a star becomes embroiled in a private quarrel, he pays for his own lawyer.

There are other small exemptions—long-distance business telephone calls and telegrams, books for research work, some traveling expenses and the like. But nowhere near the number previously allowed.

A Tax Expert's Advice

"THERE is one piece of advice I give all my clients," Forest W. Monroe told us. "When they come to me for income tax counsel, I tell them to keep a record of all minor expenditures, as well as major ones. Too often I have been confronted with the question of accounting for a few dollars that would save hundreds on the tax return.

"It makes no difference what your occupation is—keep a good check on small personal expenses. Write everything down. It will save you money in the long run."

Richard Dix is the only actor we know who has followed Mr. Monroe's advice. Dix apparently learned his lesson by bitter experience. He ran into trouble with the Government last year, concerning his income tax. The difficulty arose when he chose the wrong tax accountant to make his returns. Recently, Dix bought the writer a cigar and jotted the item down in a little red book. Now I know why.

Dix is not alone in having suffered through tax troubles. There have been scores of others involved by their blind trust in so-called tax accountants. Perhaps the most famous case was that concerning Charlie Chaplin. Charlie paid nearly a million-dollar fine.

Chaplin probably pays more in taxes than anyone else in filmland. When the County Assessor recently appraised Chaplin's taxable securities, he estimated their value at $7,687,570 as of March 1, 1932.

Speaking of Chaplin brings to mind an extraordinary situation regarding international tax laws. Charlie is an English citizen, as are Elissa Landi (by marriage), Clive Brook, Ronald Colman and George Arliss. All must pay, not only an American tax, but one in England. This runs as high as twenty-five per cent additional. The same is true in France (Chevalier's native land) and a few other countries.

Perhaps our American stars, in bemoaning their own tax rates, can find condolence in the misfortune of the visiting French and English players. At least, if you are an American, only one Government gets it.

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There's a Wedding Ahead for Tallulah Bankhead!

(*Continued from page 68*)

listen to one's self expressing it in such words that it is hardly recognizable. Miss Bankhead must often have had such an experience.

There is only one phase of this number of mystery, silence and idealism, according to the numerical recordings, genuinely expressed by Miss Bankhead. For this number is only the symbol of her "Expression." Her name contains no g, p or q, which also take the value of this number 7. This important phase which she manifests is the fact of a certain aristocracy. Truly an aristocrat among numbers is "7." Truly an aristocrat among the movie stars is Tallulah Bankhead.

Beyond this important phase, the number vibrations reveal her languid flow of movement and quiet poise to be more or less of a stage set. Windows, doors with flowering vines about them, all in realistic order; but on the other side, not the warmth of feeling, the understanding welcome that might be expected. Instead, we contact the cool ambition to succeed in spite of every obstacle, to be personally free, independent and achieve the high peak of public success. It reminds us again, this inner nature numbered "3," of the cool rush of gay, ambitious waters that can feel little sympathy for humanity standing on the banks, but are always willing to give refreshment and inspiration, according to a personal ideal of beauty.

Hard Work Ahead of Her

THE windings of Tallulah's destiny, as mapped out according to the numbers of the day, month and year of her birth, January 31, 1902, are charted by the number "8," the symbol of material freedom, of health, prosperity and authority.

This number "8" is built up through the numerals "1," "4" and "3" in such a fashion as to necessitate a good deal of hard work through the middle portion of her life from twenty-eight to forty-six. Particularly from twenty-eight to thirty-seven, which she will be in 1939, this work will continue to be in the theatre and upon the screen, and her tools will be her definite ambition to project her personality and her undoubted ability as an actress, which I have already shown is due to her "7" Expression.

Noticing the markings on Tallulah Bankhead's path of destiny, which all indicate much future success for her, even when play-acting has given way to other activities, it is worth while to examine the one commencing with her thirty-seventh year and ending with her forty-sixth. This period represents a phase of experience when Tallulah, the woman, and not Tallulah, the actress, will find real self-satisfaction in personal happiness—marriage, companionship, social position, and recognition that will measure up to the very definite ambitions of her inner nature.

The impersonal, cool aristocrat, no longer content with the protecting shade of a professional success, will step out into the sunshine to nourish her personal visions of beauty and attainment.

The year of 1931, in the career of Miss Bankhead, marked the beginning of a new cycle of years which will not end until 1939. This promises her bigger and better rôles as the possibility of the Fall of 1932, and for the year 1933 a temporary return to the theatre. There is little danger of any change important enough in her life to dim her growing popularity until 1935.

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"I always consult Numerology as the most direct route to checking up on my decisions, my associations, my business prospects and opportunities as well as in selecting the proper time to put through important changes.

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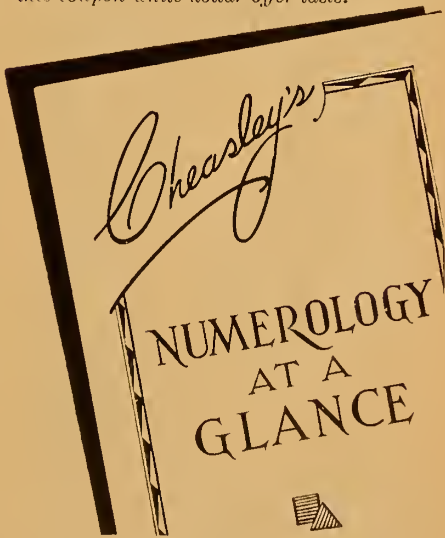

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Lee Tracy, Fighting Mad, Kills a Rumor

(*Continued from page 26*)

eight hundred and eighty consecutive performances. We closed in 'Broadway,' on a Saturday and on Sunday I started rehearsals for 'The Front Page.' I played *Hildy Johnson*, the reporter, for the next *forty-three weeks.* Never once in all that time did I miss a performance. Where do they get this 'unreliable' stuff? Do these statistics show me up as 'irresponsible'?

"It's the bunk—this tale about my being the answer to the bootleggers' prayer. Sure, I drink when I'm not working. But I never stepped on a stage 'under the influence,' as polite phraseology has it.

"The studio completed 'Blessed Event' in a little over *three weeks shooting time.* Does that sound as if I held them up? I was late twice on the set. I can't get used to these horrible eight o'clock calls. Imagine making a man get up at six or six-thirty and expecting him to work! Why, that's the middle of night! I don't begin to wake up until afternoon. But 'Washington Merry-Go-Round,' which I'm just finishing, has been on schedule to the minute.

Another "Ridiculous" Rumor

"SOMEBODY started the report, when I was late one morning, that I had refused to leave my hotel until the studio sent me a case of brandy. Of all the idiotic ideas! Where would a studio get a case of brandy that was fit to drink? *I* have a hard enough time getting decent brandy—and look at all the ropes I am supposed to know.

"The trouble with me is I'm not a hypocrite. If I want to drink, it's my own business, so long as it doesn't interfere with my work. But if I had had the sense of a one-eared jack rabbit, I would have taken my highballs behind closed doors with all the window shades pulled, following the local custom. But no. I have to go places, see people and do things when I'm high. Drinking solitary isn't any fun. And why drink unless you have fun?

"Perhaps I shouldn't have been so frank when I filled out that foolish biographical questionnaire a publicity department handed me. It's supposed to have something to do with getting your name in the papers. But it's foolish, and I answered in kind. For example, the question: 'What do you do to keep fit?' I answered: 'Drink liquor and relax.'

"I've been told since that some of the boys took me seriously. In fact, they've gone back to that questionnaire to substantiate the argument that I drink. The argument doesn't need substantiation. I admit it. What I'm denying is that drinking has ever made me unreliable."

Although Lee Tracy terms the biography "foolish," it reveals many sidelights on the man behind the actor. To begin with, it gives his birthplace as Atlanta, Georgia and the date as April 14, 1898. His father was a railroad man and an ardent admirer of that gallant Southern general, Robert E. Lee, as the first name he gave his son will testify.

Why He Turned Actor

LEE tried his hand at railroading when his dad became General Superintendent of the Lehigh Valley Railroad. He gave it up to enroll in medical school and in turn abandoned a doctor's career in favor of the stage. This was dictated, he says, solely by the knowledge that the theatre was a source of heavy profits "if you clicked."

Ten years of apprenticeship followed, ten years of one-night stands, playing vaudeville, acting with stock companies. "Broadway" was his first individual hit; "Big Time" his first picture. In both he played "hoofers." Yet cannot dance a step.

"I was better qualified perhaps," Tracy laughs "for the part of *Hildy Johnson* in 'The Front Page.' *Hildy*, as you remember, (whisper) drank. I don't know why it is, but I have even been criticized for playing tipsy rôles. A number of newspaper editors took me to task for depicting a drunken reporter. Maybe they thought there wasn't such an animal, just as Hollywood prefers to believe me its only intoxicated actor."

Returning to the biography, we find Lee waxing sarcastic in answer to the question, "What is your favorite recipe that you, yourself, prepare?" He wrote "Bacon and eggs," and after the query "Ingredients?" repeated "Bacon and eggs."

His present ambition is, he says, "To stay where I am—it's a tough job." He denies any artistic yearning besides acting, saying "Acting is enough."

"Why is it," Tracy asks, "that you go along for years on the stage without having a single questionnaire shoved at you? Then you come to Hollywood and around every corner lurks a perspiring publicity man, pencil in hand, waiting to pounce on his prey. I've answered more intimate questions than I knew anyone dared to ask.

"This sort of thing has got me all in a dither. Not that I don't like publicity men. Some of them are great guys. But they're driving me nuts. They make me horribly self-conscious. I'm conscious of personal prejudices I've had all my life, but never thought much about until now.

How He Gets in "Hot Water"

"ALL these things have been brought to my attention by having to answer questions about them. No wonder this is a crazy town. Everyone out here knows too much about himself. Going Hollywood really means going self-conscious. But the question I most encounter is 'What are your hobbies?' That's easy. Though when I answer truthfully, 'Highballs, fishing and gambling,' I get in hot water."

Behind Lee Tracy's devotion to the sport of fishing lies the *real reason*—your pardon, Hollywood—why he will not sign a long-term studio contract. He tried the contract thing once with Fox, found it interfered with his fishing and asked for his release. When the fish stopped biting, he went back to Broadway.

He was playing in "Louder, Please" when Warners signed him up for a single picture, "The Strange Love of Molly Louvain." Before that was completed, he signed for another, "Love Is a Racket." Again, while still in production, he was offered and accepted another rôle, this one in "Doctor X." Then Jimmy Cagney staged his famous walk-out. Warners had prepared "Blessed Event" for Cagney and overnight recast it for Lee Tracy. There was talk at the time of a long-term agreement, but Tracy preferred fishing.

Fishing palled and Tracy returned to Hollywood to step into the lead of "Night Mayor" at Columbia, in which he plays a character slightly like Mayor Jimmy Walker of New York. He also signed to do "Washington Merry-Go-Round" for the same company. Meanwhile "Blessed Event" was previewed and Hollywood, unable to understand why Warners had let Tracy slip though their fingers, cast about for a reason. "Elbow-bending" was chosen as a logical explanation. Anyhow, it sounded better than the more prosaic fishing. Gambling was ruled out when it was discovered that Lee's preference was for crap-shooting.

Ruth Marries George and Everybody's Happy

(*Continued from page 66*)

'Twas whispered that Ruth found Chevalier's fellow-countryman most attractive, that their friendship was developing into a deep and real understanding. Chatterton had long since stopped keeping up the pretense with her real and close friends that she and Ralph Forbes ("Rafe," as she calls him) were happy. Those who knew Ruth best believed that a new and very great love had come into her life in the person of the French actor, Boyer.

He was a visitor in Hollywood, looking over the movie center, being spurred on to try his luck in American films by his friend, Chevalier. He did, in fact, accept several picture engagements, drawing his most important rôle in "The Man from Yesterday," with Claudette Colbert and Clive Brook. During his first few months in Hollywood he was an attentive cavalier to the charming Chatterton. Who knows where this friendship might have led if Charles Boyer had not met Frances Dee, the peppy little Paramount ingénue?

Was Ruth "Heart-Broken"?

BOYER fell deeply in love with Frances Dee almost at first sight. And Frances, who has been rumored engaged to so many eligible young Hollywood men, is said to have turned her first serious attention upon young Boyer. From the moment of their meeting they were constantly seen together at the beaches, the cafés, the theatre and movie premières. The talk about the Boyer-Chatterton romance waned in the sudden affection that had sprung up between the Frenchman and Frances Dee.

Those who liked their romances highly dramatized were of the opinion that Ruth Chatterton was "heart-broken." There was that story about her journey to Pasadena to meet the train of the in-coming Boyer, only to learn that he had left the train at San Bernadino, where he had been met by Frances Dee. When she took a sudden "rest trip" to Arrowhead, it was commonly supposed by those who liked to believe they were "in" on all the details, that she had gone there to forget her friendship for Boyer.

Can you believe this story that Hollywood likes so well—that Ruth Chatterton is an incurable romanticist at heart? They say that for years, ever since the first disillusion in her marriage with Forbes (during the year Ralph was a success in Hollywood and Ruth was struggling to get started), she has been looking for a man to whom she would be "the only woman." There is no compromise with the modern in Ruth's romantic ideals; she does not believe in a scattering of affections. Those who have enjoyed her confidence claim she is an apostle of the creed of one woman in a man's life. They say she sought that ideal in Boyer until little Frances Dee so innocently happened along to destroy it by being the recipient of Boyer's unmistakable affection. Before Boyer left Hollywood he pleaded with Frances Dee to marry him. But Frances' contract has many months to run and she was not free to accept an offer of marriage that would take her from this country.

Temporary Reconciliation

THERE was little more talk about Ruth Chatterton and Charles Boyer. For a while it looked as though Ruth and Ralph Forbes might really become reconciled. Their persistent "fireside publicity" eventually threw the press off the trail and the cry of "trouble brewing" was not again taken up until Ruth moved into her bungalow dressing-room at the studio.

This time the romantic rumors linked her name with George Brent, her new leading man. An amusing sidelight of the gossip at that time was that George Brent and Charles Boyer were, and are, the best of friends. And to add to the complications, it was believed that Brent (who had been divorced from Helen Campbell in Los Angeles in 1929), was more or less engaged to Gilda Gray, famous shimmy dancer of the New York stage. For two years before Brent arrived in Hollywood his name had been consistently linked with Gilda's.

And then to Hollywood came Gilda—but just in time to read of the pre-divorce engagement of George Brent and Ruth Chatterton! During her stay (she was making personal appearances at a local theatre) Gilda was interviewed by a woman reporter. She was asked about the Chatterton-Brent engagement. It is reported that her only answer was a hearty laugh and the mysterious comment: "Well, we live and learn."

Gilda seemed determined to "laugh it off" and certainly she gave no outward evidence of a heartbroken woman. She managed to get herself rumored engaged to two different gentlemen before she took her departure. Never, at any time, was there any linking of her name with her former close friend, George Brent, even during the time just preceding the "engagement" announcement, before Ruth Chatterton reached Europe. There could be no doubt but that the Brent-Gilda Gray romance was most certainly "cold."

In fact, Hollywood had begun to rumor another romance for George Brent in pretty little Loretta Young! It actually took the engagement announcement that Chatterton and George Brent were planning matrimony to make Hollywood realize there could have been nothing but friendship between Loretta and George.

Was Loretta Disappointed?

IN denying "romantic intentions" toward Loretta, Brent said: "Hollywood is greatly given to rumoring romance if two people are even seen in public more than twice. Loretta and I frequently lunched and dined together, thus putting ourselves in the position of being suspected of romantic feelings toward one another. But, as usual, Hollywood was wrong. Our meetings were merely business. We were planning to go out on a personal appearance together and it was necessary to be together a great deal, rehearsing the act, and so on."

Maybe it is because Hollywood doesn't like to be so thoroughly fooled that it stubbornly clings to the idea that Loretta was very fond of George Brent.

These are the silent angles of the much-publicized triangle of Ralph Forbes-Ruth Chatterton-George Brent. Surely Hollywood has never known a more "far-reaching" romance.

The studio has maintained a diplomatic silence about the sudden divorce and remarriage of its most prominent star. It is not known yet whether or not Ruth and George will continue as a screen team. It is likely. George was taken out of the cast of "20,000 Years in Sing Sing," with Spencer Tracy substituted, presumably for the purpose of George's being available for Ruth's next picture, "The Paris Racket."

Ruth is thirty-four, according to the marriage records; George is twenty-eight. She earns several thousand a week; he earns a few hundred. But love, they say, laughs at little differences like these.

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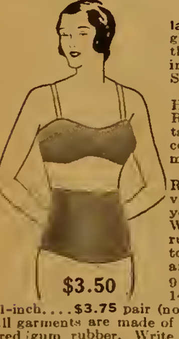

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Are Foreign Stars Hated in Their Own Countries?

(Continued from page 21)

among foreign fans that seldom wavers even with poor pictures. If they like a star, audiences in Europe will attend an American talking picture they cannot fully understand in preference to locally-made films. There are many theatres abroad that advertise only star names and never mention the vehicle.

The Orient's Surprise Favorite

DO you know, for example, who has the biggest drawing movie name in China and Japan? It isn't Anna May Wong or Sessue Hayakawa or any other Oriental player. The name in question belongs to a director: Cecil B. De Mille. That's all that is advertised. His old silent spectacles are still showing in Chinese and Japanese theatres. This, despite the fact that censorship in these countries prohibits all kissing scenes or scenes in which a man and woman, regardless of their marital state, appear in a room that contains a bed, let alone a bath-tub (De Mille's trade mark). The popularity of De Mille films, without such sequences, offers a paradox that baffles movie producers. The fact remains, nevertheless, that the director's name, and his name alone, assures packed houses in the Orient.

Hollywood producers haven't always known what they now know about foreign tastes. They learned only by bitter experience. When talking pictures first came along, the important question was what would become of the films' foreign market, then about forty per cent of the total gross. It was finally decided that the solution lay in importing foreign players to make Spanish, French and German versions of American pictures. A mad hegira to Hollywood immediately began. Broken English and dialects were heard on every street corner. Someone compared the studios to the Tower of Babel.

But foreign audiences turned thumbs down on their own countrymen. They made it known in no uncertain terms that they preferred Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Gloria Swanson and Janet Gaynor, uttering unintelligible English words, to lesser-known and less glamourous native actors. Even enormously popular European stage stars came to grief. Their names meant little to movie patrons. Accustomed to American technique on the screen, foreign audiences greeted with laughter the over-acting of most of their countrymen who ventured to solve Hollywood's problem.

The Furore Dolores Caused

THERE were, of course, few such violent demonstrations as that which forced Dolores Del Rio's picture to close in Mexico City recently. But then Mexico has always been touchy in regard to its national pride, and "The Girl of the Rio" was deemed a caricature of its people and customs.

The film opened with a fanfare of publicity. Dolores made an address over the long-distance telephone that was heard by the opening-night audience through loud-speakers in the theatre. It was a big night for all concerned.

But the newspapers the following day unmercifully denounced the picture as libelous to Mexican honor. Particularly were the performances of Miss Del Rio and Leo Carrillo lambasted. Demands were made that the negative be publicly burned.

That day, audiences joined heartily in the denunciation. They shouted, hissed and booed throughout each showing. Finally, the Government stepped in with orders to withdraw the picture. Sarto, Mexico's foremost clown, immediately burlesqued the matter. In his stage act, he carried on a mock telephone conversation with Dolores Del Rio in Hollywood. Then he changed to an outlandish make-up to imitate Carrillo as the bandit. His work was received with acclaim that rocked the rafters and, as this is written, the burlesque is still a part of his act.

Miss Del Rio is reported very much grieved over the affair. She declined, however, to make a statement for publication other than to say that she could not understand her unpopularity in her native land. A check on box-office records does not show that she was ever a tremendous drawing card in Mexico.

Lupe's Film Also Banned

MORE recently, "The Broken Wing," starring Dolores' great rival, Lupe Velez, was similarly banned in Mexico—and Lupe, also born in Mexico, was censured for her part in it. Curiously enough, Leo Carrillo was again the villain of the piece. You can imagine, perhaps, how popular he must be in the country south of the Rio Grande. But their fellow countrymen are even more annoyed at Dolores and Lupe—for they were born in Mexico. (Carrillo, though of Spanish descent, is of old California stock.) The Mexican censors, it seemed, considered the film derogatory to Mexico—though the Central American country in the picture was supposed to be a mythical one! The studio claims that the Mexican Ambassador to this country okayed it.

The touchiness of Mexican and other governments about villainies enacted by nationalized characters in American films has previously caused studios considerable concern. One of the first cases on record was that of the villain played by Warner Oland in "Patricia," the old serial starring Irene Castle. Mexico filed official protest at Washington. Its bandits, it said, weren't that bad.

Among the more recent instances was the Helen Twelvetrees-Ricardo Cortez picture, "Her Man," which was severely criticized in Cuba. To prevent racial disturbances, Hollywood has taken to making most of its foreign villains Russian. American movies are not distributed in Russia.

Sojin, the Japanese actor, actually feared to return to his own country because of his screen villainies. No picture in which he appeared was ever shown in Japan or China after irate patrons wrecked a Tokio theatre in their disapproval of his "dirty work" on the screen. Sojin eventually went back to Japan, but only after he had appealed to the Emperor for protection. It is said he now lives quietly in retirement with armed guards around his house.

Hayakawa Received Threats

SESSUE HAYAKAWA was threatened by Oriental secret societies after his appearance opposite Fannie Ward in the silent version of "The Cheat." Even an innocuous Harold Lloyd comedy caused a riot in China because of some scenes depicting a fight Lloyd was supposed to have in San Francisco's Chinatown. Lloyd treated the China boys too roughly for Chinese tastes. National pride, they will have us understand, is not to be trifled with.

Nor will any evidence of the Hollywood brand of high-hat be tolerated by fellow countrymen. Charlie Chaplin went back to England last year a national hero. He was nearly mobbed by the cheering populace. But Charlie showed his preference for hobnobbing with royalty and drove hard bargains for the rental of his comedy, "City Lights." When he left England, hardly a soul bid him farewell.

Maurice Chevalier, long the idol of France, has suffered from adverse publicity that accrued when he asked an enormous sum for a Paris stage appearance and refused to appear at a charity affair without compensation. The resentment this caused led to his being attacked in print and a subsequent falling off in box-office receipts. The change of attitude toward him in France was slight, but nevertheless marked. It has not affected his popularity except in the French capital.

George Arliss is not the first gentleman of the screen in England, as he is in America. The English regard his accent as almost American. In fact, Arliss has been cited by universities in this country for his pure American diction.

The Most Popular Stars Abroad

THERE are a number of other players, while not unpopular in their own countries, who are less popular, comparatively, than in America. This list includes the Swedish Nils Asther and Norwegian Greta Nissen, the Austrian von Stroheim and the Austrian Elissa Landi, who is generally believed to be an Englishwoman. The exceptions to this rule are led by the Mexican Ramon Novarro, who is a smash attraction in all Spanish-speaking countries; likewise the Spanish Antonio Moreno, who has been making Spanish versions; and Jean Hersholt of Denmark.

Ask someone familiar with the foreign market for the names of the most universally popular stars on the screen to-day. (We'll leave Mickey and Minnie Mouse out, this time.) The answer may not be what you expect. For the fellows who top all Hollywood in international popularity are Laurel and Hardy. Laurel is an Englishman; Hardy an American.

This team wows 'em in any language. There is a theatre on the main street of Vienna that runs nothing but Laurel and Hardy comedies, giving four shows a day! There hasn't been a change in program for months and the S. R. O. sign is always out. Charlie Chaplin is afraid he wouldn't have an international audience, if he made talkies, but Laurel and Hardy constantly gain in popularity.

The kings and emperors of at least three countries command private showings of all new Laurel and Hardy releases. They are as big a hit somewhere East of Suez as they are at your neighborhood theatre. South America literally cries for their films (which have Spanish versions). They are one Hollywood team whose profits are with honor in any country.

Did You Know That--

Groucho Marx has taken his red wig and gone to Russia—to exhibit his famous pantomime at the Moscow Art Theatre?

Frank Buck, the chap who brings 'em back alive, is about to set out on another jungle expedition with traps and cameras?

Jean Harlow and Clark Gable are to be lovers in "Red Dust"? (They're out to build up the Harlow girl fast!)

Eddie Cantor is writing a biography of the late Florenz Ziegfeld (see story page 31), who helped Eddie to become famous?

Chaplin's early two-reelers are being re-issued with sound effects?

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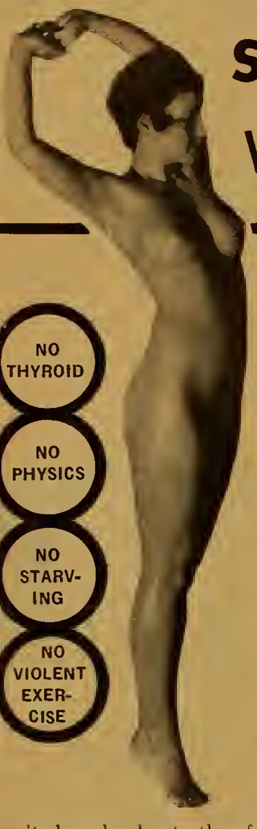

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Hearing how others had safely and pleasantly lost 21½ pounds in 11 weeks, 22 pounds in 12 weeks, 9 pounds in 6 weeks, I decided to try SAIF too. Surely *this* was the easiest method of reducing I'd ever heard of! You just drop these tablets in a glass of water: the result is a sparkling drink, pleasant and refreshing.

And now *my* excess fat is beginning to go too—surely and steadily, week by week. But not *too* fast—for remember this: in this delicate matter too much speed means Danger, and in SAIF there is *no danger!* In just a few weeks now I'll be back to the weight of my girlhood 'teens.

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Please send me sample of SAIF, and your booklet about the SAFE WAY TO REDUCE. This involves no obligation of any kind on my part.

Name..

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Stars Put On a Show for the Olympics

(*Continued from page 25*)

"Tarzan" had been done and packed away in the film can long ago, or what—but anyway, the studio put on a good show. There were the usual calls of "Quiet! . . . Lights! . . . Ready, now . . . ACTION!" And not a smithereen of film in the camera or a bit of sound track anywhere around.

Even the Barrymores, Ethel, John and Lionel, making "Rasputin," took a quota of visitors. And took them without an audible murmur.

It all cost the studio thousands of dollars, of course, and the stars thousands of feet of lost patience and temperamental energy, but strangely, very few objected. On the contrary, much to the amazement of other folks in Hollywood, it soon became evident that the picture folks were liking it.

Acted as They Do on Screen

WHAT happened was that they became inoculated with the "give-'em-a-good-show" bug. When the international significance of the Olympics hit their consciousness, they went international publicity-conscious. They preened, fluttered, swaggered and clowned everywhere they went during those three weeks, for fear that some rajah from far-away India or visiting publisher from Australia might see them. They wanted good tales, impressive tales, to be carried back home to Europe and South America and the Far East.

One of the gentlemen who seemed to be hit the hardest by this bug was Joe E. Brown. Joe is a sports fan, anyway, having been a circus acrobat and a major-league baseball player once upon a time, and the Olympics were just up his street. But you should have seen him in the grandstand day after day. He couldn't sit quietly like other folks. He found himself going through facial contortions and lots of his clown tricks to give folks, who had paid admissions to see broad jumps and hurdle races, their money's worth also of Joe E. Brown.

And, one afternoon, I watched Douglas Fairbanks make four trips from his prominently placed box in the center of the stands, up through the sections where the foreign athletes were sitting. Why four trips, I don't know; but every time he passed up the aisle, he was mobbed for autographs. Cameramen snapped him grinning alongside Arthur Jonath, the German runner, and other athletes. Doug and Harold Lloyd visited the boys at Olympic Village, the big, specially-built town for the athletes, and did the autograph business up brown. They signed everything from the woolen underwear of the Finns to the rowing sculls of the Frenchmen.

You may muffle a shout at this, but even the esthetic and aloof Josef Von Sternberg was not immune to the Olympic personal appearance virus. As you may know, it takes a regular cataclysm to stop Mr. Von Sternberg from working. Only a short time ago, some union had to make an awful fuss to get their boys home before the wee, small hours of the morning. The director wanted to keep his company going both day and night.

The Latins Pursued Marlene

BUT on the occasion of the Olympics, he called off shooting on "Blonde Venus," for a whole day just to entertain with Marlene Dietrich, sixty German athletes and former German Secretary of State Ewald. More than that, when the visitors, practically all of whom were amateur photographers, pulled their cameras from their pockets, he said, "Go right ahead." And posed and posed and posed. With a smile.

A few days previous, too, Marlene had had the somewhat unusual experience of being actually chased by admiring Argentines. She has had her share of adulation in the past, has fought her way through première crowds and has been propelled through mobs, almost at the risk of life—but this was something new.

Four of the Argentines, on tour of the studio, became missing. A search ensued which ended suddenly when Marlene came loping around the corner of Stage Two, her "bodyguard" behind her and four ardent Argentines in hot pursuit. They just liked her—she was a beautiful woman. They were captured by an agile young publicity man and led back to the rest of the party.

Charlie Farrell and Janet Gaynor took a heavier "rap." They took a ride on the shoulders of some burly German girls. It was after a luncheon at Fox Hills, during which all the girl athletes had been introduced to all the Fox stars. Charlie and Janet were standing quietly smiling at the girls, when four exuberant frauleins from the Rhineland swooped upon the team and hoisted them to shoulders.

Will Rogers was among those present that day. He took advantage of the occasion to wisecrack with each and every one—or at least, so it seemed. To Georgia Coleman, champion woman swimmer, he directed the question, "Who are you?"

Georgia beat him at his own game. "I'm wet," she answered.

To Mildred (Babe) Didrikson, girl track star, Will said: "You're America's greatest woman athlete, aren't you?"

"Yep," responded Babe, "and I'll challenge you to a match in any sport, even polo."

Rogers shook his head sadly. "No, Ma'am, you're too tough. I've heard about you."

Sally and Joan Kidded the Finns

IT was at Fox Hills, a few days previous, when Raoul Walsh was host to the Finnish athletes, that Sally Eilers and Joan Bennett took it upon themselves to teach the Finns how to make a hit with the American girls.

They informed the Finns, Paavo Nurmi among them, that three of the most complimentary phrases to use when meeting an American girl were: "Hot cha, cha, cha!" and "In your hat!" and "What's it to you?" Just how the Finns fared with this equipment, or whether they used it has not been recorded.

Many stars gave studio parties for visiting athletes—and they were *parties*, not speech-making affairs. Fifi Dorsay, for instance, gave one at Monogram for the Canadian delegation (more than one hundred strong)—Fifi having hailed from Montreal. It was just a coincidence, of course, that she was playing a Canadian girl in her current picture, "The Girl from Calgary." And Billie Dove played hostess to the Swiss athletes. How did this come about? Billie's parents were born in Switzerland. Jean Hersholt royally entertained the Danish athletes and seemed to be having the time of his life, talking Danish again.

Of course, it is yet a matter of doubt how the visiting athletes, the bigwigs from the foreign countries, the silk-hatted diplomats, the important personages of great European and Eastern nations, took the monkey-shines of the movie stars. They were "movie crazy" long before they went to Hollywood—and perhaps the pictures of their champion wrestlers taken alongside George Raft, for example, doubling up his fist, were to them just part of the great movie game. As was that of Sally and Joan kidding the Finns about American slang.

Movie Finds Among the Athletes

AND perhaps they have left behind some of their own sterling youth to make fortunes and fame in motion pictures, à la Johnny Weissmuller, champion swimmer of the 1928 Olympic Games at Amsterdam. For, at this writing, a number of the Olympic competitors are being discussed as potential movie bets.

For girls, a little lassie from Sweden is being seriously considered. I saw her when she first walked into Chapman Park hotel—Olympic girls' dormitory—and she's a honey. Her name is Ingeborg Sjoquist, but they could change that. She has a lovely figure, a beautiful walk. She is small, with natural blonde hair. She has starry eyes that seem to be gazing forever at misty, faraway points. And her voice is throaty. But—she can't speak good English. (Well, neither could Garbo.) She's the Swedish champion diver. However, the worst handicap of all is that she's in love with a Swedish swimmer.

Then there's Eleanor Holm, New York girl whom Ziegfield wanted in the "Follies." Although she has trained as a swimmer since she was six, she found the chorus routine too strenuous and she declined the "Follies" job. Paramount and M-G-M are both after her.

There's a little gypsy from Hungary, "Baby" von Dany, a woman fencer, who has most movie stars all whipped when it comes to sex appeal. And there are other athletic beauties who were implored to take movie tests.

For men? Well, it has been suggested that when the next picture of darkest Africa is made, Eddie Tolan and Ralph Metcalfe, the two American champion runners, both colored, could beat any animal in a race.

All kidding aside, "Boy" Charlton, a big blond from Australia who has good looks galore, has been tested. And Patrick O'Callaghan, strapping Irish hammer-throw champion, is the idol of a lot of movie-ites. But he is a doctor, and probably could not be persuaded to give up his practice. Bill Carr, a Pennsylvania track man, who is about the size of Ramon Novarro, is said to have chances. John Anderson of Cornell, better than six feet tall, a blond, is looked upon with favor. Albie Booth, the "mighty atom" of Yale football fame, went out to Los Angeles to play in the exhibition football game for the Olympics—and was promptly signed for a picture.

The Movie Stars Made a Hit

THE athletes were crazy, for the most part, about Hollywood.

The turbaned East Indians wanted to meet Greta Garbo, but, of course, they didn't. (She had gone back to Sweden—not remaining in Hollywood even to play honorary hostess to the Swedish athletes.) Yvonne Goddard of France, champion European swimmer, confessed to a yen for Charlie Chaplin.

The grooms of the Swedish cavalry officers only grunted non-committally when I mentioned Greta Garbo to them. But their superiors, the officers, had fits when this was printed in a local Los Angeles newspaper. "She is one of our countrywomen—of course, we love her," was in substance their denial of the grooms' attitude.

There were a few stars who didn't miss a single performance. From the opening ceremonies, through the track and field games, the swimming contests, the fights—and all the other activities—they played the rôles of enthusiastic spectators. Douglas Fairbanks was one of them, Harold Lloyd another. Indeed, Harold was so interested in the Games that we couldn't muff the chance to get his response. He became very serious:

"I have been watching feats of human endurance, of spinal fortitude of super-

Try Lydia E. Pinkham's
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Grouchy Irritable Wives!

"DON'T speak to me," she cries. "I'm all upset and want to be alone."

Why is it . . . as soon as a woman's nerves become excited she hurts the ones she loves?

No husband can understand the reason why! What has changed her into a silent, moody woman . . . always grumbling and flying into a rage over a trifle?

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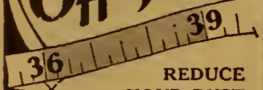

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human achievements and accomplishments, that no director would dare inject into a story for fear of being called unrealistic," says Harold Lloyd.

"Tears welled into the eyes of eighty thousand persons, as little nineteen year old Juan Zabala, staggered across the finish line in the marathon and, caught in the arms of a friend, feebly waved the Argentine flag. Only a few minutes later, they actually cried when an unknown little Japanese boy, his face a mask of pain, fell within ten feet of the finish line. A dozen hands were ready to help him, but to have done so would have disqualified him. Blind from his struggle of 26 miles, veins pounding, almost deaf to the imploring shouts of the grandstand we saw the boy force himself to his feet for those last terrible ten feet, which required more human endurance than the previous twenty-six miles. There were eight men across the line ahead of him, but that meant nothing to the little Japanese. He had fulfilled every principle of the Olympics, he was a slant-eyed Greek hero." Harold warmed to his subject. Continuing, he said,

"What if the United States did carry off the lion's share of the honors? It was grand from the American point of view. But greater than victory was the sportsmanship displayed by the boys from almost every civilized nation on the globe. It was the spirit that pervaded the games. There never was a day that some hero was not developed—not a hero in the sense that he broke a world's record, that he beat the crack athletes of the world, but a hero because he did not know what the word *quit* meant!

"We can all be mighty proud that it was the United States which put on such a tremendous, blood-tingling exhibition as the Tenth Olympiad. And, I, for one, was glad to be there."

There weren't many stars who missed the fun. Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., were taking their long-delayed European trip; Maurice Chevalier was seeking a divorce from his wife and spending his vacation with her on the Riviera and George Arliss was at his home in England.

Mostly the athletes couldn't get enough of the cinema town, the stars did *their* stuff so well. And so, I suppose, no wonder the stars went the limit. But, o-oh, the money and time it cost! And, the over-time schedules that are probably now in force!

Studio Records Broken During the Olympics

	Previous Record	*New Record*
Number of visitors to one studio....	200 in one day	400 in one day
Number of autographs signed by one star........	45 at one writing	126 at one session
Number of feet of blank film run off to give visitors a glimpse of how movies are made	1,500 during Elks' Convention in 1930	25,000 ft.
Number of publicity shots of stars with visiting celebrities........	440 during Coolidge visit	100,000, more or less
Amount of overhead cost, in showing studios to visitors......	$1,000	$100,000

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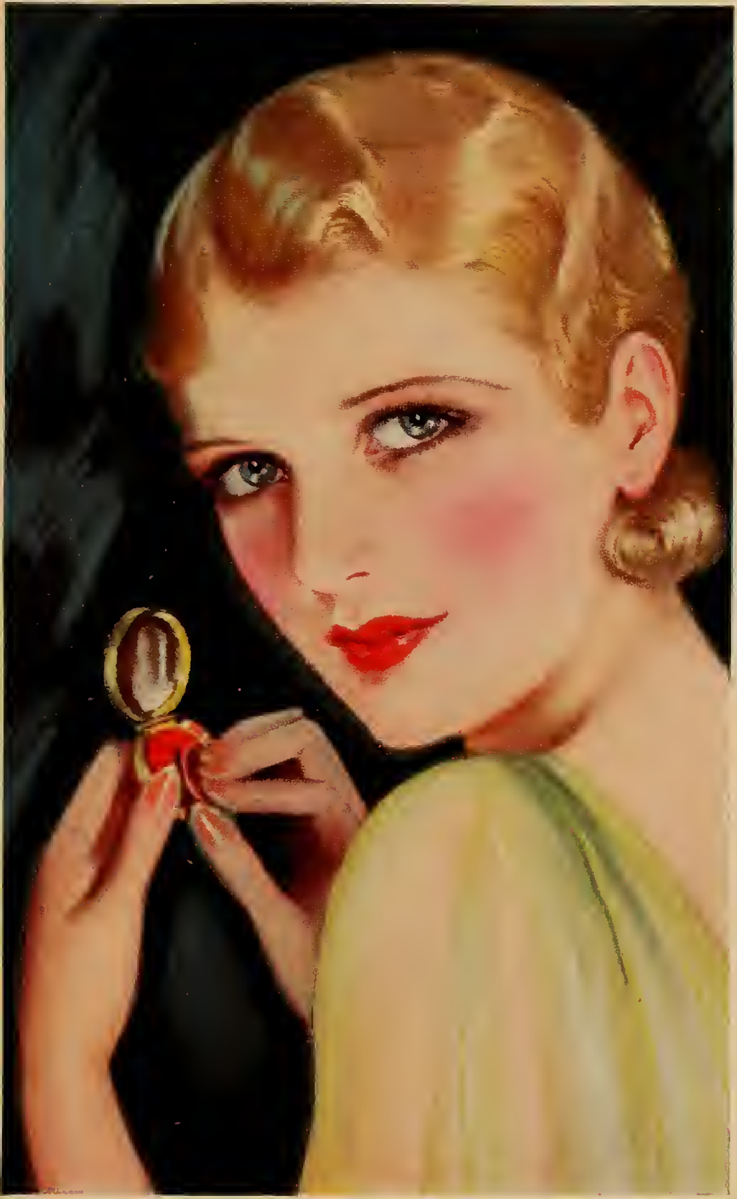

Then, For You, The Beauty of Mystical, Glowing Princess Pat Duo-Tone Rouge

By Patricia Gordon

A new thought . . . to give *color* first place over features . . . as the "measure of your beauty?" Yet how *true* it is. And how *comforting.* For while your *features* may not be alterable, glorious color always is yours for the taking . . . through rouge!

Ah, yes; but not the *usual* rouge. For, remember, this new color that measures beauty must be radiant, glowing. It must not appear to be rouge at all. *It must seem color coming from within the skin.* It must have all the fidelity of a natural blush, the same soft, thrilling modulation; the same exquisite blending that leaves no outline. It must be vivid, sparkling, daring, as much so as you elect, but *absolutely natural.*

Can there Possibly be such Marvelous Rouge? Can there be such rouge? You've never used one? All have been at least somewhat obvious . . . many actually "painty," dull, flat, to be detected instantly. Yes, but these have been simply the usual *one tone* rouges. But Princess Pat is *DUO-TONE.* The *only Duo-Tone* rouge . . . and therefore absolutely different from *any other rouge you ever knew.*

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Measure Your Beauty by the Color in Your Cheeks. A new thought . . . and true. That the glowing, vibrant color in your cheeks shall set at naught features *less* than perfect . . . enhance with utterly new beauty when features *are* perfect. Then . . . with Princess Pat rouge . . . be beautiful today *as you never were before.*

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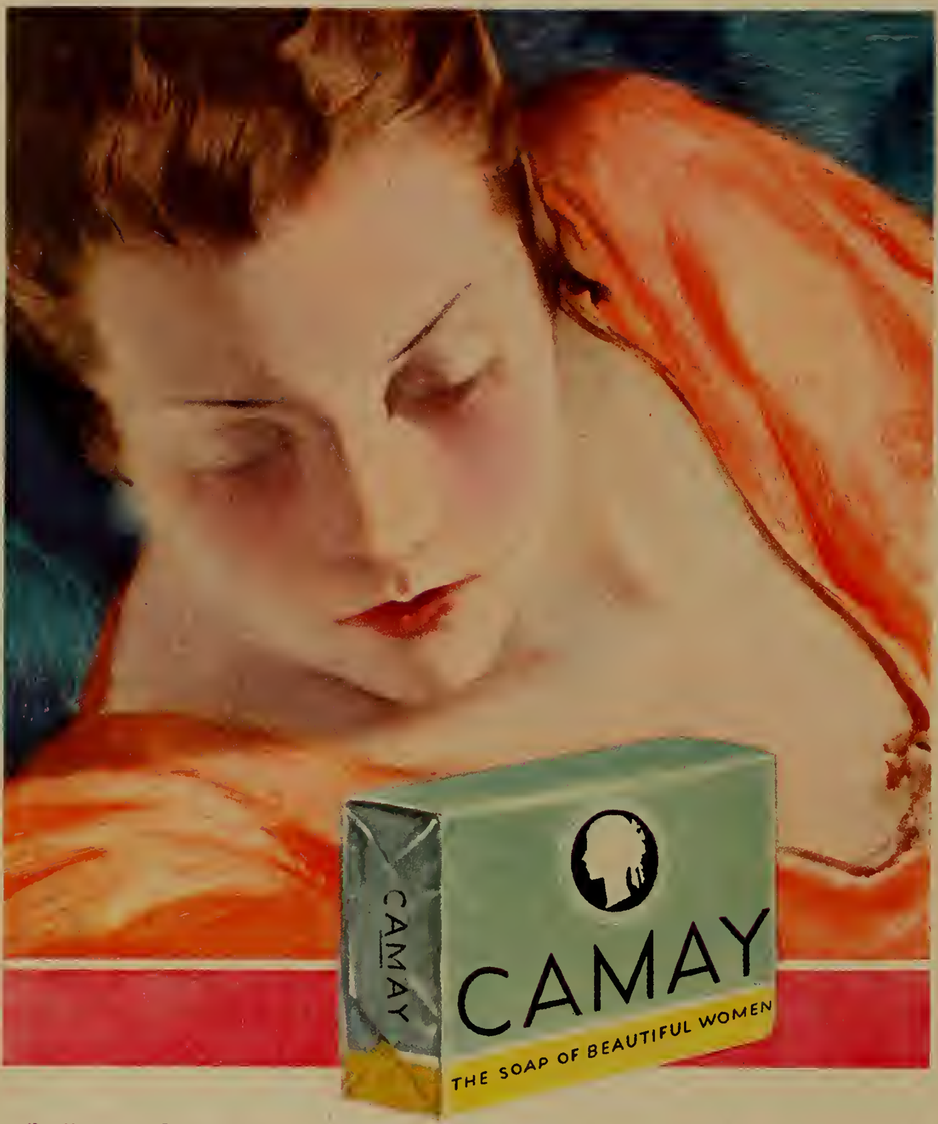
CAMAY
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★ *Here's the simple, effective way to improve your complexion. Lather your face and neck with creamy-white Camay, a soft cloth and warm water. Rinse with cold water. Now your skin is fresh again!*

CAMAY
THE SOAP OF
BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

Hours at the Bridge Table . . .
No time at all for her teeth and gums
and she has **"Pink Tooth Brush"!**

LET her exercise her wits on contract all she wants to! But if she wants to be attractive when she smiles and talks, it would pay her to spend a few seconds a day exercising her *gums!*

People get a mighty good close-up of your teeth at the bridge table! How about *your* teeth and gums? If you have flabby, sickly gums—if you have "pink tooth brush"—watch out! Before long, you may be ashamed to smile!

Modern foods are too soft to exercise the gums properly. And when your gums become soft and tender, you're likely to find "pink" on your tooth brush pretty regularly.

Do you realize that "pink tooth brush" robs the teeth of their natural polish?—that it opens the way for gum troubles as serious as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and even pyorrhea?—that it endangers sound teeth?

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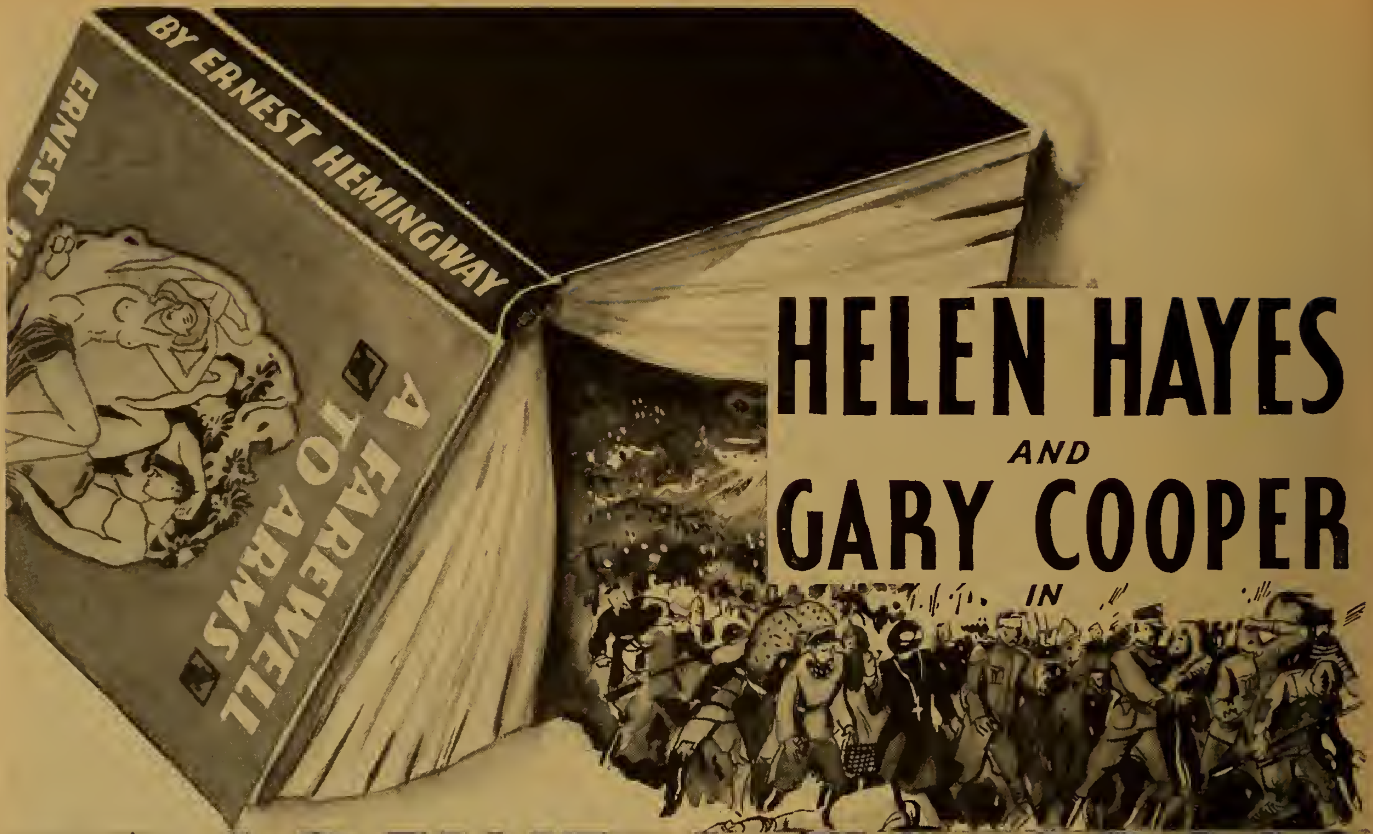

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THE TABLOID MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN

MOVIE CLASSIC

VOL. 3 No. 3 NOVEMBER, 1932

Tragedy Descends on JEAN HARLOW

Twenty-one years old and a bride of only two months, Jean has just passed through a more tragic experience than any other screen star has ever known. Her husband, Paul Bern—one of the most brilliant and popular men in Hollywood—took his own life, without any warning, without revealing any motive for his act.

The girl whose platinum blonde beauty had made her world-famous — the bride who had been so happy—collapsed. She was hysterical with grief. She could not believe that this had happened to her—that Paul, who loved her, had gone. Why did he do it?

That mystery may never be solved. But you will read in this issue that it is within YOUR power to solve the mystery: What does the future hold for Jean Harlow?

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STANLEY V. GIBSON, Publisher
LAURENCE REID, Editor
HERMAN SCHOPPE, Art Director

MOVIE CLASSIC *is published monthly at 350 E. 22nd St., Chicago, Ill., by* MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. *Entered as second class matter July 29, 1931 at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879: printed in U. S. A. Editorial and Executive Offices, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.*
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Single copy 10c. Subscriptions for U. S., its possessions, and Mexico $1.00 a year, Canada $2.50, Foreign Countries, $2.50. European Agents, Atlas Publishing Company, 18 Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4. Stanley V. Gibson, President and Publisher, William S. Pettit, Vice President, Robert E. Canfield, Secretary-Treasurer.

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BETWEEN OURSELVES

FOR "The Sign of the Cross," his first spectacle in sound, Cecil B. De Mille had a budget of $685,000 and gave work to more than one-third of Hollywood's fourteen thousand "extras." And that, as they say in the Schools of Journalism, is news. It's a rarity, these days, when a picture draws a half-million at the box office. That makes it look like insanity for a movie company to *spend* more than a half-million in *making* a picture. But hold on!—don't call the little red wagon for the producers yet. There may be method in their madness.

IF you're still going to the movies since the government slapped a tax on movie tickets, maybe you've noticed that you don't have to stand in line so long. Maybe you've even noticed the manager standing in the lobby, wringing his mitts, because you don't have to wait at all for a seat. The tax may have had something to do with it. (It's a good old American custom to blame taxes for a lot of our evils.) But even before the well-known depression, theatres didn't have to have guards to keep the crowds in check. The reason must have been something else besides taxes. (The Hollywood boys figured that out all by themselves.) Could the public be staying away because pictures haven't been BIG enough? It's more than a possibility; it's a probability. And the producers are going to do something about it.

THEY have started already. I told you here, several months ago, that they were trading players back and forth to bolster up casts, and to get the right people in the right picture. They have even started to buy stories that mean something—stories that stand a chance of being remembered. Maybe you've noticed the effects of these revolutionary tactics already.

I'VE just given myself a test, to see how many recent pictures worth seeing come to mind in ten minutes. There are twenty-five on my list. There wouldn't have been that many there last year. Maybe you would subtract some, or add others. But these twenty-five, to this typical moviegoer, are pictures I'm glad I didn't miss. Each one gave me something to remember it by. Just for amusement's sake (you aren't doing anything for the next ten minutes, are you?) give yourself the same test, and then check with me. This is my list:

"Grand Hotel," "Strange Interlude," "Movie Crazy," "Scarface," "Shanghai Express," "Bring 'Em Back Alive," "Congorilla," "The Last Mile," "The Dark Horse," "Life Begins," "Love Me Tonight," "The Washington Masquerade," "The Doomed Battalion," "What Price Hollywood?", "Back Street," "Blessed Event," "The Man Who Played God," "70,000 Witnesses," "Lady and Gent," "American Madness," "Mr. Robinson Crusoe," "Crooner," "The Mouthpiece," "Arrowsmith" and "Once in a Lifetime."

CHECKING them over, I find every big studio represented on that list—which must mean something or other. Perhaps it means that competition is getting keener. Perhaps they're getting ready to try to outdo each other, not to watch what the other fellow is doing. It's an old hope of mine—a hope that is wearing long gray whiskers and is reduced to rags—but nevertheless a hope that still exists.

AND there is some reason to believe that the millenium is at hand, and pictures ARE going to become bigger and better. Cast your eye over the following stories scheduled on the new season's programs of the big studios:

From Columbia you may expect: "Washington Merry-Go-Round," "Brief Moment," and "The Bitter Tea of General Yen." From Fox: "State Fair," "Tess of the Storm Country," "Cavalcade," "Call Her Savage." From M-G-M: "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," "The White Sister," "Reunion in Vienna," "The Good Earth," "Rasputin," "Payment Deferred." From Paramount: "A Farewell to Arms," "The Big Broadcast," "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," "The Sign of the Cross," "The Island of Lost Souls," "What Every Woman Knows," "Madison Square Garden," "Madame Butterfly." From RKO: "The Moon and Sixpence," "The Sun Also Rises," "The Conquerors," "Sweepings." From United Artists: "Rain," "I Have Been Faithful," "The New Yorker," "The Kid from Spain." From Universal: "The Old Dark House," "The Invisible Man," "The Road Back," "Nagana," "Laughing Boy." From Warners—First National: "The Match King," "20,000 Years in Sing Sing," "Forty-Second Street," "I Am a Fugitive," "The Miracle," "The Machine," "Parachute," "Silver Dollar."

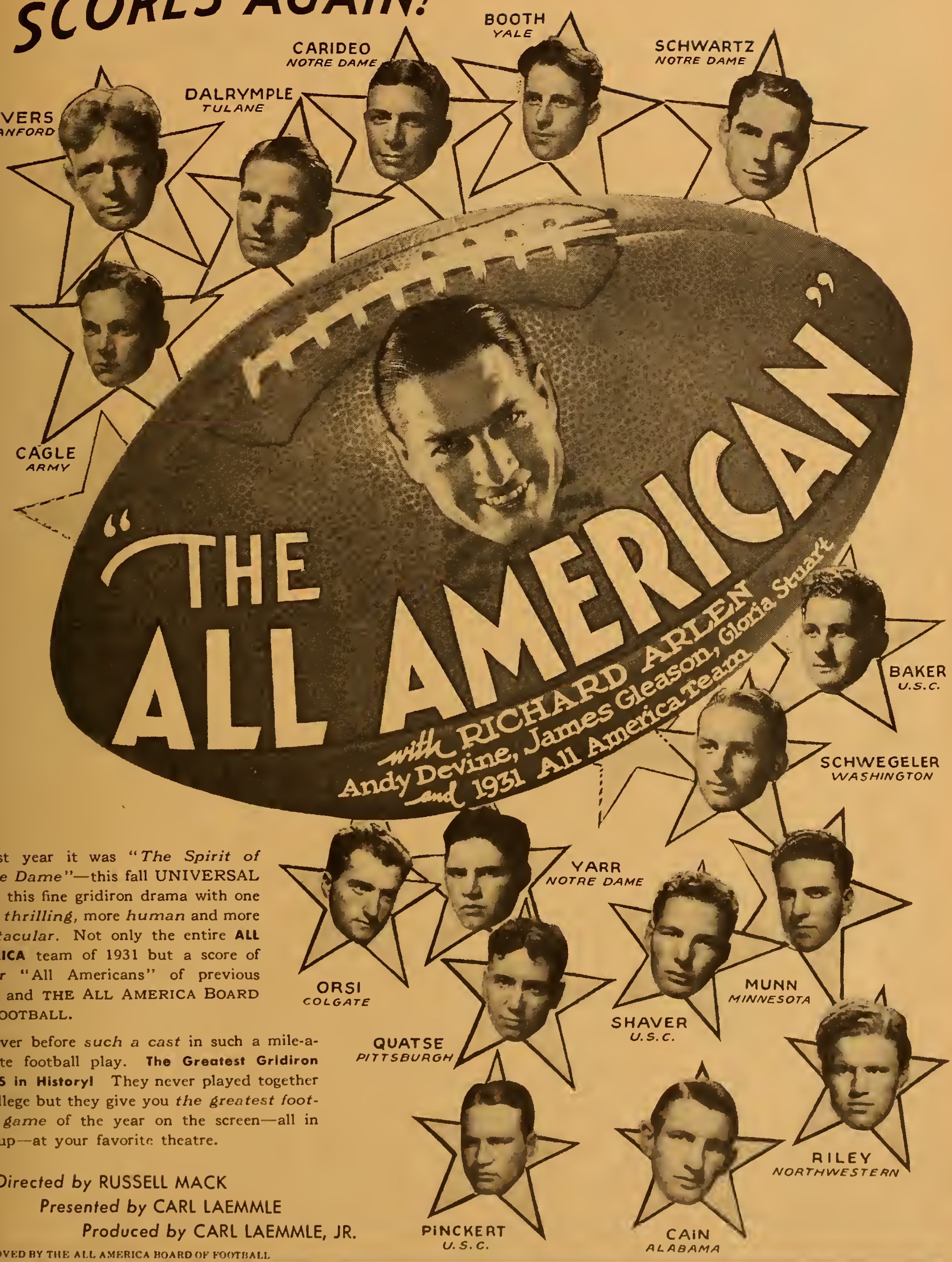
NOT every one of those pictures will cost $685,000 or employ forty-five hundred people. But they are all scheduled to be BIG pictures—pictures that producers, scenario and dialogue writers, directors and players are making with care and ambition. Count them up—there are forty-two pictures on the list. Others besides these will turn out to be worth seeing. But these forty-two are the pictures that studios are *promising* will be out of the ordinary. They're not only outdoing each other; they're outdoing themselves to pull you back to your favorite movie theatre.

ONE thing that 1932 has been outstanding for, in a movie way, is the manner in which Hollywood has progressed in putting subtle humor across. There still are some rough edges that need filing—but the producers are beginning to give audiences credit for some intelligence and feeding them comedy fare that they have to be on the alert to catch. Satire, in other words.

"The Dark Horse" kidded politics as

(*Continued on page 82*)

UNIVERSAL
SCORES AGAIN!


BOOTH
YALE
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TULANE
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STANFORD
CAGLE
ARMY
"THE ALL AMERICAN"
with RICHARD ARLEN
Andy Devine, James Gleason, Gloria Stuart
and 1931 All America Team
BAKER
U.S.C.
SCHWEGELER
WASHINGTON
YARR
NOTRE DAME
ORSI
COLGATE
MUNN
MINNESOTA
SHAVER
U.S.C.
QUATSE
PITTSBURGH
RILEY
NORTHWESTERN
PINCKERT
U.S.C.
CAIN
ALABAMA

Last year it was "*The Spirit of Notre Dame*"—this fall UNIVERSAL beats this fine gridiron drama with one more *thrilling*, more *human* and more *spectacular*. Not only the entire **ALL AMERICA** team of 1931 but a score of *other* "All Americans" of previous years and THE ALL AMERICA BOARD OF FOOTBALL.

Never before *such a cast* in such a mile-a-minute football play. **The Greatest Gridiron STARS in History!** They never played together in college but they give you *the greatest football game* of the year on the screen—all in closeup—at your favorite theatre.

Directed by RUSSELL MACK
Presented by CARL LAEMMLE
Produced by CARL LAEMMLE, JR.

APPROVED BY THE ALL AMERICA BOARD OF FOOTBALL

Universal Pictures

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIFORNIA *Carl Laemmle* *President* 730 FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

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HOTEL Fort Shelby

E. J. BRADWELL, Manager

DETROIT

" AGLOW WITH FRIENDLINESS "

Movie Classic's Letter Page

Each month, MOVIE CLASSIC gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters published on this Page

$20.00 Letter

American Productions Show Progress

I THINK it is high time that foreign movie critics, who sneer at the "vapid," "melodramatic" and "oversexed pictures" they accuse us of demanding, take a reef in their sails and consider facts.

Of course, America has produced its share of inane flops but—and this is a very BIG BUT—it has also created an unequalled number of epochal pictures that foreign producers cannot even passably imitate.

America first produced those stupendous historical pageants: "The Ten Commandments"; "The Covered Wagon"; and later, "Cimarron." And no fair-minded observer can deny that there is a progressive tendency to draft the finest actors of the theatre to the screen, and to discount pulchritude in favor of genuine ability to act. Take such famous stars as the three Barrymores, Marie Dressler, Alison Skipworth and Lowell Sherman, for instance.

The very fact that producers are aspiring to a higher standard of plays has automatically required that they raise their standard for acting. Let's forget the stupid boudoir-for-bed's-sake abominations that we are forced to endure now and then, and say bravo for such productions as "Anna Christie"; "Grand Hotel" and "Strange Interlude."

The American public received these pictures with a genuine enthusiasm that should encourage producers. We're not so dumb after all!

BARRY W. NEILL, Seattle, Wash.

$10.00 Letter

Blondie's A Gloom-Chaser

IS there any real reason for Depression when such a picture as "Blondie of the Follies" is turned loose on the public?

Marion Davies knocks every atom of depression into a cocked hat as "Blondie" and don't forget that Billie Dove was good once. She proves it in this picture—she is better than ever NOW. And she just about takes honor for honor as *Blondie's* best girl friend. Maybe it was a secondary part—but it came near being first.

The merits of the picture were not in the least harmed by the presence of Zasu Pitts and James Gleason. Neither tried for any honors, but they grabbed plenty. Zasu wasn't permitted to open her mouth by the audience, they yelped with glee the moment she walked into the scene and that was that! Jimmie takes a GRAND father part, I mean *Blondie's* Daddy. And Jimmy Durante's take-off of John Barrymore was classic.

If anyone is suffering from depression—let them see Blondie as a gloom chaser. I'll pay their admission if not satisfied! Fair?

MRS. J. D. TOUSLEY, Joplin, Mo.

$5.00 Letter

A Grand Picture

FROM the time we heard the words, "Grand Hotel, people come and people go and nothing ever happens!" we sat spellbound, until a repetition of these words penetrated our inner consciousness, bringing this gripping drama to a conclusion, when we returned to earth and a realization that we were in a mere theatre and not participants in the gay, sad, humorous, luxurious and fascinating life of a great hotel.

Amid the rapidly changing scenes, we were at one moment enthralled with the powerful love scenes between the inimitable Barrymore and the divine Garbo, and then suddenly convulsed with the antics of the irrepressible Lionel Barrymore, sometimes a truly pathetic figure and at other times laughter-provoking, with Joan Crawford as intriguing as ever and with Wallace Beery powerful as the bombastic financier.

We scaled the heights and plumbed the depths with such rapidity that when "THE END" came, we were breathless, speechless—transfixed with wonder and amazement—a truly great drama.

DONNA H. CULP, Toronto, Ont.

Those Misleading Titles

WHAT'S to be done about the misleading title? And isn't our erstwhile cinema judge, the honorable Mr. Hays, in one position or another to put a ban on said titles that are so very much out of order?

A flock of poor bleating sheep led to the slaughter house under a ruse thru one form or another to have them gather in happily, is nothing compared to those gleaming pseudos beckoning us movie fans to enter and kill an entire evening.

When an article is sold to the public and misrepresented, it becomes a violation of the law, punishable by fines, etc., yet when a picture is sold to us thru a fancy, fire-eating, breath-taking title and turns out to be a sordid contrast, leaving us with a sour taste and far from our remotest guess of expectation, what do we do about it? You guessed it, nothing! We swallow hook, line and sinker, passing it off as a total loss.

As an example of what I am referring to, see "Million Dollar Legs" and if that doesn't prove my point, with emphasis to boot, I'll eat the whole dern tootin' roll of celluloid, and I assure you that I have never included that in my breakfast food.

HENRY H. KAPLAN, Tulsa, Okla.

Become a Critic—Give Your Opinion—Win a Prize

Here's your chance to tell the movie world — through MOVIE CLASSIC—what phase of the movies most interests you. Advance your ideas, your appreciations, your criticisms of the pictures and players. Try to keep within 200 words. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

You'll Like Laughton

LIKE most of my sex, I can appreciate handsome men. I admire the Neil Hamiltons and Barry Nortons of the screen, because they're very pleasing to look upon. But I like the Leslie Howards just as well, if not better. Both classes can act, but the latter has to have

(*Continued on page 79*)

Cheasley's Startling Code Book!

Health, Wealth, Work and Love Revealed

AMAZING NEW GUIDE TO NUMEROLOGY GIVES QUICK ANSWERS

Forecasting Formula Shows Way

IS my husband the right man for me? Can I get better luck, as others have done, by changing my name? What is in store for me this year? Should I change my job?—Start a new business? Marry my "boy friend"? . . . How can I find my way to more money?

Here, in this amazing new Cheasley book are your answers—your Guide to better things. Here you may discover the things to do and not to do; when to act and when not to, in order to get the things you want—according to the Science of Numerology.

Future of Celebrities Forecast

Month by month you have read in *Motion Picture Magazine* about the future that lay ahead of your favorite Stars. Now *YOU* may have the *Secret Key*—the Code Book—of The Great Cheasley . . . the very same Guide he uses to analyze, foretell, detect, appraise and help the stars of stage and screen and the leaders in business and society.

Developed from a lifetime of patient study and research, this book is now to be released at last to the public—Mr. Cheasley's contribution to the relief of our serious economic situation. You really pay little for the book. The price of $1.00 just about covers the cost of printing, postage and this announcement to our readers.

Now you can read your own future, as forecast by the Science of Numerology in full—learn what is ahead for your children, friends, sweetheart, husband, relatives—month by month and year by year. Here, in this amazingly revealing guide you learn the whole Science of Numerology—all that Cheasley knows so well.

"To A Great Work" —LOPEZ *Speaking*

VINCENT LOPEZ, the famous pianist, leader of modern orchestras, pioneer broadcaster of popular rhythm, who has held public attention for many years, says:

"I am glad to have this opportunity of adding a word to the presentation to the public of 'Numerology At A Glance.' It explains clearly the simpler, practical phases of this great subject.

"For some years I have been interested in studying, applying and proving Mr. Cheasley's practical number philosophy, with the result that I have a better understanding of myself, the other fellow and more ease in dealing with the many problems constantly facing one, who like myself, is responsible for public organizations.

"I always consult Numerology as the most direct route to checking up on my decisions, my associations, my business prospects and opportunities as well as in selecting the proper time to put through important changes.

"I consider this practical science, psychology and philosophy of great benefit to every individual in our modern life, where efficiency of thinking must go hand in hand with efficiency of action if success is to be attained."

Sincerely,
(Signed) *Vincent Lopez*

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You pay little, in reality, for this great revelation of this mysterious new Science—your remittance merely covers the costs of printing, postage handling and advertising. Many would gladly pay much more for this Startling Code Book of the Master Numerologist . . . but as an experimental aid to all, in these times, Cheasley releases it, for a limited time, for only One Dollar.

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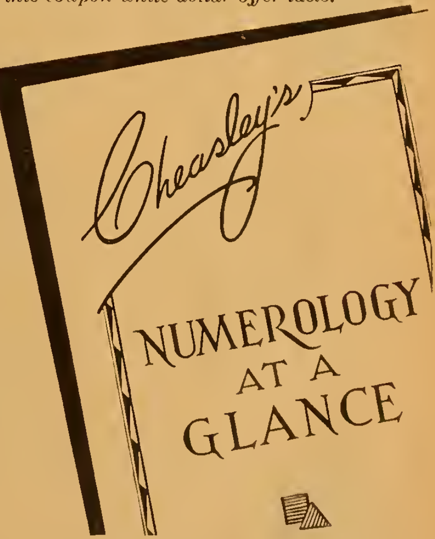

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STRICTLY PERSONAL

MOVIE CLASSIC'S INTIMATE SKETCHES OF WHO'S WHO IN HOLLYWOOD

By MARK DOWLING

CLARK GABLE: Six feet one. Weighs 190. The other day he bought a Beverly Hills estate—just like any other suddenly successful man—and has taken up polo. Affects turtle-neck sweaters and looks more like a broker or a drummer than a movie actor. Used to worry terribly over the idea that half the women in the world were crazy about him, but finally got used to it. Modestly he will tell you, "I just happened to have *something*. I don't know what it is."

IRENE DUNNE: Brunette with a "bred in old Kentucky" manner. She's one of our nicest girls but is particularly fond of pictures of herself as Cleopatra, wearing a few beads. Also likes musical comedies and eating ice cream in bed. Don't spend fifteen minutes dating her over the telephone or wear button shoes or debate companionate marriage. She doesn't respond. Is a mean golfer and once made a hole in one. Rubs cucumbers on her face as a beauty lotion.

TALA BIRELL: Blonde with a brunette personality. Quiet and mysterious, but she snaffled Hollywood's only genuine Prince in months right under the noses of the peppier damsels. We mean Prince Lichtenstein. Her nickname is "Talusha" but don't call her that till you've known her a few years. Strong points: dignity and reserve. But has an unexpected sense of humor and thinks her own mistakes in English are funny. Some day Garbo may envy her.

DICK POWELL: Six feet. Weighs 172. Red hair—but not too red. Blue eyes. Greets you like a confirmed Master of Ceremonies (he used to be one) and suffers from an overdose of boyish charm. Arrived in town by plane to make pictures, but waited three weeks to start work. Would be a handy fellow to have around the house, since he plays bridge and can do odd chores. Plays golf and any sort of musical instrument. Says he's still a country boy at heart.

NEIL HAMILTON: Six feet. Weighs 145. He also Got Tired of It All and went up to the hills to live like a hermit. Had neither sheets nor pillow cases but did bring along a bottle of excellent wine—and saw to it that photographers knew the way to his retreat. Our most dignified leading man, his amateur magician talent sometimes gets the best of him and he'll pull rabbits out of the hat. His hobby is raising rare orchids. He changes his underwear three times a day.

ANITA PAGE: Cuddly blonde with curves, dimples, and come-hither eyes, and they say she numbers lawyers, doctors, and even a minister among her beaux. College boys love her, but they shouldn't be frightened when she uses long words and talks about commercial art. She's intelligent about both. Startled 'em further by refusing to smoke or drink, but gets fighting mad if you call her a "nice girl." Her father and mother are named Pomares.

BETTE DAVIS: Dashing young modern who lives down Malibu way fifteen minutes from the nearest telephone. Refers to herself as "Davis" and says she isn't the carousing type. Extremely muscular—doesn't look it—and dislikes fellows who look at her with That Gleam in their eyes. Qualified as a life guard before coming to Hollywood. Loves to wear pajamas. Tootsies highly polished. Just got married to the boy-friend from Back Home. . . .

JOEL McCREA: Six feet two. Weighs 180. Our handsomest youngster. Tallulah Bankhead is reported to be the latest of the local femmes to try to interest him. Others were Gloria Swanson, Constance Bennett, and Dorothy Mackaill. But Joel has a hermit complex and spends his week-ends camping out on the beach—all by himself. The bronzed beach-hero type, he likes to take off his shirt in public and display his brawny build. Claims he has never been in love.

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, SR: Five feet ten inches. Weighs 145 lbs. to 150 lbs. Just returned from a South Sea trip but left immediately for the Gobi desert. Seems to regard Douglas Fairbanks Sr. as a permanent institution. Maybe he's right. If you visit Pickfair don't be surprised to find him leaping over railings or swinging from a chandelier. Favorite rest spot at home is a barber's chair. Takes cat naps. Awakes rejuvenated. Looks as jaunty as ever and as fit.

LILYAN TASHMAN: She wears a jacket made of straw and a hat that looks like a soup plate, but naive natives bung their eyes out and call her our Best-Dressed Woman. Knows all the New York slang and is responsible for the crack that Hollywood grandeur depends on wires, black velvet and mirrors. Must have taken it seriously, for she has just redecorated the lower floor of the Beverly shack completely with reflecting glass. They say she changes clothes twenty times a day.

DOROTHY WILSON: Her studio will tell you she has the body of a Polynesian and the mind of a Boston schoolteacher, but Dorothy looks Anglo-Saxon, comes from Minneapolis, and hates carrots and overshoes. Still pretty breathless about the overnight change from R K O stenog to movie star. College boys need not apply. Dot likes 'em mature. Not the sort of gal who would pull up her stockings in public. Chief ambitions: to own a black pearl ring and go to Tahiti.

DONALD COOK: Five feet eleven. Weighs 150. We suspect him of being secretly engaged to Evalyn Knapp. Writes his mother every day and likes to cook. Would make a good husband for any girl. His chief annoyance is having his hair marcelled for pictures. On the other hand, he enjoys giving himself olive oil shampoos and wears a beret. Used to sell magazine subscriptions, but now people answer the doorbell when he calls. Has a fondness for pink shirts.

Our Hollywood NEIGHBORS

GOINGS-ON AMONG THE PLAYERS

By STACY KENT

STRANGE, tragic, unthinkable that Paul Bern, "the friend in need" of so many Hollywood people, should be dead. News of his suicide cast a pall of sorrow over the whole movie town.

No one ever went to Paul Bern for help or sympathy and came away without receiving it. It was Paul who stood by Barbara La Marr during her last tragic days. It was Paul who escorted the fading motion picture star to parties where she would meet prominent executives again. Once he heard that an actress was despondent because jobs did not seem to come her way. He didn't know her, but he sent her flowers every day—just to cheer her up. And it was Paul who helped Lew Ayres to get his first screen break.

He loved good music, fine art, and his pictures always evidenced his intelligence and culture. Hollywood will miss him, and Jean Harlow, his bride of two months, will miss him very much.

Poor Jean! So sensational in appearance, with her platinum hair and beautiful figure. It seems that her life must also be sensational—and tragic.

Richard Dix, disguised as a Victorian, takes a breath-taking spin (at 8 miles per hour) in one of the first horseless carriages. Those were the days when America rode high, wide and handsome—as you'll see in "The Conquerors"

JUST about once in a blue moon a new and amazing personality flickers across the screens of this world. It would be nice to say that the movie producers know that they have sensational discoveries from the moment they set eyes on the new candidate for fame—but that would be a long way from the truth. M-G-M, for instance, thought it had an awful white elephant on its hands in Greta Garbo. Then came "The Torrent," and Garbo belonged to history.

Two new personalities of the year promise to zoom up to the lofty pinnacles of fame. Katherine Hepburn, who makes her début in "Bill of Divorcement," had a preview audience jittering to itself. The Hepburn lady will be compared to Garbo for the pretty good reason that she makes you think of Garbo—but, nevertheless, she is very much a definite and unique personality, herself. She thought she was a flop in pictures and was preparing to return to New York, when RKO-Radio executives, after preview reports, decided that Miss Hepburn was something of a cinema gold mine. And, by the way, for once those "society girl" stories have basis in fact. Katherine really belongs to the best people, my dear, and has enough money to buy Rolls Royces to match her hats—if she wishes.

The other current excitement in Hollywood—there's got to be current excitement about something—is Charles Laughton. You probably saw him in "Devil and the Deep." If you did, you won't forget him. Paramount says he will make you forget all about Jannings. Well, the rotund Mr. Laughton gave an amazing performance in this picture. He played a neurotic madman. Mister Freud, himself, couldn't have thought up a better case subject—and Laughton made you forget everything else in the picture—even if Gary Cooper and Tallulah Bankhead did have a hotsy necking scene in a desert oasis.

NOW that the dance marathon is all over, the Hollywood stars can catch up with their sleep. It has been going on for days and days, and nights and nights. You saw more movie people in the ballroom where this endurance test was held than in front of the Chinese Theatre on première night. Polly Moran was there a lot. One night she sang a song, and the next night Harpo Marx offered her a lot of money if she wouldn't sing. Someone said Kay Francis won a pie that was raffled. The proceeds went

(*Continued on page 68*)

TAKING IN THE TALKIES

LARRY REID'S SLANT ON THE LATEST FILMS

BLONDIE OF THE FOLLIES

With the passing of Florenz Ziegfeld, perhaps the "Follies" and all their glamour have become history. This may make "Blondie of the Follies" of more than passing interest to those who happen to be conscious of the lighted lane called Broadway. The others will find it mild, smooth entertainment along conventional lines. The *Blondie* of the title is Marion Davies, one of Ziegfeld's star graduates; the story details her rise from a tenement to Park Avenue via the "Follies." The inevitable lover is Robert Montgomery, whose amusing suavity gives him the acting honors along with the star. The jealous Other Woman, surprisingly enough, is Billie Dove (another ex-Ziegfeld star), who appears a bit—er—buxom, but does nobly. Marion and Jimmy Durante do a neat Garbo-Barrymore burlesque.

THE CRASH

The chief interest in "The Crash," I suspect, will be in studying Ruth Chatterton and George Brent in their scenes together—watching for signs of the romance that led to their marriage soon after the picture was finished. And you may have a hard time detecting them. Ruth Chatterton is one star is not afraid of unsympathetic rôles—and she has never proved this little fact better than in this picture. She is the discontented wife of a likable young Wall Street broker (Brent), and by her indiscretions costs him his fortune and takes both of them through a long, dreary time of unhappiness to an ending that is so suddenly happy that it seems artificial. The acting is beyond reproach, and the crash of the market in 1929 is pictured vividly, frantically. But affecting so few people, it is hardly an epic of the depression.

MR. ROBINSON CRUSOE

To my mind, Douglas Fairbanks, the Elder, deserves the Distinguished Service Cross or, at the very least, the Congressional Medal. His courage is colossal. The world is in the throes of a depression, and he has the daring to give it a fantasy, instead of a carload of sympathy! Personally, I found his effort a tonic. It is a sprightly fairy tale-comedy-travelogue, with Doug and the South Seas the whole show. He seems to be having the time of his life, and his enthusiasm for what he is doing is contagious. Cast away on a beautiful tropical island, he brings *Robinson Crusoe* up to date—even to the point of finding a *Saturday*, instead of a *Friday*. This *Saturday* is played by the new Spanish beauty, Maria Alba. Don't miss seeing it, if you're still capable of feeling young.

THE NIGHT OF JUNE 13TH

The title suggested a murder mystery to me, but I found the picture is something else again. A woman does die, and a man is accused of murdering her—but the suspense arises from the testimony of his neighbors at his trial, for you happen to know he is innocent. The setting is a town in which everyone knows everyone else and their lives are all tangled up together, but to save their own little reputations, the neighbors are willing to perjure themselves. It may not be a typical community, but it is a vivid one—with Clive Brook the man on trial, Adrianne Allen as the woman he is accused of murdering, and Lila Lee as the girl he is suspected of loving. Gene Raymond and Frances Dee, the new juvenile love team, are also present.

LIFE BEGINS

When 1932 is over, "Life Begins" will stand out as one of the memorable pictures of the year. It has both power and beauty. Here, for the first time, the movies have the courage to speak out aloud about the great drama of Birth. The setting is the maternity ward of a big hospital, and most of the characters are women who are awaiting motherhood with varying degrees of expectation. Some want children, some don't, some are indifferent. Into this ward enter melodrama, comedy, tragedy. Here, also, come Loretta Young, piteous girl-convict, and her young husband (Eric Linden), who is asked to choose between her life and the baby's. Their acting—and that of Aline MacMahon as a nurse—is something you won't forget. Elliott Nugent, of acting fame, directed.

ONCE IN A LIFETIME

For Hollywood to have produced this Broadway burlesque of the movies should convince the world that the old movie town CAN laugh at itself—that is, once in a lifetime. It hilariously insinuates that Hollywood didn't know what it was all about, when talkies first arrived. A third-rate vaudeville trio, dead broke, bluff their way into a studio and soft jobs. Aline MacMahon persuades a producer she can teach dumb little starlets how to talk; Russell Hopton lands a romantic rôle, and Goes Hollywood; Jack Oakie, who's not so bright, becomes a great director by shooting the wrong picture. The dialogue is witty, studio customs are devastatingly exaggerated, and the acting is okay, when it isn't exaggerated by Oakie. If you think the movies need a little kidding, I'd advise you not to miss it.

LIFE

• New York hails a new hit!

"Life Begins" draws greatest critical ovation in years on Broadway. Read every word of these sensational opinions by famous critics—for every word says "You must see it!"

"A film for all the women of all the world. And for every man born of woman, too. Startling, tensely dramatic, would wring weeps from a stone god—or a living one ... 'Life Begins' fulfills every promise, every hope."
N. Y. American

•

"Warner Brothers develop a new idea ...'Life Begins'... ought to be seen."
Arthur Brisbane
in his column "Today"

•

"A true, simple masterpiece of motion picture drama ... It is a great photoplay ..." *N. Y. Journal*

•

"Ought to make Hollywood sit up and respect itself." *N. Y. Post*

"A searching human document that will stir the heart and mind and soul of every man and woman who views it ... will linger in the memory of everyone long after most pictures have been forgotten." *Film Daily*

•

"Refreshing, terrifying, astounding."
Hollywood Reporter

•

"Four stars ... Film epic ... Genuinely dramatic film." *N. Y. News*

•

"Strong drama, powerful pathos, rich humor, everything which goes to make an entertaining movie went into this one." *N. Y. Mirror*

"'Life Begins' turns all eyes to
WARNER BROS."
— *N. Y. American*

BEGINS

With Loretta Young . . . Eric Linden . . . Aline McMahon . . . Preston Foster . . . Glenda Farrell
Directed by James Flood . . . . . Co-directed by Elliott Nugent . . . . . A First National Picture

Oh Lady, Be Sweet —

Oh, lady, wherever you are and whatever your age, be sweet. Be sweet in thought. Be sweet in manner. And above all, be sweet in breath. For halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the unforgivable social fault. Its presence nullifies every other charm you may possess. The one way to make sure that your breath is beyond reproach is to use Listerine, the quick deodorant with the pleasant taste. Rinse the mouth with it every morning and every night—and between times before social or business engagements. Listerine instantly conquers odors that ordinary mouth washes cannot hide in 12 hours. It puts you on the polite and acceptable side. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE

THE QUICK DEODORANT THAT ENDS HALITOSIS

THE TABLOID MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN
MOVIE CLASSIC

Because Carole Lombard has been ill so much since their marriage, Hollywood has the idea that Bill is longing for his freedom. But Bill denies it—and reveals how her illness has helped them to avoid the pitfalls of "the first year"!

By
ELISABETH GOLDBECK

BILL POWELL talks about his WIFE

EVERYTHING else having failed, a new formula for Hollywood men who wish to hold their wives has been evolved by no less a bridegroom than William Powell. Bill speaks from personal experience, and his pronouncement is this: *If you wish to avoid the pitfalls of that first year, marry a girl whose health won't permit her to leave the house for months after the ceremony.*

Sounds like a cure that's worse than the disease. But if you must be sick, at least it's nice to know that it has advantages, and Carole Lombard and Bill are a living proof that his theory works.

A flock of meanies have tried to plant an idea in the public mind that the Powells are separating—probably hoping, in the ghoulish manner of Hollywood gossips, that the thought would soon take root even in the Powell household, and flower into a beautiful divorce scandal. The reason for discord given by the gossips, who withhold nothing, is that Bill is fed up with having an ailing wife. And the purpose of this present treatise is to show just how mistaken they are. Heaven grant that the Powells won't fail me before the date of publication!

Marriage has been one long siege of illness for Carole Lombard. It started on their Honolulu honeymoon. (They were married June 26, 1931.) Bill went out one morning, and came back to the hotel to find Carole in bed with a nurse and a bad case of influenza. Their departure from the Islands was delayed a week on account of it, and Carole was still snuffling and wheezing into a large handkerchief when the boat docked at home.

From then on, the germs banded together against her. No sooner had she recovered from the first assault than she returned to Paramount to work, caught a chill on a drafty stage, and was back in bed the next day with a new assortment of complaints. You know the rest. Carole couldn't seem to shake off the jinx, and in the little more than a year that they've been married, she has been in bed with some illness or other practically all the time.

It seems to be the consensus of Hollywood opinion that an enthusiastic bridegroom might get pretty tired of this. What fun can it be to have an invalid around all the time, instead of the lively, luscious girl you married? That's the impertinent question Hollywood asks.

(*Continued on page 68*)

JEAN HARLOW—Tortured by Tragedy

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

This picture of Jean Harlow and Paul Bern was taken just before their marriage last July

TWO months and two days after Jean Harlow had become the happy bride of Paul Bern, powerful and popular studio executive, he was found dead—a mysterious suicide—in the luxurious home that had been his wedding present to the famous platinum blonde girl, twenty-one years younger than himself. And the first thing Hollywood wondered was: Did Paul Bern end his beautiful wife's career when he ended his own life? Is there tragedy ahead, too?

Beside his body lay a note addressed to Jean: "Dearest dear—Unfortunately this is the only way to make good the frightful wrong I have done you and wipe out my abject humiliation. I love you—Paul." There was a postscript: "You understand that last night was only a comedy."

Jean, temporarily crazed by the shock of the tragedy, blindly ran toward a window in her mother's home, whither she had been called from the studio and told the news. She was not attempting suicide; she was seeking some way to get out of the room, to go to Paul. Friendly hands restrained her. For hours, she was hysterical. For days, she was near collapse. Detectives, puzzled in their search for a motive for Bern's suicide—a puzzle heightened by the note he left—called on Jean. The note, said the girl so tragically widowed, bewildered and puzzled her, too. She could not understand . . .

The motives for Paul Bern's suicide became the greatest mystery of Hollywood since the baffling murder of Wil-

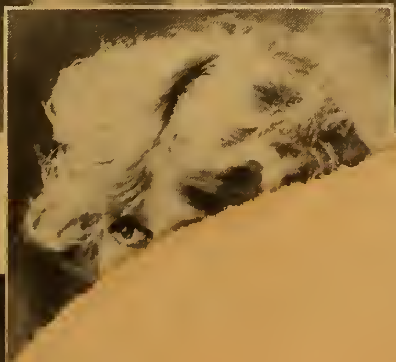
Acme

Paul Bern (center) was "a student of suicide," friends now reveal. Also, it has been revealed that there was a previous "Mrs. Bern"— the mysterious "Dorothy Millette" (above), also a suicide

Below, the Berns' "honeymoon house"—scene of the tragedy

Acme

Famous platinum blonde, a happy bride of two months and on her way to great fame, is widowed at twenty-one by the suicide of her producer-husband, Paul Bern. Mystery surrounding the motive for his act may never be solved, but it is in your power to solve the mystery in Jean's mind: What does the future hold for her?



Right, Jean Harlow (then Harlean Carpenter) at the age of six—and a beauty even then

Internation

Acme

Jean married Paul a year and a half after divorcing Charles F. McGrew, II (above)

liam Desmon
tor, in 1922—
unsolved. Ma
father of Jea
the couple ha

LOOKING THEM OVER

GOSSIP FROM THE WEST COAST

By DOROTHY MANNERS

THE rumor persists in Hollywood that all is not well between Gloria Swanson and her latest husband, Michael Farmer. If this gossip is true, then, for the fourth time it will prove that Gloria cannot remain happily married and *make a motion picture at the same time!*

Gloria's romances invariably start between pictures, a European honeymoon usually follows, and everything is sweet and lovely, with Gloria talking of the joys of matrimony and motherhood. For six months or a year, Gloria is in love—and in Paradise. And then comes the time when Gloria once again turns her attention to her career and becomes Gloria, The Business Woman.

When Gloria works, everything else is pushed out of her life. She eats, sleeps and breathes her picture. More than one husband has been forgotten when Gloria has gone to work—and she is reported to be encountering all sorts of difficulties in her London-made picture. In the picture, whose title is "Perfect Understanding" (!), Michael Farmer plays the husband of Genevieve Tobin.

Fryer

Now that George Brent has a gun in his hands, he feels better. Just let any interviewers try to interrupt his honeymoon now!

e glamour of the Ben-
ts is apparent even
gingham—as Joan
es above in a scene
"Wild Girl," with
Ralph Bellamy

AFTER nearly two years in an Arizona sanitarium, Renée Adorée has returned to Hollywood, weighing ninety-eight pounds and looking glori-
usly happy and healthy. Her closest
riend, Dorothy Sebastian, and Dot's
usband, Bill Boyd, were at the train
o meet her. After two more months
f rest, she will resume her career—at her old studio, M-G-M, which didn't forget Renée. Her comeback rôle has not been selected yet, but it will find the little French girl eager. Wonder if she will ever remake "The Big Parade"?

WHOEVER started that foolish story about Joan Bennett and Gene Markey—namely, that they had not yet paid the organist who pealed out the wedding march at their marriage last March—is very wrong about the facts in the case.

It is true that the lady organist, Florence Sanger, did sue to recover the thirty dollars due her for the short-and-long-stop music she supplied for the Markey nuptials—but she was not suing Joan and Gene. Her suit was filed against Ed Daniels, a florist, who had agreed to "attend to all the details" of the wedding party for Joan and her writer-husband. It seems that the flower decorations cost Joan and Gene $325, the rental of the palms was $48, and $30 was paid by the Markeys "for services of an organist." The cancelled check to prove that the money for that purpose had been paid to Daniels was introduced in court.

Miss Sanger collected—and now we all know just what it costs movie folks to decorate the house for a wedding.

Lupe Velez is back from Broadway with a brand-new haircomb, and making up to Walter Huston in "Kongo." Walter seems to be wondering if he can take it—

WHEN it was announced in the newspapers and over the radio that Eva Tanguay (at one time reputed to be worth $2,000,000 and well-known as a vaudeville and Broadway headliner) was seriously ill and "broke" in a modest house in Los Angeles, the movie folks responded with that generosity that is characteristic of them. There is nothing that touches the heart and pocketbook of Hollywood so quickly as the news of a fellow-player in distress.

Though many of the benefactors who sent money to the famous Eva refused to divulge their names, it is said that the Marx brothers entered several thousand dollars in the actress' bank account, with instructions that she was not to know where it came from.

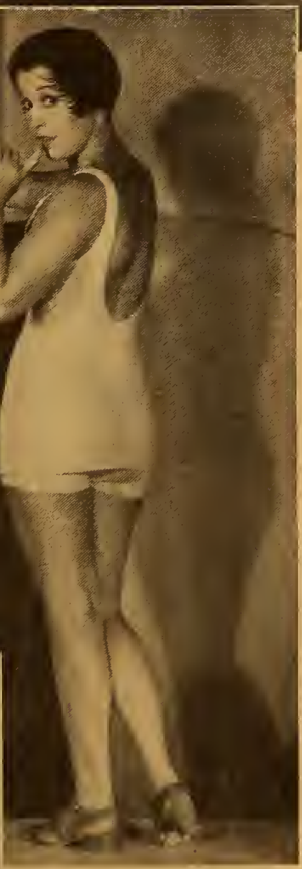
Fraker

Know who this is? Nils Asther, as Yen in "The Bitter Tea of General Yen!" It took him two hours to make up

LILY DAMITA is no longer Lily Damita. The little French actress has changed her name, or had it changed for her by Warner Brothers, to the more exotically-spelled *Lili* Damita.

It seems that Lili is going to play a very alluring, exotic rôle in "The Match King"—a rôle that they tried to get Garbo to play—and somebody at Warners decided that "i" is a much more sexy letter than "y" and will look better on the seductive posters.

Well, it's all right with Lili. She says she will probably keep the name. Did we hear anybody say anything about a publicity stunt?



Looks as if Fifi Dorsay has a rival! Her name is Thelma Hill, and she's coy in Educational Comedies with Andy Clyde

HELEN TWELVETREES and her husband, Frank Woody, have left for New York, where Helen will await the arrival of the expected heir. Their hospitable Brentwood home will be closed for two months, which is going to be a big disappointment to a lot of people who always have such an awfully good time at Helen's and Frank's.

The Woodys have the swellest collection of exciting games of any stellar establishment in Hollywood (and I don't mean the inevitable bridge or poker). They are the proud possessors of a top-spinning game more exciting than the dog races, your favorite football game and a dance marathon all going at the same time.

SUE CAROL, Lola Lane and Dixie Lee have been keeping bachelor-girl quarters at Sue's house while their respective husbands, Nick Stuart, Lew Ayres and Bing

R. H. Louise

According to all reports, Anna Sten, the Soviet movie queen who has come over to learn Hollywood ways, is about ready to tear her hair (brunette, you'll note) over learning the English language. As soon as she does learn it, you'll see her opposite Ronald Colman

Crosby, have been fishing for "big ones" in Mexican waters. Counting six-weeks-old Carol Lee Stuart makes four "girls."

SALLY EILERS holds the record for the longest-lasting cold in Hollywood. At first, the cold was a nuisance—but as it goes on and on like an endurance contest, Sally is beginning to take a slight pride in it. After all, not everybody can catch a cold that lasts for two or three months! Besides, it has made Sally's voice husky and most attractive. In "Hat-Check Girl," her newest picture, Sally sounds like a cross between Ethel Barrymore and Katharine Cornell.

It takes an old-fashioned girl to get a kick out of ice water, says Ann Harding (above), who has spent a torrid summer dressed as a Victorian charmer in "The Conquerors." Like the curls? There's a rumor these styles are coming back!

C. S. Bull

They're calling Wallace Beery "squaw man" now. When he goes walking with his dog, he takes little Carol Ann Beery along in papoose fashion. Clever?

Richee

Here's a study in nonchalance—by Susan Fleming. She has won a big contract since being the feminine love interest in "Million-Dollar Legs"

NORMA SHEARER was very upset the other day when a photographer sprang out from behind wherever it is photographers hide, and snapped a picture of Norma with Irving Thalberg, Jr., in her arms. Instead of growing angry, Norma went up to the photographer, explained just why she did not want her son's picture to appear in print and before the startled young man knew what had happened to him, he had agreed to tear up the picture.

Considering that the picture was worth a great deal of money to him through sales to newspapers and magazines, it was a most magnanimous gesture. Norma must have realized this, for she offered to buy the print from him. But the gentleman insisted upon being gallant. He tore it up. . . .

MARLENE DIETRICH'S favorite game is Blackjack.
Bebe Daniels' is Bridge.
Constance Talmadge prefers Tennis.
Helen Twelvetrees likes Parchesi.
Janet Gaynor likes Blackjack.
Marie Prevost goes for Poker.

WHEN Bebe Daniels tinted her raven-black hair to blonde, all her friends advised her that she had made a mistake and that the brunette coloring was much more becoming to her. So Bebe went brunette again.

No sooner had she acquired her original coloring than Warner Brothers requested her to go blonde for her rôle opposite Edward G. Robinson in

(Continued on page 62)

Below, Joel, the fashion-plate—who says that clothes make him uncomfortable. He's looking for rôles that will give his torso a chance and let him be himself, as at the left

Ex-Ladies' Man —That's JOEL McCREA!

The boy who used to squire Connie Bennett around has changed from ladies' man to he-man. For one thing, he has taken off his shirt. And he has taken Charlie Bickford's tip to stop being sweet; he's acquiring menace now. The girls have found a new hero—but Joel is just too busy for romance!

By BETTY WILLIS

A GREAT big change has come over Joel McCrea of late. In the first place, he has taken off his shirt, for purposes of the cinema. Not only his shirt, but his undershirt. Right down to the epidermis is Joel, and with the shirt have been shed a lot of the misconceptions the world had about him.

Because female stars from Connie Bennett down have grabbed at him to be their leading man, and because he's one of the most invited-out bachelors in Hollywood, Joel has acquired the reputation of being a ladies' man and a Beau Brummel. People always think of him in a tux and a stiff shirt, with some glamourous star on his arm. I won't deny that that has often been a true picture, but it was expediency and not romance that brought it about.

The truth is that Joel hates to wear clothes, and he doesn't give a hang about women. He likes them immensely, in an offhand way, but if you could hear him voice a few shrewd comments on the various stars he has supported, you would realize that he sees them stripped of glamour and in a cold, clear light. He tries to view himself with the same candor. He has popular young Hollywood bachelors all figured out, in a manner that would deflate almost anyone's ego. Joel has no delusions about himself.

Women stars continue to fight over him, and if he so much as asks a girl for a dance, she's apt to come back with almost any kind of offer. But to all this, Joel is genuinely indifferent. With some boys, it's women. With Joel, it's career.

You'll notice that most of the women in Joel's life—Gloria Swanson, Dorothy Mackaill, Constance Bennett—

(*Continued on page 70*)

STARS INVENT A NEW KIND OF DIVORCE

By NANCY PRYOR

EVEN little children know that divorces are as common in Hollywood as love scenes on the screen. But not everyone knows that the stars have invented a NEW kind of divorce—a divorce that makes it practically impossible for an ex-wife to lose an ex-husband! It may be easy to get a decree in Hollywood, but it's not so simple to act divorced!

After Jack Dempsey and Estelle Taylor (above) got their "civilized" divorce, Estelle "saw more of Jack than ever"

It's not the original decree—it's the hangover! They can't shake off the matrimonial hangover of friendship, even romance; they can't lose the habit of constant communications over mutual interests, including the bootlegger's telephone number or the name of the hand laundry that does the shirts so well. Somebody once said that marriage is one-half whatever you want to make it, and the other half—HABIT. It might be said of many Hollywood divorces, that except for *two* roofs where there used to be *one*, the responsibilities of matrimony go merrily on in just the same old fashion.

Acme

Austin Parker is no longer the hubby of Miriam Hopkins (above)— but he plays papa to her newly adopted little boy. And Harry Bannister won't pose with other lady friends, for fear of embarrassing Ann Harding (right), who divorced him

For instance, while Maurice Chevalier was busy filing a divorce suit against his wife, Yvonne Vallée Chevalier, on the grounds of "incompatibility," the lady herself was out trying to rent Maurice a "comfortable" villa where he could rest during his European rest-divorce trip. After all, argued the amazing Yvonne, who knew Maurice's tastes better than she? Probably between thinking up clauses on her own secret counter-suit, she was putting laundry marks on the Chevalier linen and having the bedroom drapes changed from bright yellow to green because Maurice doesn't like yellow.

To cap the climax, when the villa was actually rented and furnished, and, practically right in the midst of the newspaper flurry over their parting, Yvonne announced that she would probably remain for a visit with Maurice!

"Maurice really needs a good rest," explained Mrs. Chevalier, who was practically right on the ragged edge of becoming the Ex-Mrs. Chevalier. "No one can save him so much, or understands him as well as I do. I think matrimony has been the trouble with us all along. When we are free, we will probably fall in love with each other all over again!"

Now there was a breath-taker even for Hollywood, more or less accustomed to the "kiss" brand of divorce! Of course, Ann Harding and Harry Bannister had walked into a Reno divorce court hand-in-hand and had actually posed on the courthouse steps kissing "good-bye"—but you really have to hand the palm to the Chevaliers, who surprised two continents by threatening to be-

Right and left, movie stars are suing for freedom from their mates—and then proving that a divorce decree doesn't always part a couple. Ruth Chatterton, Yvonne Chevalier, Ann Harding, Bobbe Weissmuller, Miriam Hopkins—these girls find that a Hollywood husband is hard to lose!

Divorce split up Colleen Moore and John McCormick (above), but he's still her best-wisher

come lovers after they were divorced! They had invented a new kind of divorce, and no doubt about it!

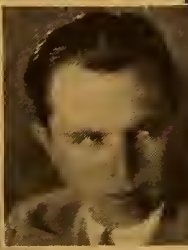
A great many people believe that little Bobbe Arnst knew she was about to lose her handsome husband, Johnny Weissmuller, a long time before she was willing to admit it. But even when the break actually came, Bobbe didn't know whether she was really losing a husband—or merely getting a divorce!

Johnny Needed Bobbe's Help

JOHNNY had moved his clothes to the Athletic Club and the papers were filled with their divorce plans, and yet it was very much of a *husband* who would call Bobbe on the 'phone and beg her to send their old laundry man over to pick up his shirts, and to tell him the name of that little Spanish café they had discovered together, and whether or not he was overdrawn at the bank. As Bobbe explained to a friend: "Johnny is just a little boy. Somehow I can't believe that anything like this separation has actually happened to us. I can't help worrying about the silliest things . . . I wonder who is going to darn his socks and see that he gets to the studio on time?" And probably a year from now, divorced and everything, Johnny will still be calling Bobbe about the laundry man! For the Weissmullers, in their own quiet way, have also invented a new kind of divorce!

Russell Ball

Ralph Forbes and Ruth Chatterton (above) are no longer marital partners—but they still are business partners and will produce plays together. Eleanor Boardman and King Vidor were supposed to be in a hurry for divorce—but delayed step



Peggy Shannon and Allen Davis have been separated for two years and yet just let one of the young Hollywood eligible bachelors try to get a date with Peggy! Allen is usually at her apartment waiting for her to come home so they can go to dinner together. "He's worse than a husband," Peggy once laughed. "He's a jealous beau!"

Though Peggy is legally free to come and go as she pleases, she usually pleases to go with Allen. They go to picture shows and hold hands. They step out on dates to the Cocoanut Grove. They seem to be ideally happy together . . . "except when we're married and living together," explains the red-headed Peggy, who doesn't seem to mind in the least that Allen is a very-hard-to-lose husband. They've invented a new kind of separation—which is second cous n

(*Continued on page 60*)

Maurice Chevalier filed a divorce suit against his wife, Yvonne, and then went down to the romantic Riviera to stay with her!

After Johnny Weissmuller moved out, he kept calling Bobbe Arnst for favors, asking the address of the laundry man, and such things

HOLLYWOOD VOTES for the *FIRST TIME*

Acme

Last December, Norma Shearer took the oath of allegiance to the United States and became a citizen. She can vote now

Did you know that until this year Hollywood has been almost a voteless village? For one reason or another, few players ever voted. But this year they're all marching to the polls—some to protest against Prohibition, some to fight taxes, and others to try to put Roosevelt in the White House, or keep Hoover there. Pity the foreign stars—they have to stay home!

ACTORS have never been important politically. No campaigning politicians have ever hung about stage doors or studio gates, waiting to slap John Barrymore on the back, give Clark Gable a cigar or kiss Bebe Daniels' baby—until this year. Actors, as a class, have been almost completely disenfranchised people for one reason and another. Hundreds of them, living in Hollywood, will vote this year for the first time in their lives!

There is so great a number of these débutante voters, indeed, that local politicians, girding their loins for the coming battle, are seriously and eagerly concerned with the problem of how to approach them and secure their support. Hollywood finds herself, somewhat to her astonishment, politically important. Political-minded executives are taking steps to see to it that their little charges are instructed in the gentle art of putting little crosses in exactly the right corners of their ballots. Registration booths have been established at all the big studios.

Will

Jeanette

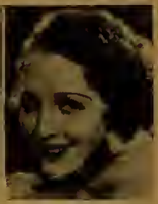
Robert

Above, Aline MacMahon registers. Except for Will Rogers, the stars to left and right are "first voters" this year

RKO introduced its employees officially to William Gibbs McAdoo, the Democratic candidate for United States Senator, at luncheons given on the lot. Jack Warner gave the political ball its real push when he invited the executives of each studio to lunch, with Mr. McAdoo as guest of honor. They organized the motion picture Roosevelt-and-Garner Club and the McAdoo-for-Senator Club and laid plans for a huge mass meeting of the entire industry. They secured pledges of support from such important executives as Darryl Zanuck, Jesse L. Lasky, Carl Laemmle, Jr., Winfield Sheehan, Harry Cohn and Henry McRae. It began to look like a Democratic landslide in the picture industry!

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer was just a trifle uneasy with all these goings on. With William Randolph Hearst, an ardent and powerful Democrat, a producer on the lot; and Louis B. Mayer, president of the company, a warm personal friend of President Hoover, and one of the few motion picture people who have ever slept in the White House—well, you can see how employees of *that* studio would feel! It would be exceedingly tactless for one of them to whisper his political preferences—even to his wife! What to do—what to do?

Connie



Bebe

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

But it is not merely nudgings from high circles that are inspiring stars, both male and female, to put their fingers into the Presidential pie this year. Most of them are taking an actual and practical interest in politics for the first time. You see, if you live in hotels and flit about the face of the map, as stage actors do, never knowing one season where you will be living the next—you can't be expected to take much interest in how your government is run. But when you settle down and buy a home and put your children in school and become a taxpayer, you waken suddenly to a sense of civic responsibility, to an interest in the conduct of affairs of state. And you want to vote.

Motion picture actors have discovered, also, that there are problems of government which touch them personally and intimately. Problems of taxation, of control of censorship, of tariff on films, the immigration quota laws, problems of the foreign markets. And there is scarcely an actor who is not interested just now, directly or otherwise, in the question of the Eighteenth Amendment. The result of all this is that some of them read the front pages of the newspapers even before they turn to the reviews of their current pictures! And that has *certainly* never happened before! Hollywood is undergoing a revolution in habits.

When the question of further taxation on theatre tickets arose in Washington, studio executives sent memorandums to every employee on several of the lots, requesting opinions and suggestions. After all, taxation at the box office may seriously affect an actor's income! It behooves him to investigate.

Irene Dunne, Robert Montgomery, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., John Boles—even stuttering Rosco Ates—will vote for President for the first time this autumn. None of them has ever had a permanent residence before, during a national election—having been stage folk.

Irene

Tala

Above, Polly Moran autographs a voters' registration book. Tala Birell and Marlene Dietrich can't vote, being aliens. Irene Dunne, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Ann Harding are voting for the first time

Ann Harding was brought up in a family that always took an active interest in politics but never, since Ann came of age, has she lived in one place long enough to exercise her privilege. But now she has her own home; there are problems that touch her and upon which she wishes to express her preference—and she intends to vote.

Norma Shearer will vote for the first time this year. Norma was born in Canada and has only recently been naturalized. She went about the matter in the thorough fashion in which Norma always does things—employed a tutor, took up the study of government, economics, American history—and passed, of course, at the head of her class. Paul Lukas has recently been naturalized and is being frightfully enthusiastic in his quest for information upon subjects of national importance.

Mary Pickford became a citizen of the United States years ago when she married Owen Moore. (Mary was born in Canada, too, you know.) She and Douglas Fairbanks, being a bit more civic-minded than most of our actors, have always gone to the polls when the occasion presented itself. But this year they are intensely interested—Mary in the re-submission of the Prohibition Amendment and Doug in problems of taxation. Doug feels strongly that the burden of taxation should be laid upon the rich—and he wants to have a voice in these matters. But it looks as if he'll be voting by absentee ballot—for he is off globe-trotting again.

These Stars Can't Vote

MARLENE DIETRICH, Boris Karloff, Charlie Chaplin, Elissa Landi, Clive Brook, Tala Birell, Maurice Chevalier—none of these may vote because they are not citizens.

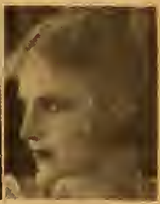
Jeanette MacDonald has never voted before because she was afraid she might be drawn for jury duty! She is suppressing her fears this year.

A surprising number of people who have lived in Hollywood for years have never taken the trouble to vote before—merely because they were not interested. Colleen Moore is among these. So are Estelle Taylor and Neil Hamilton and Gary Cooper. Ben Lyon and Bebe have never voted before.

"Motherhood," Bebe says ruefully, "presents more problems than I ever dreamed of. Not only must I make a study of the relationship between spinach and a small morsel of humanity—but I must also make a study of national problems and hie myself to the polls at election time, if I am to do my duty to my child! It's appalling!"

Marlene

Doug, Jr.


Ann

The Hamiltons, too, have discovered that a home of their own and an adopted baby suddenly make politics seem important.

Constance Bennett, since the last Presidential election, has become a woman with rather staggering financial interests and must needs concern herself with problems of taxation. Connie is one of Hollywood's most ardent supporters of repeal, feeling that it may end the Depression. She's voting for the first time this year. So is her sister, Joan, who wasn't old enough to vote in 1928.

(*Continued on page 62*)

You Can't Always COPY a Movie Star

An Open Letter To An Old Friend, Miss Movie Fan

FROM BARBARA FOSS

DEAR FANETTE: Just yesterday I read something in the papers tucked down in a corner of the "Woman's Page" that gave me quite a turn. It read: *"The young girls of America are patterning themselves more and more after the movie stars of Hollywood . . . in the way they wear their hair . . . the clothes they select . . . in their personal, professional and social lives!"*

It was the last idea that rather gave me the shock. Of course, after six Garbo-mad years I had become quite used to the long scraggy shoulder bobs flying out from under hats perched precariously on the side of the head. And on several occasions I've strongly suspected the Kay Francis influence among the slicked-down-tight brunettes. I've been served in restaurants by carbon copies of Janet Gaynor, and once, a Joan Crawford (eyebrows, mouth and everything) sold me a reducing girdle.

But with all this evidence of Hollywood turned loose on the world, I hadn't quite suspected that movie stars were setting a personal, social or etiquette code. I hope I don't seem narrow in remarking that the idea presents amazing possibilities.

Consider the débutante daughter of the Average Family behaving after, say, the social manner of Gertie Google with a taste for champagne in bed, a tendency to slide a skirt to the knee-line when sitting down and a slew of *bon mots* that would raise the hair on a Mexican Hairless. Even suppose we simplify the idea (what with champagne at its present prices), there's still the picture of Snappy Sixteen (formerly Sweet Sixteen) awakening to a gin fizz, hoisting an ankle, and drawling the Main Street *bon mot:* "Oh, yeah?"

Far be it from me to deny that movie stars have done a lot of good in the world. If it weren't for their collective beauty tips, we'd all probably still be running around the streets

(*Continued on page 72*)

When you look into your mirror, do you see a girl who looks like Greta Garbo? Or do you copy Lilyan Tashman (at top) or Connie Bennett (upper right) or Kay Francis (lower right)?

MOVIE CLASSIC TABLOID NEWS SECTION

THE NEWSREEL OF THE NEWSSTANDS

The girls of the ensemble in Eddie Cantor's new words-and-music picture, "The Kid From Spain," have taken a tip from the college crews who dunk their coxswains after winning a race. After putting them through their paces the girls gave the dance director, Busby Berkeley, an involuntary and unwilling dunking. And did Busby cry "Mamma!"

Acme

She's a ringer for Alice White—is Mlle. Dinah Sari, who has things her own way in Greece. She is her country's one and only film star

Keystone

Remember Renee Adoree in "The Big Parade?" She has returned to Hollywood completely cured in health after spending two years in an Arizona sanitarium. She hopes to return to film work within three months

"Milk baths for contented actresses," says Claudette Colbert who bathes in the lactic fluid in "The Sign of the Cross." And thereby hangs a beauty hint. See story, page 31

Welbourne

Warners are making big plans for Eleanor Holm, Olympic backstroke swimming champion. She will be featured just as soon as she learns her acting a, b, c's. See story, page 28

FEW OLYMPIC ATHLETES RECEIVE MOVIE OFFERS

Film Tests Show Most Athletes Have Handsome Bodies, But Plain Faces—Eleanor Holm, Champion Swimmer, Is Notable Exception And Is Being Groomed For Stardom

By EVELYN DERR

Eleanor Holm, back-stroke swimming champion, has been signed by Warners. Her beauty is exceptional for a girl athlete

Buster Crabbe, champion swimmer (left), has been tested for he-man rôles, *a la* Weissmuller

Left, Eleanor Holm—who has put aside her bathing suit—proves that she can dress as smartly as any actress. She will not swim for the movies, but will be featured in romantic rôles. Above, Georgia Coleman, another girl swimmer tested for the films

THE world's best men and women, physically speaking, recently gathered in Los Angeles to break all but three or four world records for athletic prowess. More than three hundred of them competed in the Olympic Games. Less than a half-dozen were given screen offers after the Games were ended!

"Athletes have beautifully shaped bodies, but their faces are usually plain. They show the terrific strain they undergo, in grim jaw development, lines of strain about the mouth and eyes, and overdeveloped facial muscles," said one studio photographer who tested several girl contestants.

One bright exception is Eleanor Holm of New York, who won the back-stroke swimming championship. This shapely and piquant little swimmer turned down a stage offer from the late Florenz Ziegfeld, so that she could participate in the Olympics—an event that usually comes only once in the lifetime of an athlete. With the Games over and her championship won, she consented to movie tests—and was signed by Warners, who promise featured rôles for her, will not capitalize on her swimming prowess, and are giving her six months of dramatic training before putting her before the cameras. It's apparent that they expect great things from Eleanor.

Little Dorothy Poynton, high-diving champion, is a local girl—seventeen, with platinum blonde hair, a tiny, but shapely figure, and large eyes. She is dickering with one of the larger studios at the moment. Helene Madison, the Seattle girl-swimmer who broke an Olympic record, has signed with John Clein, independent producer, to make a feature. Georgia Coleman, Los Angeles girl-diver, has taken movie tests.

Buster Crabbe and George Halloran, Olympic swimming champions, have been tested by Paramount, which is still considering signing them. (It's no secret that studios are looking for another Weissmuller.) Ingeborg Sjoquist, pretty blonde diver from Sweden, also was tested—though she would have to learn English before appearing on the screen.

When José Zabala, young Argentine, gamely staggered across the finish line of the cruel twenty-six-mile Marathon, the enthusiasm of the throng sent two movie producers hurrying down into the athlete's quarters with screen offers for the little hero. However, Zabala—a newsboy in his native land—did not choose to run for movie fame, as well, and departed happily to his own country at the close of the Games.

MRS. JOLSON ENTERS FILMS—AL NOT AFRAID HE WILL LOSE HER

"Mammy" Singer Springs Big Contract On Ruby Keeler, Former Ziegfeld Star, As Birthday Surprise—Al Says, "She Won't Let Career Interfere With Love"

By SONIA LEE

TWO careers in a family have always been considered a danger to domestic bliss. But Al Jolson doesn't fear the picture now imminent for his wife, Ruby Keeler, former Ziegfeld beauty, who forsook the stage when she married the famous "Mammy" singer and star of the first talkie, September 21, 1928.

She has been placed under a long-term contract by Warner Brothers, and will be featured in the pretentious "Forty-Second Street," which also includes Warren William, Kay Francis, Joan Blondell, Richard Barthelmess and George Brent in the cast. The contract was in the nature of a birthday present. On August 25, Darryl Zanuck, production chief of the studio, called Jolson regarding the possibility of getting Miss Keeler's name on the dotted line.

"If you can get the contract ready by tonight," Jolson told him, "we'll spring it on her tomorrow as a surprise. It's her birthday. She'll sign."

She did. And it is reported that she is to receive $2,000 a week for her first picture, with an ascending salary scale for additional ones. Jolson is his wife's agent and manager, and he is delighted with his new rôle. What is more, he's certain Ruby will be a sensation.

"Of course, I am pleased that Ruby is to have an opportunity in pictures," he declares. "She has been terribly lonely out here, and homesick for New York. The reason has been that she hasn't had anything to keep her busy in Hollywood. Doing a picture will keep her interested and amused. And if she doesn't like films—she can always quit.

"One thing is sure—she won't let a career interfere in any way with our love and our life together. She purposely hurt herself, falling down a flight of stairs, when she was featured in Ziegfeld's 'Show Girl,' because she wanted to be with me. And I guess a girl who could do that wouldn't be much inclined to let a picture complicate or diminish our happiness. She is an unusually intelligent and sensible girl, and attaches the right value to everything. So I am not in the least disturbed by the possibility of having another picture star in the family."

Acme

Acme

Al Jolson (above) predicts that Ruby Keeler, his dancer-wife (left), will be a sensation—and that, if she is, they'll still be as close as they are in circle

At one time United Artists wanted Ruby Keeler to appear in a picture with Jolson. But they both vetoed the suggestion. "We both felt," points out Jolson, "that it would put too great a strain on us—working together all day, and then coming home with the same worries and the same problems. Ruby refused point-blank. She said that if she were appearing with me, I'd worry about her work and mine, too. And she was right. But as it is, Warners will do all the worrying."

Work, for Ruby Keeler, isn't a life-and-death matter. She can take it or leave it alone. Jolson's earnings are enormous, and he is famous as an indulgent husband. But as a new interest—Al Jolson is all in favor of his wife's movie career.

Ruby's contract with Warners came as a surprise to Hollywood, which was not aware that Al and the studio for which he made the first talkie ("The Jazz Singer") were on friendly terms. After finishing "Big Boy" in 1930, Al signed up with his old pal, Joseph Schenck, at United Artists. Maybe Hollywood was wrong about any ill feeling between Jolson and his former studio—though Al is reported to have made this wisecrack: "I'm even now! They've signed up my wife for a five-year contract."

Having finished "The New Yorker," his first picture in two years, he is starting on a personal appearance tour.

SWANSON LAWYER INSISTS LUXURIES ARE "NECESSARY"

Importer, Claiming Gloria Has Not Paid Him In Full, Asks Writ To Seize Costly Furnishings—Lawyer Opposes Writ On Ground Star Needs Them All

By
JANET BURDEN

Miehle

"Glorious Gloria," above, needs costly surroundings, says lawyer. Right, she watches husband, Michael Farmer, make movie début in her new film

International

HOW much furniture does a movie star need? That delicate question has arisen in a court suit against Gloria Swanson by William J. Saylor, Ltd., New York importer, to attach the furnishings of the Beverly Hills home of the actress for alleged failure to pay $6,000 he claims is still due him.

Somehow or other, the impression arose that Gloria might be able to spare $6,000 worth of furniture without greatly missing it. The question arose whether or not such rooms as "a powder room" and a "bar" are necessary adjuncts to the home of a screen star, and whether or not a pair of antique swans and an XVIIIth Century lamp base are "necessities" for a film career.

Gloria's house furnishings cost $44,000, which, according to Lois Wilson, Gloria's closest friend, is not excessive for a screen star. "Her home isn't furnished in luxurious style," says Lois. "Just in good taste. Many other film homes are more expensively equipped."

It is said that Gloria felt that she has been overcharged for some articles, and held up the final payments, hoping for some adjustments. According to common law, every human being is entitled to "a bed, a washstand and a chair." In Gloria's case, this might apply to her bed, which cost one thousand dollars, a green decorated console that is the nearest thing to a washstand, and an antique red velvet arm-chair. But it does not—so the importer claims—include taffeta curtains for a bar room, a Pompeiian coffee table, two Napoleon plates, and a XVIIth Century map of Paris.

"This formal and ornamental furniture is as necessary to a motion picture actress's business as a horse and wagon are necessary to a farmer," was the tenor of her lawyer's objection to the writ of attachment.

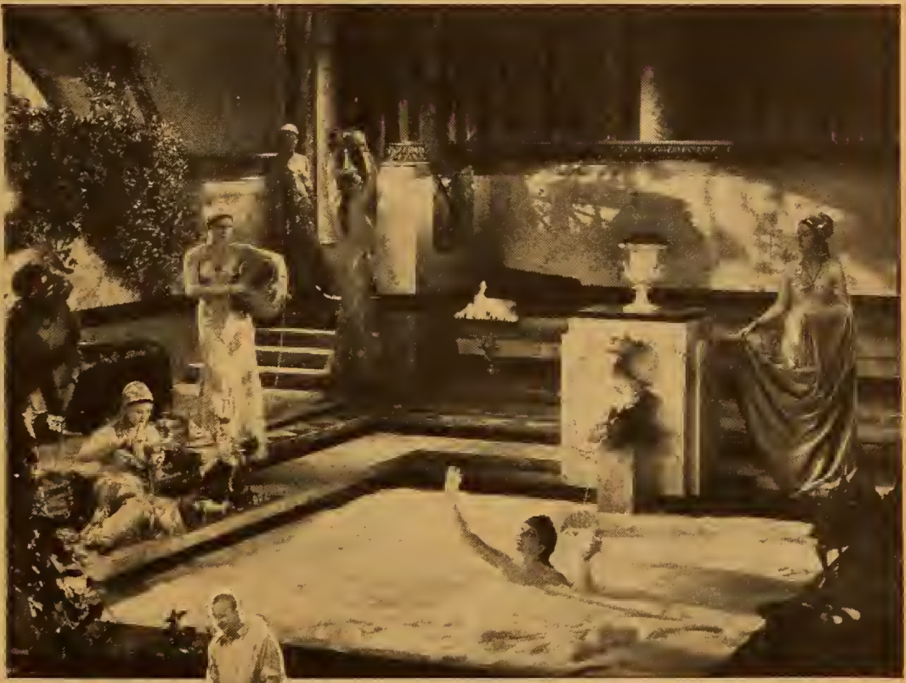
Without floor-length taffeta curtains, imported tile fixtures and a pair of genuine Angelica Kauffman paintings, perhaps Gloria Swanson would not be able to give the screen any more of her gorgeous and sumptuous characterizations. So it is fortunate for Hollywood and the world that at the last moment her attorney posted a bond for $7,000, thus leaving all her charming "necessities" intact until Gloria returns from England, where she is now making a picture called "Perfect Understanding."

Gloria has always lived in a grand manner. When she was just beginning her career, she used to drive a huge canary-colored car about town. Later, when she moved, it took one entire truck to transport her wardrobe. At another time, so the story goes, when she wanted a beach for her swimming pool and trucks were unavailable, she hired a fleet of taxicabs to transport the sand! What will be the outcome of all this?

Lois Wilson, Gloria's closest friend, says her $44,000 furnishings are not luxurious

CLAUDETTE COLBERT TAKES BATH IN MILK FOR DE MILLE PICTURE

Playing Roman Empress In "Sign Of The Cross," She Is First Star To Have Such An Experience—Longest Bath On Record, But Claudette Enjoys It



By DOROTHY DONNELL

Claudette Colbert says Roman ladies were right about milk baths being aids to beauty. Center, she rehearses the bath scene, with water in the pool, but at the top, she bathes in a thousand gallons of real, honest-to-goodness milk

CECIL B. DE MILLE, who has glorified American plumbing on the screen for so many years, has just created the most gorgeous bath of movie history. In "The Sign of the Cross," Claudette Colbert, as the sensuous *Empress Poppaea*, disports herself in a black marble Roman bath filled to the brim—with milk!

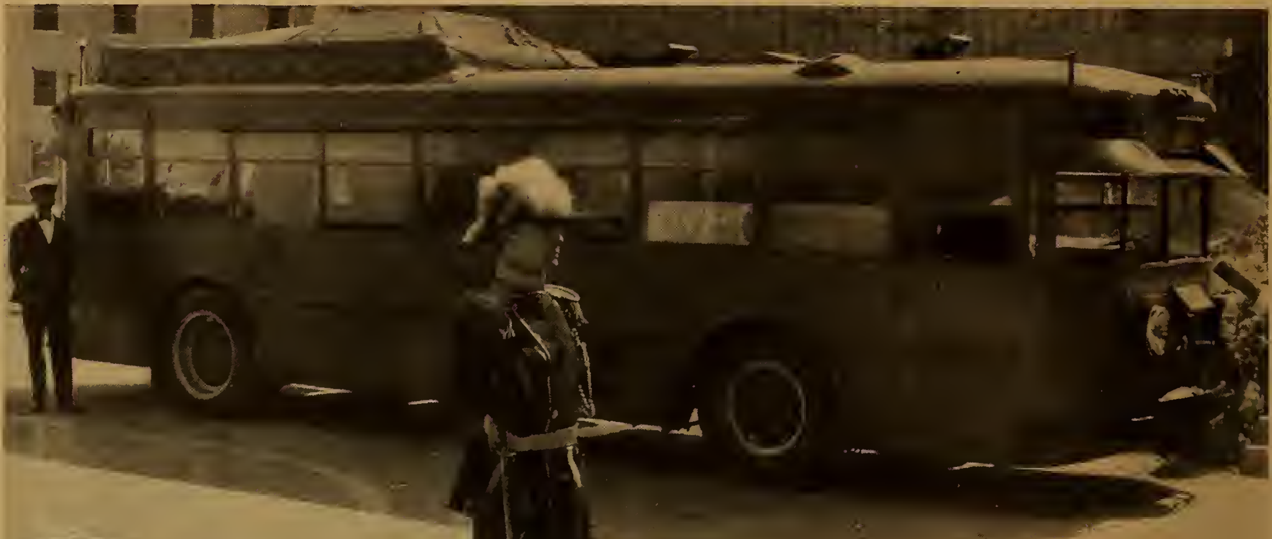
Though the public will catch only a few tantalizing glimpses of a lady of *Nero's* court preserving her beauty in this fashion, employees of the studio watched Claudette take the longest bath on record. For eight hours she was immersed in the white, foaming liquid while cameras clicked and batteries of Klieg lights blazed down upon her. By the time the bath was ended, the story goes, the milk was buttermilk.

Other white liquids were experimented with, and discarded. Nothing would photograph like milk except milk. Then, too, solutions of lime or chalk might have had a bad effect on Claudette. One thousand gallons of milk were poured into the huge Roman bath—at a cost of $200, even though the price per quart was five cents, due to a local milk war.

It is said that Mr. De Mille, with his passion for accuracy, asked for asses' milk, which was used by the real *Poppaea* and other charmers of antiquity. But it hardly seems likely that audiences will notice the difference. At first it was decided that no publicity should be given out on this milk bath, for fear that such a scene might be considered wasteful in this time of Depression. However, "The Sign of the Cross" has given work—and food—to nearly five thousand movie people.

Claudette—the first movie beauty known to have taken a milk bath—says that the ladies of ancient Rome were not mistaken in their faith in milk baths as beautifying. It leaves the skin soft and velvety, and she plans to use milk on her face, neck and arms often hereafter—though not by the tubful!

Although De Mille has gained a reputation for his bath scenes, this is only the eighth such scene he has filmed in his fifteen years of picture-making. But he has popularized bathing scenes. Bathroom sequences are the rage in every studio these days. Men and women stars are being shown at their ablutions, clothed only in soap suds and camera angles.



Acme

Above, Buster, dressed as an Admiral, about to board his new "yacht." It is a Pullman car on rubber tires, with all the comforts of home. Below, the interior

Acme

Natalie Talmadge (above) sold the former Keaton water yacht—so now he has to do his cruising on land

KEATON BUYS "LAND YACHT" AS BIG JOKE

Comedian Acquires $52,000 Bus After Ex-Wife, Natalie Talmadge, Sells Boat—Says He'll Sail Over High Hills, Not High Seas

By DORIS JANEWAY

BUSTER KEATON is the new, proud and hilarious owner of a "land yacht." If you never heard of a "land yacht" before you will hear plenty of this one before Buster is through pulling real-life gags with it.

In the first place, even its purchase was a gag. Buster has a strong sense of the ridiculous, and it struck him as highly ridiculous that he should acquire a "land yacht" right after his recently divorced wife, Natalie Talmadge, had sold the Keaton water yacht. Buster swore that if he couldn't have a yacht on the water, he would have one on the earth.

Buster's extraordinary traveling device is practically a Pullman car on rubber tires. The coach is ten feet wide and thirty-eight feet long. It carries twelve day-passengers, and seven can sleep aboard. The front "compartment" contains the driver's seat and an electric refrigerator. Compartment No. 2 contains the "kitchen," the electric plant and a shower. Adjoining is a butler's pantry. The rest of the "yacht" is made up of the regular train-type of Pullman seats, which can be converted into "berths" for sleeping. In the rear is the "club room," appointed with electric fans, electric reading lamps, bridge tables and comfortable lounging chairs. The "yacht" weighs twelve tons and cost Buster fifty-two thousand dollars.

As though the vehicle itself weren't enough of a gag, Buster is using it as a background for comedy stunts off the screen. Just recently, for instance he and Lew Cody, his old pal, drove the "yacht" up to the Fiesta at Santa Barbara. Clad in the full-dress regalia of an Admiral and a General, respectively, Buster and Lew alighted from the extraordinary motor, and, with medals and swords jangling, marched into the Santa Barbara Biltmore Hotel. What's more, they played it absolutely "straight." Not a smile from the frozen-faced comedian to reveal that he was pulling one of his gags.

It has been rumored that this was a dress rehearsal for a personal appearance tour Buster is planning in his "yacht." And, also, it is rumored that Buster is trying to kid Natalie into marrying him again. Buster's jokes didn't prevent the divorce, but he may be hoping that a sense of humor will patch up things again!

THE NEWSREEL OF THE NEWSSTANDS

By MADGE TENNANT

On Visit To West Coast, Fay Webb Reveals That She Wanted Her Freedom In Haste, But Is Now Repenting At Leisure—Says, "It Was Just A Childish Row"

Acme

Above, the $100,000 Beverly Hills home that the Vallees bought last year on an impulse

RUDY VALLEE'S WIFE CHANGES HER MIND ABOUT THAT DIVORCE

SAID Will Rogers, "Guess Fay and Rudy decided to make up till after the Depression is over." A New York newspaper headlined, "Rudy Croons Over 'Phone; Divorce Off." Said Fay Webb Vallee, actress-wife of the famous crooner, "There isn't much to tell. We just had a—a sudden difference of temperament, and now we see how foolish we were and we're happy again, and the only thing I brought back from Reno is a cold in the head!"

"But are you sure it's all fixed up this time?" she was asked.

Fay, who accentuates an almost foreign brunette coloring by a dead-white make-up, was emphatic. "Oh, yes! We're back together again forever. I was just a little fool. Rudy never wanted a divorce at all, but he was a perfect dear and told me to get one if I thought best. He always lets me do what I want.

"That was how we happened to buy that twenty-five room Beverly Hills house. We were just out for a drive and happened to see it, and I fell in love with it. I said, 'Oh, let's buy it!' and Rudy said, 'All right'—so we took it then and there. And we didn't need a California home at all! As long as Rudy has his radio work, we'll have to live in New York. But we both keep hoping and planning to come out West to stay some day—move from an apartment into a big house.

"But I think we love our Maine lodge best of all. We had just come from up there when we had our—our difference of temperament. It was all so silly! How could I ever have dreamed of a divorce? Of course, the newspapers played it all up too much, about my crying over my lost overnight bag, and everything. I made up my mind to start for Reno so suddenly, and there was so much luggage—but I missed the overnight bag as soon as I got to the station. I prized it because it was a gift from Rudy.

"Reno? I hardly saw the place. As soon as I got there, my lawyer met me. He had been trying to fix things between us, and—well, that evening we talked with each other long-distance. We talked a long while, and decided we were making a mistake. And that's all there is to it. Now that I'm here I shall make a little visit with my family, but I'll be going back to Rudy in a few weeks. I'm so happy!"

Fay Webb and Rudy Vallee were secretly married in July, 1931, in West Orange, New Jersey. They first met in Hollywood.

Keystone

Fay and Rudy decided they were "making a mistake" in getting a divorce

MARRIED? BETTE DAVIS AND JOAN BLONDELL WON'T SAY YES OR NO!

Joan Was Reported Wed To George Barnes, But Won't Confirm Or Deny Report—Bette Is Suspected Of Being Bashful Bride Of Harmon O. Nelson, Jr.

Friends of Bette Davis (above) suggest that the pretty blonde who recently eloped with her schoolgirl sweetheart was someone named *Betty* Davis!

By JOAN STANDISH

JOAN BLONDELL started it when she returned from a vacation trip in Oregon and refused to confirm or deny newspaper stories that she and George Barnes, cameraman, were married. "I won't say yes, and I won't say no," smiled Joan—and though reporters begged, and publicity men entreated, that was her final answer to the reports that she and George had been honeymooning. Though the Oregon people swore that a marriage license was issued to the couple and that they were united in holy wedlock by an Oregon justice of the peace, reporters couldn't get a word of the details from Joan and George, themselves—not, it was hinted, until George's divorce was final in California.

And now Hollywood hears rumors that Bette Davis is another "bride" who isn't in the frame of mind to come out and admit that she is the "*Betty* Davis" who recently eloped with a young man named Harmon O. Nelson, Jr. If she and her "newspaper-reported" husband are living quietly in a beach house down below Malibu, that's something for the newspaper boys to discover all by themselves.

Wide World

"I won't say yes—and I won't say no." With these words Joan Blondell threw reporters into confusion when they asked if she was wed to George Barnes (with her, above)

But once upon a time, a little blonde Davis girl, who was to grow up and look like Constance Bennett, and a handsome young boy named Harmon O. Nelson, Jr., were school sweethearts in a small town in Massachusetts. They were semi-officially engaged—though they hadn't planned anything like an elopement; they were too ambitious for that. The girl wanted to go on the stage, and the boy had ambitions to become a well-known dance orchestra leader.

She went to New York, succeeded in getting on the stage and eventually traveled out to Hollywood and fame; the engagement lapsed. But not so long ago, she went East on a personal appearance tour, and whom should she meet but a certain Mr. Nelson, who had scored quite a success of his own as a dance band leader in Eastern resorts. A long story that had begun practically in childhood, and never forgotten by either, was renewed and continued when Mr. Nelson temporarily forsook his band activities and went out to Hollywood.

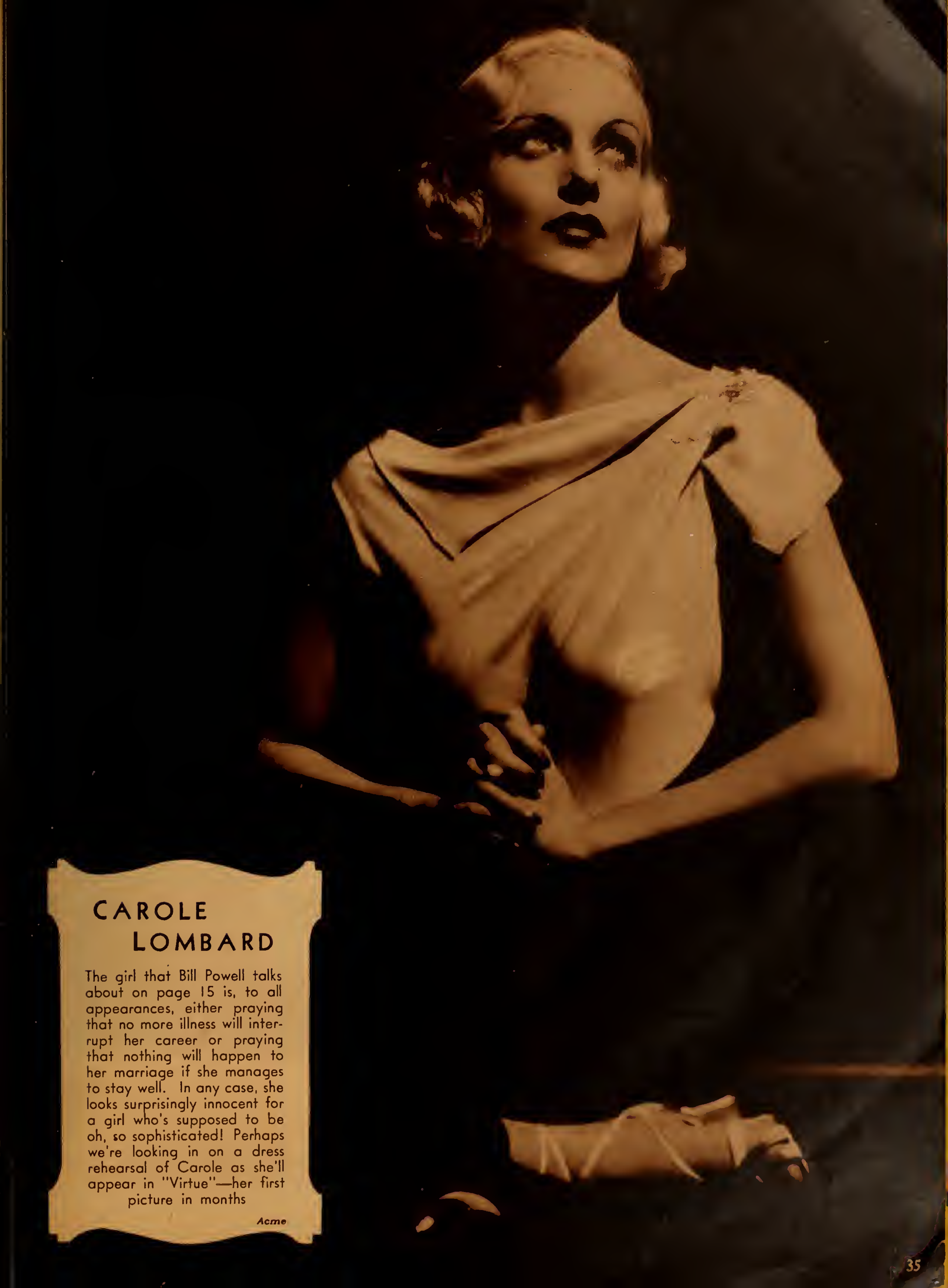
Bette Davis, the movie actress, had gone on record as saying that she would never marry until she was finished with her career. But it was none other than a blonde Constance Bennett-like Bette Davis who, only recently, suddenly appeared at the marriage license bureau in Yuma, Arizona, with a delighted and grinning young man at her side. In view of her publicized view about matrimony, the lady was surprisingly cool and collected. The Justice remarked about it.

"You are a very cool young lady to be embarking on your first matrimonial experience," he said.

"Nothing new to me," fibbed the pert and lovely blonde. "This is my third attempt."

The newspapers carried the story of the elopement the next day. But if you are to believe the friends of Hollywood's latest Yes-And-No Bride, maybe the Yuma girl was Bette Davis and maybe it wasn't. Maybe, they coyly suggest, the name was *Betty* Davis, instead.

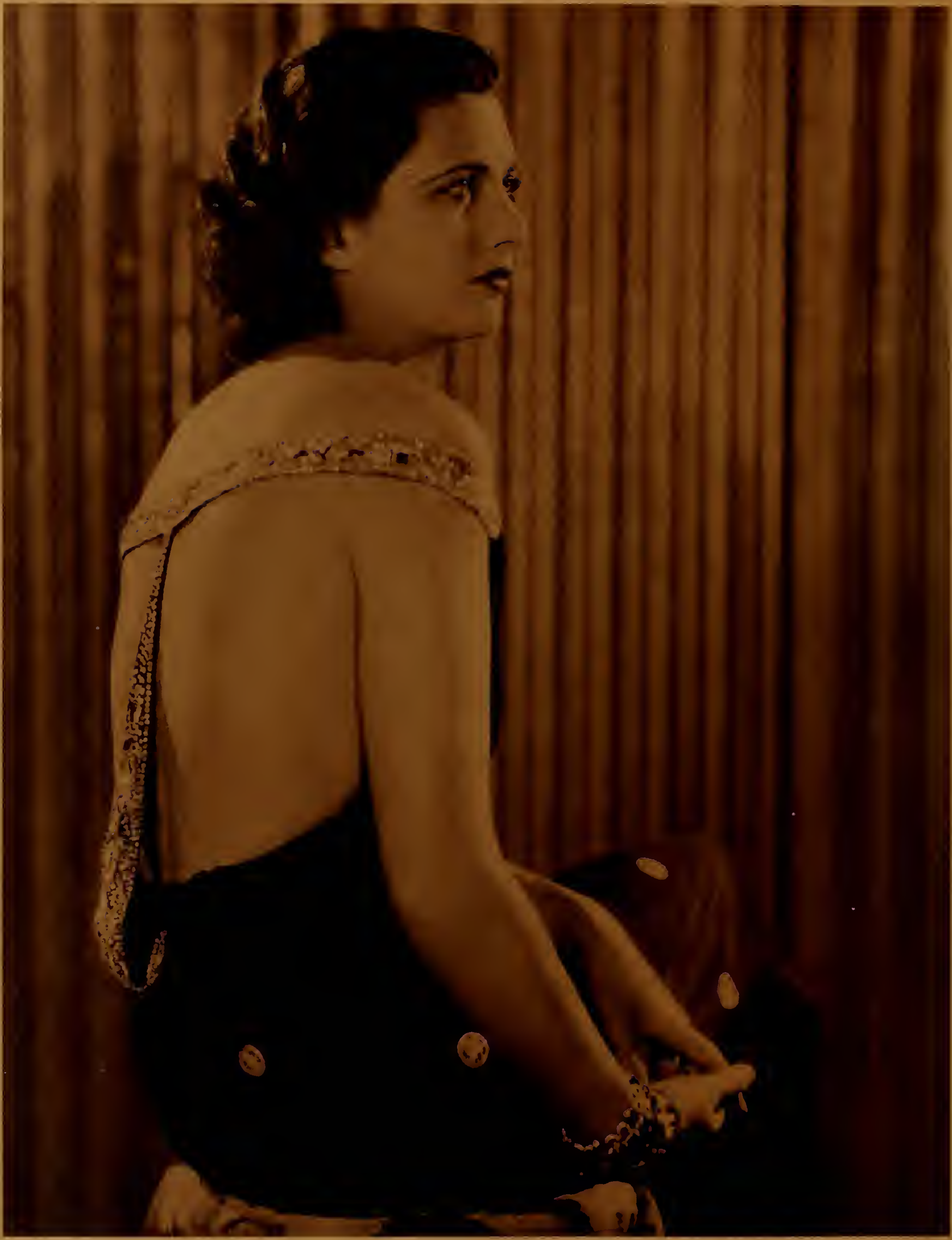
But perhaps the champion Yes-and-No Bride of them all is—or maybe I should say *was*—Lina Basquette. A few months ago, she was seen everywhere with Teddy Hayes, former Dempsey trainer—and they were rumored engaged. Lina denied it. Then a reporter claimed that Lina and Teddy had been married in Newark, New Jersey, on October 31, 1931. Lina said "It must have been two other people." Meanwhile, she said she and Teddy would wed soon. Some time later, newspapers reported Lina had been divorced from Hayes—whom she *had* married last October!



CAROLE LOMBARD

The girl that Bill Powell talks about on page 15 is, to all appearances, either praying that no more illness will interrupt her career or praying that nothing will happen to her marriage if she manages to stay well. In any case, she looks surprisingly innocent for a girl who's supposed to be oh, so sophisticated! Perhaps we're looking in on a dress rehearsal of Carole as she'll appear in "Virtue"—her first picture in months

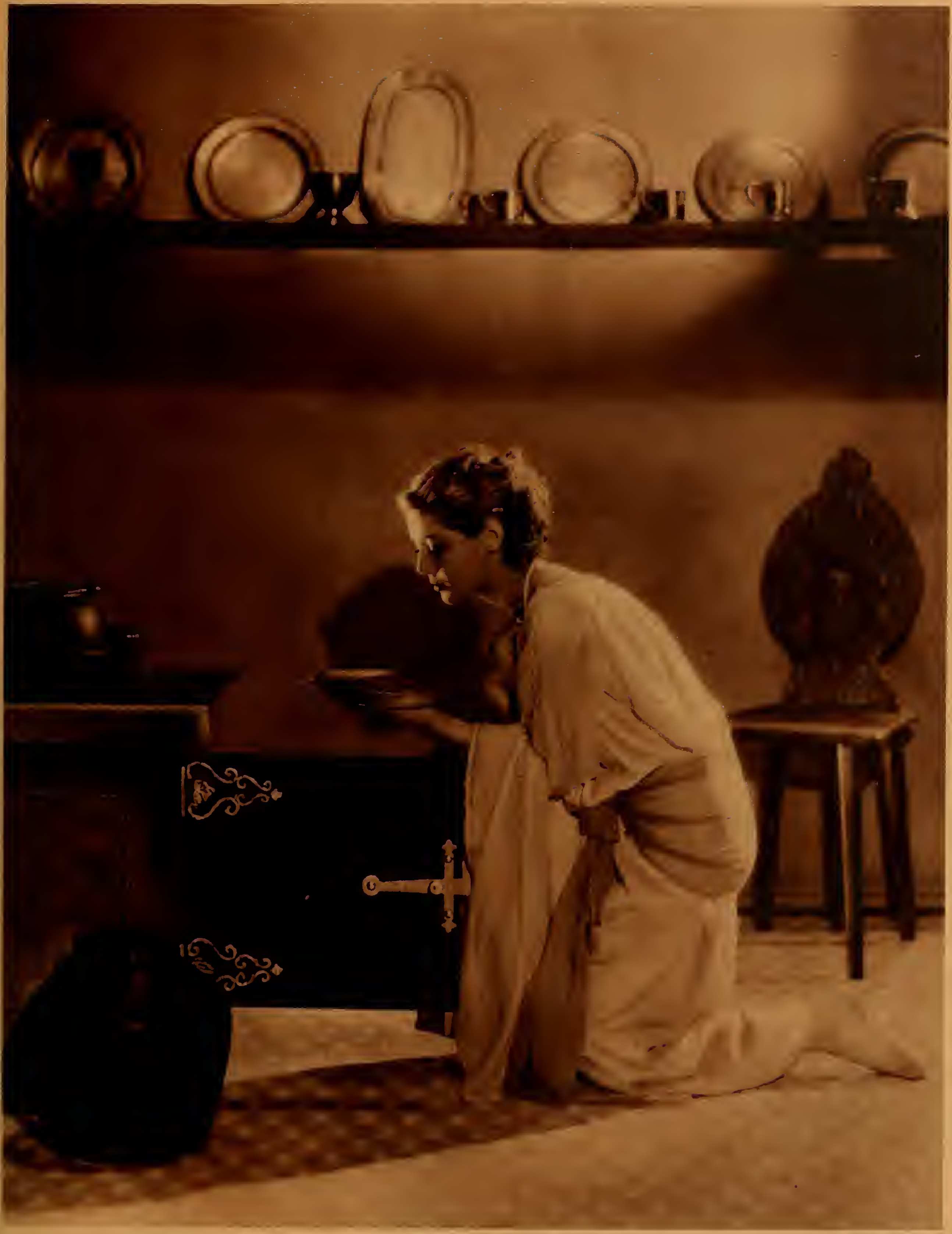
Acme



Fryer

Kay, who does insist on being different, has invented a new kind of shoulder strap—it defies the law of gravity, and occupies the same position as that rainbow that's 'round her shoulders. Also, it kept her from shrugging away a chance to play in "A Very Private Scandal." She postponed her honeymoon again to take the offer. Now she's Ronald Colman's wife in "I Have Been Faithful"

KAY FRANCIS



Fryer

LORETTA YOUNG

You have to get up early in the morning to bake a better pumpkin pie than Loretta. She's getting in practice for Thanksgiving—but modestly wonders if this little melting mouthful will turn out right without a prayer or two. Incidentally, the flowing gown and the bare feet are ,indications that Loretta is also practising for the rôle of The Nun in "The Miracle," the famous Passion Play

LIONIZING SOME BABES FROM THE JUNGLE

Some relatives of Leo, the lion, have arrived in Hollywood — and is Hollywood taking them to its arms? Up at the top, John Barrymore points out to Myrna Loy how to lull a tough baby—any variety—to sleep. Above, Johnny Weissmuller, who played only with full-grown growlers in "Tarzan," gives a trio of youngsters the well-known Weissmuller jungle hug. Left, you see four little wildcats—counting Lupe Velez, who holds her playmates with the same technique as Johnny. Does that prove she has had her eyes on Johnny?

JUST A TEENY HALLOWE'ENY

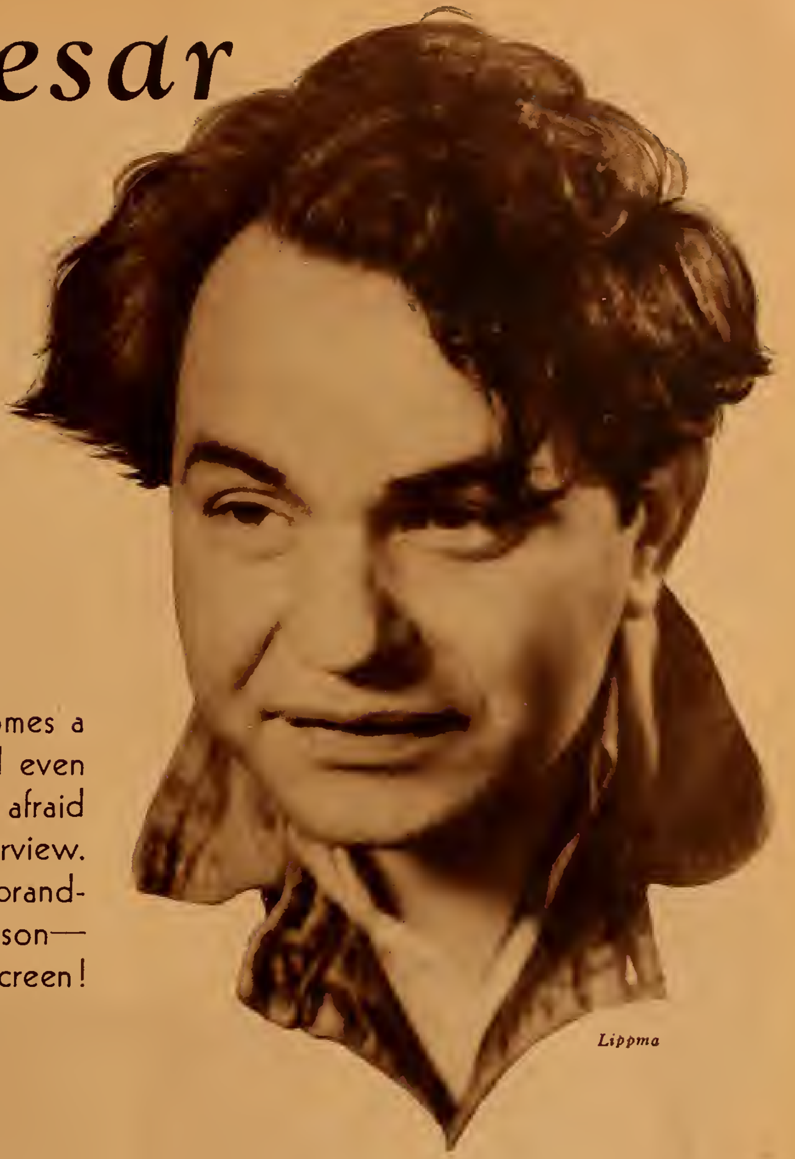
The frost may be on the pumpkin, but it doesn't seem to bother Nancy Carroll a bit. She's out on the back fence, courting a chill and hoping to intercept a black cat that may be a witch in disguise. Secretly, of course, what she's waiting for is the time to go to that Hallowe'en masquerade in her best bib-and-tucker—and give the other girls a chill. She's likely to do that in "Hot Saturday," too!

SPENCER TRACY

When Jimmy Cagney walked out, Lee Tracy got one of his rôles ("Blessed Event") and Spencer Tracy—no relation to Lee—got another. Its title is a knockout: "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing," and it is based on the autobiography of the same name by Warden Lawes, who believes that prisons should do more to build men than to punish them. Do convicts deserve a square deal? That's something you will have to figure out after you see Spencer behind the bars, making a convict so human that he might be someone you know, yourself!

Welbourne

Little Caesar Tosses Some Verbal Bombs



Lippma

It isn't often that a character actor becomes a star, as Edward G. Robinson has. And even less often do you meet a star who isn't afraid to speak out, as he does in this interview. Read what he says and you will have a brand-new mental picture of the real Robinson—who is always somebody else on the screen!

By GLADYS HALL

EDWARD G. ROBINSON said to me, "I was born in Roumania and—you can have it!"

From there we went on to other hates. It was tonic to talk to an actor who does not smile a stock smile of beautiful dimples and cupid curves and declare that all is well with this best of all possible worlds. It was more than tonic to talk with a man who dares to bare his ideals without being flippant; a man who dares to laugh at blind patriotism and national boundaries and sectarian religions and the precepts we are taught as children; an actor who demands the right to be frank.

"I'll never be homesick for Roumania," he said, "because there is no chance there for a man to amount to anything without royal favor. Even assuming that you are the best lawyer or the best actor or the best plumber in Roumania—what of it? What does it matter? I lived there for ten years of my childhood and I remember it as a place where I was shut in, where I could not find space to move and breathe and grow.

"I hate the whole hysteria of patriotism, so-called—the hysteria of flags flying and martial music and cheers and war cries. I have hated them ever since I saw flags waving, and heard cheers and cries and music, while half of the world's young lay dead because of stupid men 'protecting' little lines drawn on maps. Humanity is the only thing that matters—men, women, children, whether they are born in Siam or South Dakota, whatever their god, their color or their occupations may be.

"I hate religious creeds and the sureness of each one that their God is the only God. I hate labels and tags for anything. As if one can tag and label so fundamental a thing as the God of a man!

Wanted to Remake the World

"WHEN I was a raw and flaming youth, I formed a society composed of a Jew, a Catholic, a Protestant and a Socialist. We were determined, we four, to change the world, to smash all the old isms and limitations, to make all men brothers, to bring about the millenium when there would be no more war and no further misunderstanding among mankind. I hate the thought that, when Youth goes, these flaming ideals go, too. It is only the Youth of the world who can bring such things as these to pass.

"I was a Socialist for a time. I believed, not in the equality of man—even then I hated the flatness and dreariness and stupidity of that idea—but in a more just and even distribution of wealth. I still believe in that, and I still believe that eventually some such state of affairs will come to pass.

"I hate the horrible contrasts one is faced with daily—one man riding in upholstered luxury; another man, half a mile away, breaking his heart because he can't

(Continued on page 80)

The Headline History of CHAPLIN

1918—1932

By MURIEL BABCOCK

Below, Chaplin in the make-up that made him famous—a subject for headlines

CHARLES SPENCER CHAPLIN, the diminutive English comic, is supposed to be one of the geniuses of the present-day world. Practically everybody admits that he has no peer as a funny man of pantomime. But if Charlie has a genius for making people laugh, he also has a great talent for getting into the headlines.

There is probably no other movie star who has gone through so much anguish in his personal life, who has had so many mix-ups—marital, financial, social. Charlie not only has a positive genius for having trouble in love affairs and in money matters, but lately, touring around Europe, he has shown a talent for becoming involved in controversies of a more international scope.

When Charlie went abroad, he said he wanted a rest and hoped to find relaxation in new faces and new places. Did he succeed? Well, England, his homeland, resented his refusal to appear at a "command" performance of the King; France gave him the ribbon of the Legion of Honor and then turned loose a flood of adverse editorial comment; Germany listened to his comments on their country, heard the refusal of the former Crown Prince to tea with him, and laughed; Czecho-Slovakians were annoyed because he didn't visit their country, and—well, goodness knows how many beautious maidens were peeved because he wouldn't bring them back to America and star them in pictures.

Just glance over his career of trouble, as told in the headlines of the dailies since he

Left, Chaplin and the Prince of Wales sit side by side at an ice carnival in London, November, 1931

Acme

September, 1931—Chaplin meets leader. Gandhi had never heard of when told that Chaplin had

Richee

Sari Maritza (above) shared headlines with Chaplin in February, 1931, by being his newest "discovery" and by tangoing with him in London. She denies romance

Above, the very newest portrait of Lita Grey Chaplin, the comedian's ex-wife and mother of his two sons. She recently signed a film contract for them, which Chaplin opposed

Stax

Paulette Goddard (above) is the newest heart interest in Chaplin's life—and columnists are predicting marriage headlines. They are seen together constantly

Acme

Above, Charlie in a serious rôle—appearing in court to fight his sons' entry into films. He testified screen work would tax their strength and might impair their futures

Above, Chaplin's two sons—Sydney (left) and Charles, Jr.—arrive from abroad to enter films with mother. But Dad objects

Mahatma Gandhi, great Hindu him, but was eager to see him made millions laugh

began getting famous in 1918:

August 19, 1918—Mildred Harris, screen actress, admits engagement to Charlie Chaplin, screen comedian. Says she will retire when wed; Chaplin also planning retirement at end of present contract.

November 9, 1918—Chaplin marries Mildred Harris.

July 9, 1919—Baby son born to the Chaplins yesterday, dies; sorrow enthrones household. Baby born with one of vital organs missing; death inevitable.

March 21, 1920—Mildred Harris Chaplin says she has not seen husband in months. Says she does not want divorce—only Charlie. "I still love Charlie, and his conscience must be hurting him." Rumored she will resume career.

April 8, 1920—Charlie Chaplin and producer engage in fist fight in Los Angeles Alexandria Hotel lobby while Mildred Harris Chaplin, in San Diego, is dancing with the Prince of Wales. Chaplin outclassed in size; Jack Pickford takes him home. Quarrel said to have arisen from producer's efforts to reconcile comedian and wife.

August 3, 1920—Mildred Harris Chaplin sues for divorce on grounds of extreme mental cruelty and bodily injury. Says comedian refused to pay their bills, treated her guests disrespectfully, stayed out nights.

November 3, 1920—Mildred Harris Chaplin granted divorce and $200,000 alimony from comedian.

March 29, 1921—Charlie Chaplin bringing mother, Mrs. Hannah Chaplin, to live with him in this country.

(*Continued on page 56*)

GEORGE RAFT Won't Look At Girls Who Don't Wear Make-Up

By
HELEN LOUISE WALKER

The newest sheik of the screen — and how the Hollywood girls are rushing him!—likes to have the fair ones use their vanity cases. He'd rather see them pale with powder, than dusky with sun-tan. That's because he's a true son of Broadway — and maybe you think he isn't homesick in Hollywood!

THE girls in Hollywood have proved almost universally disappointing to George Raft, whose sensational rise as a romantic menace has those same girls all in a dither.

"Women don't look nice in bathing suits and all covered with olive oil and sand," he complains. "They don't look nice playing tennis in shorts—perspiring and with bandanas tied around their heads and with their hair out of curl. And no make-up!"

One gathers, from his shocked expression, that a girl without make-up looks more disconcertingly undressed to George than any lady in a night-club chorus, attired in powder, paint and one spangle. The sunburn which our picture beauties suffer so much to acquire, he regards as a distinct feminine liability. He likes pale ladies, in svelte, dark, smart attire, having tea at the Ritz, adorned, perhaps, with one exquisite orchid.

George sometimes wonders if he belongs in Hollywood. He is almost as alien and lonely a figure as the cannibal gentlemen that director W. S. Van Dyke brought back from Africa after "Trader Horn"—and nearly as forlorn. When he first arrived, he used to view everyone with suspicion. He used to start slightly if anyone spoke to him suddenly and he used to give almost the effect of peering around corners, as if expecting an ambush of some sort.

(*Continued on page 76*)

HOMESICK—THAT'S ALL

You haven't heard yet that George has lost his heart to any Hollywood charmer. So far, he hasn't met one who was pale enough.

George considers the Hollywood sun-tan a distinct feminine liability, and he doesn't like to see girls in beach pajamas.

Give George the Broadway type of girl —who knows her make-up, and never neglects to dress smartly!

In fact, you could give George all of Broadway—and he wouldn't object.

He's homesick for the girls, the Broadway boys, the noisy pavements, the bright lights, the traffic jams, the night-clubs, dinner at seven in the morning, breakfast at seven in the evening.

He's an exile in Hollywood!

CONSTANCE BENNETT

Connie has a new haircomb, new, luxurious gowns (Paris please copy!) and a brand-new sadness—all for "Rock-a-Bye," in which she hopes to give your heart a tug or two. Becoming semi-tragic, she plays a glamourous actress whose life seems rich and full, but is secretly empty — because she has not known motherhood. With Connie's own longing for a child no secret, women the world over will be curious to see her as The Girl Who Sometimes May Be Connie, Herself!

C. S. Bull

Clark has lost the mustache he cultivated for "Strange Interlude"—and he feels sort of undressed without it. Every time a photographer comes his way, he leaps for a cigarette—just to steel his nerves. He liked that mustache; it was a good disguise. But the public demanded a Gable with a shaven, as well as a stiff upper lip—and it's thus that you will see him in "Red Dust"

CLARK GABLE

TALLULAH BANKHEAD
AND
ROBERT MONTGOMERY

Here is an unex
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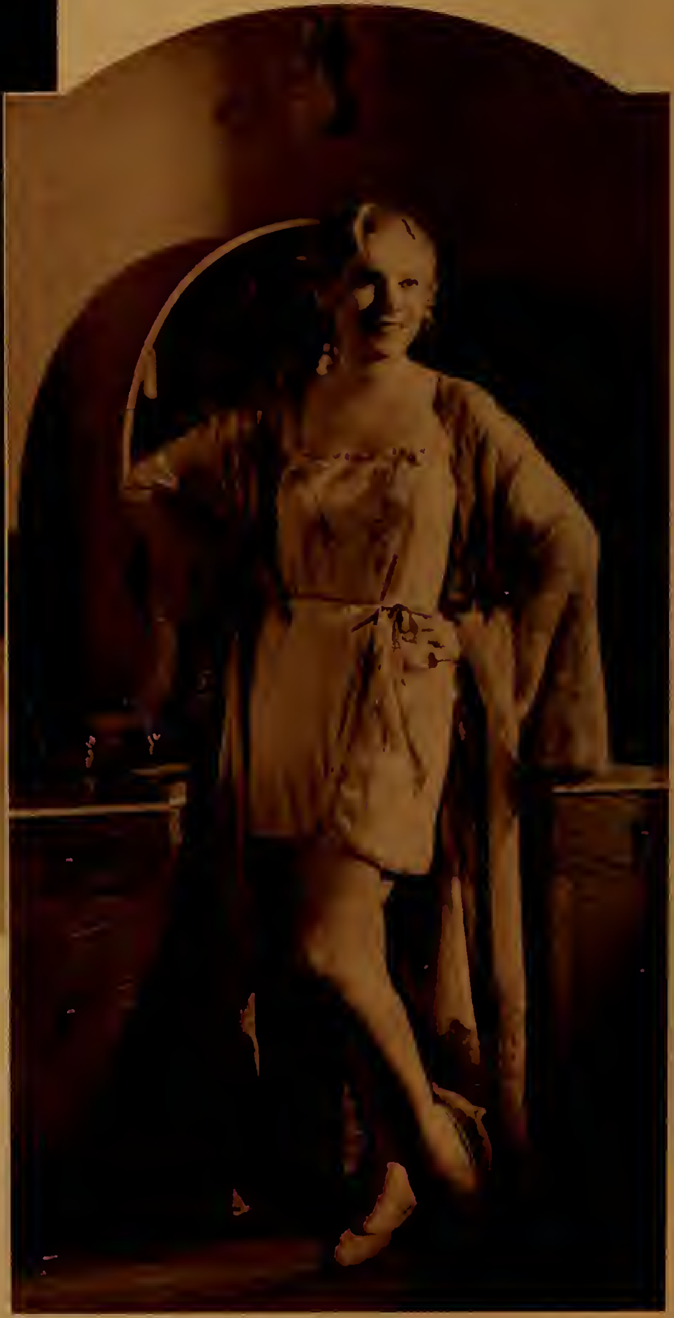
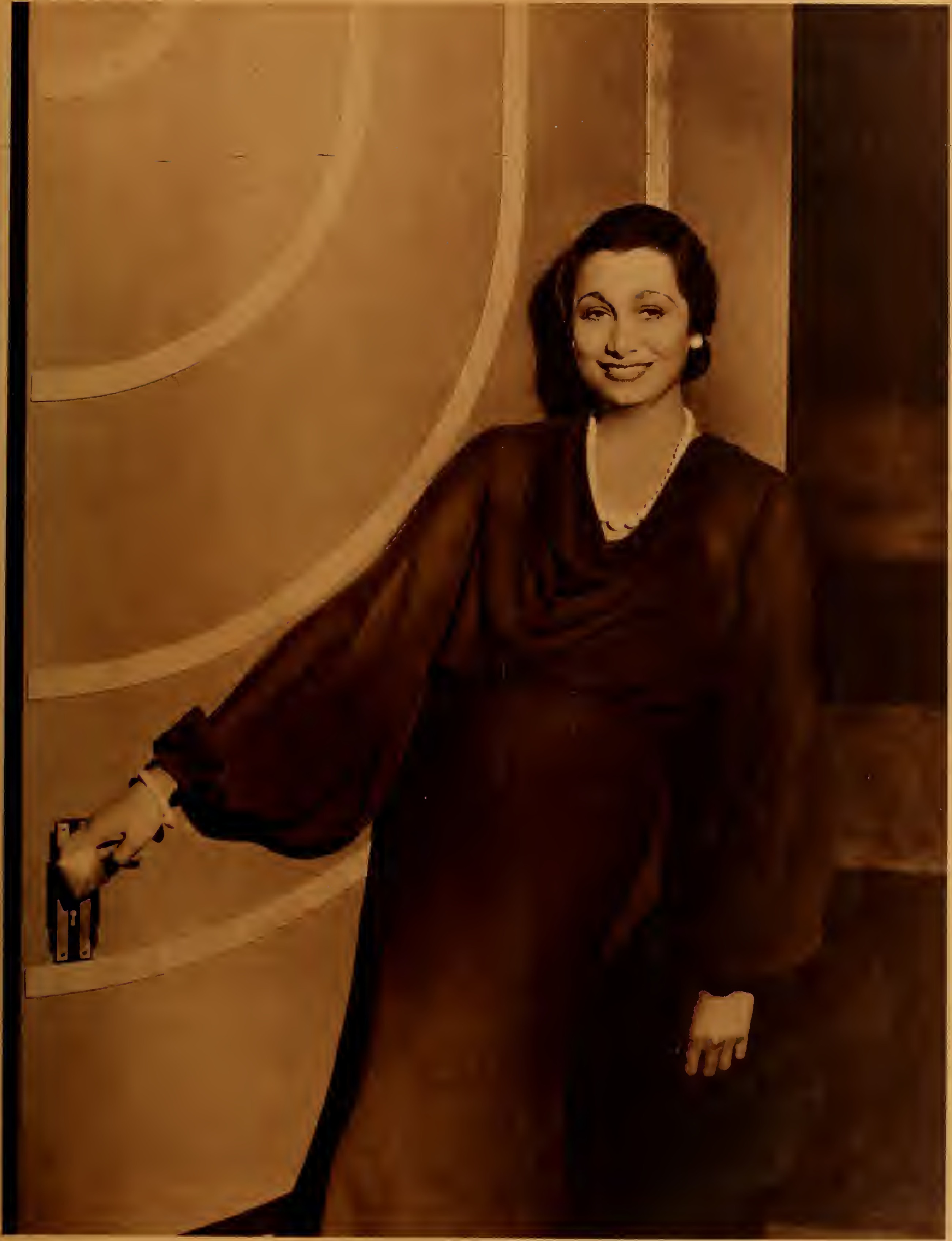
ONE'S DARK— ONE'S FAIR— BUT BOTH ARE THERE!

June Clyde, below, hasn't heretofore been known as a crêpe-hanger—so we're probably telling tales in revealing that June likes nothing better than to hang crêpe (preferably apricot-colored) on her lovely person. Perhaps that is the secret of this little blonde's poise in those ingénue rôles in "Back Street" and "The All-American"!

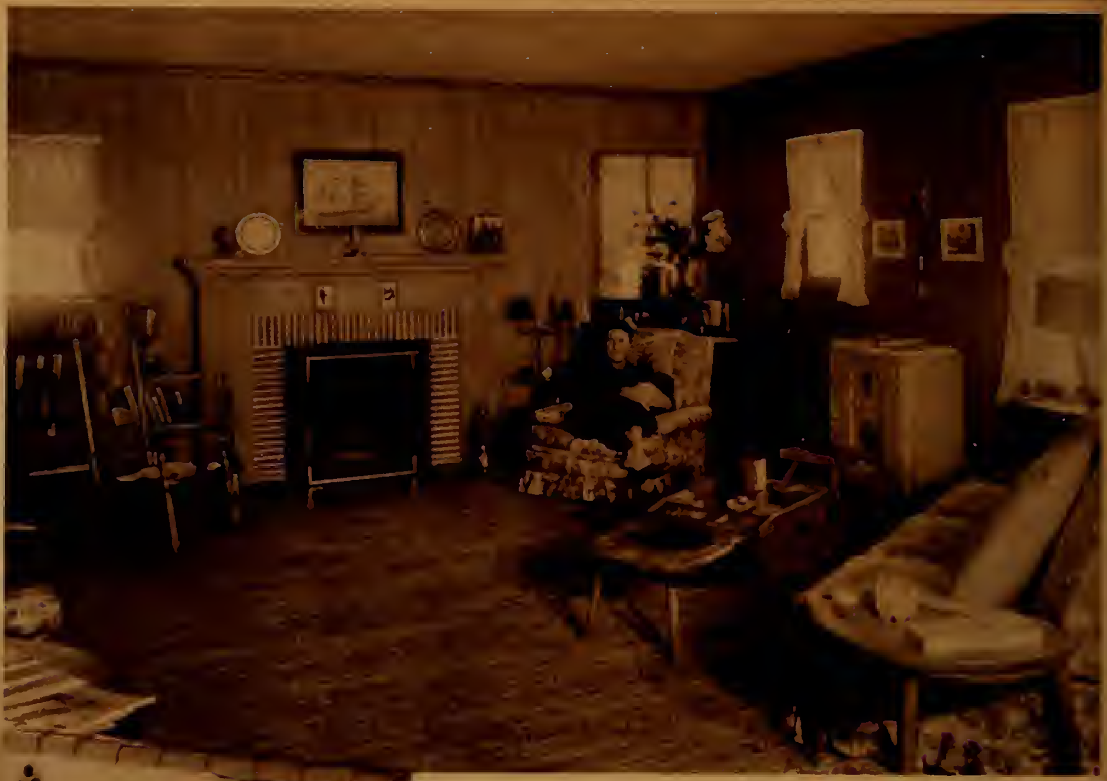


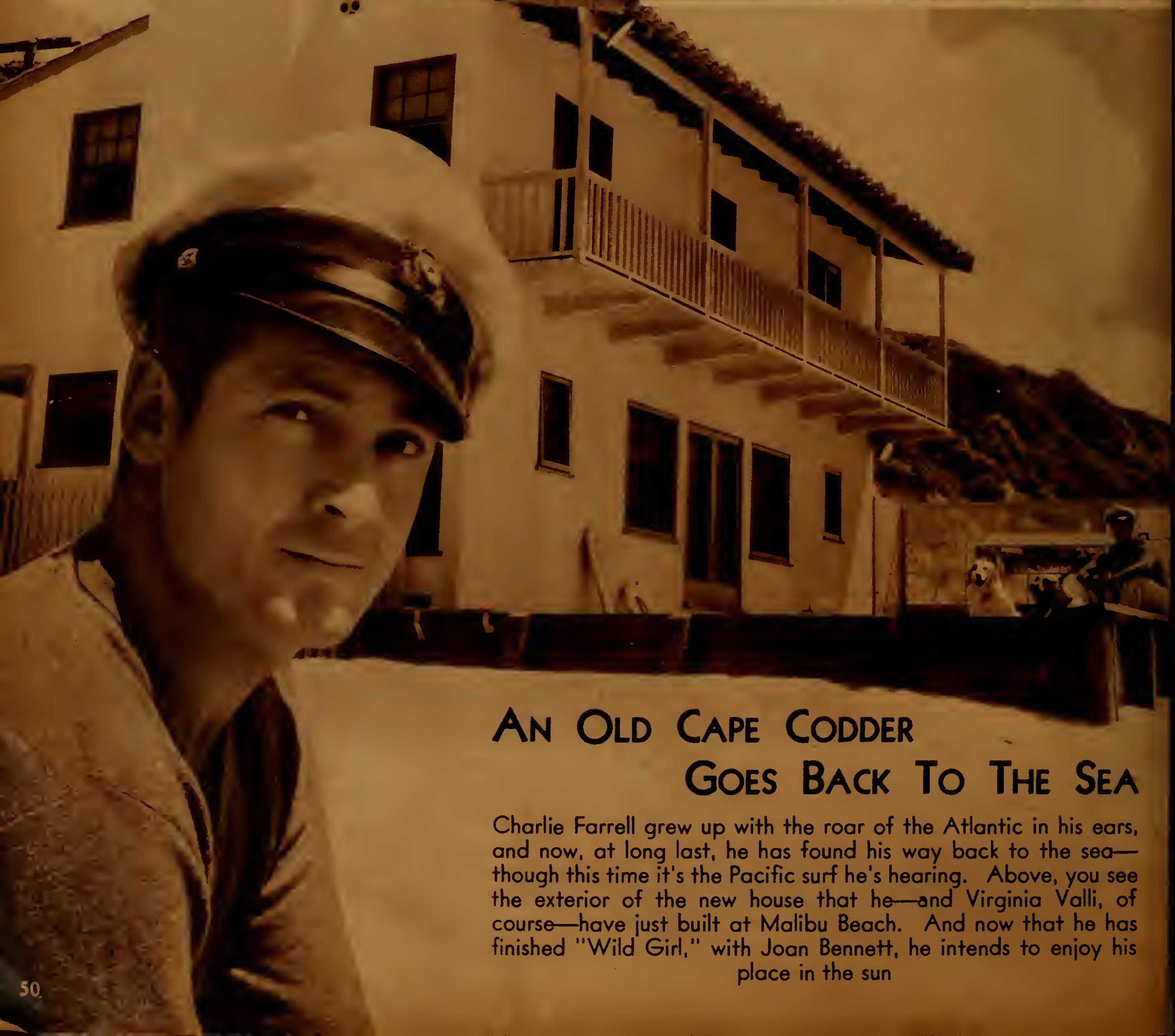


ALINE MAC MAHON

Her first name sounds Irish, her last name sounds Scotch—and she's a mixture of both, with a little Russian for good measure. But that doesn't explain, entirely, why she is becoming the most famous picture-stealer in the business. She went in for pathos as the head nurse in "Life Begins," and then comedy as a tutor in "Once in a Lifetime"—and stole both. Here's a real actress!

The exterior of the new Farrell retreat looks Spanish — but inside you'll find that Charlie hasn't forgotten he came from New England. Colonial prints, curtains and benches make the living room seem like home to the boy from Cape Cod





AN OLD CAPE CODDER GOES BACK TO THE SEA

Charlie Farrell grew up with the roar of the Atlantic in his ears, and now, at long last, he has found his way back to the sea—though this time it's the Pacific surf he's hearing. Above, you see the exterior of the new house that he—and Virginia Valli, of course—have just built at Malibu Beach. And now that he has finished "Wild Girl," with Joan Bennett, he intends to enjoy his place in the sun

George Brent's Irish luck is just beginning!

After years of tough breaks, this young Irishman, who recently married Ruth Chatterton, at last is coming into his own and is on the verge of settling down, says Clifford W. Cheasley, the noted Numerologist. From George's name and birthdate, he also predicts an emotional disappointment for him—perhaps in 1935

By CLIFFORD W. CHEASLEY

APPLYING the rules of Numerology or the Science of Names and Numbers to the name of that rising young screen star, George Brent, reveals the why and wherefore of his character, his ability and his success.

Ever since he was a child, his ambition to develop his personality, to express his ideas and to do adventurous things without self-consciousness and shyness, must have been apparent to those who have known this chap who has just married Ruth Chatterton.

For George Brent has "3" for the symbol of his inner nature, his desire and individuality—and this is the sign of personality, and the reason why, as his experience in the theatre and on the screen increases, he will unconsciously acquire the trick of "getting across" to his audiences that it is George Brent, himself, who is talking and acting and not an individual acting a part.

From his Irish ancestry George inherited a keen imagination and a preference to believe in the fanciful, fairy-book side of life, in romance and adventure; and this background has made it necessary for him to go through some toughening experiences before he could meet life in a practical, matter-of-fact way and (*Continued on page 74*)

How To Get A General Numberscope Of Your Own

For your general Numberscope, which will outline briefly your characteristics, health, wealth, love and work, send your full name (no initials) to Clifford W. Cheasley, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Enclose 3¢ stamped, self-addressed envelope and 10 cents to cover clerical expenses.

General Forecast for November, 1932

In this year of 1932, which Numerology indicates as a period for balancing, adjusting and harmonizing of individual and collective thought, as well as conditions, September proved to be very important, both in the United States and abroad. The phases of world-wide economic settlement and rearrangement, which will have so much bearing upon more immediate prosperity, will go forward very successfully in November. In fact, the whole value of the month is to reflect, in the important events, a high example of settlement which will lead to improvement in general conditions of finance and industry everywhere.

There will be developments affecting political changes in this country and in Europe and agreements affecting international relations, which were all discussed and arranged behind closed doors during October, will be made public and the immediate effect will be a reaction toward success and satisfaction from public opinion. Regular, general business will benefit from this month, rather than promotion or the security markets.

Individually, November is the psychological time to settle obligations and to receive settlement from many others. Think prosperity, talk prosperity and act as prosperously as possible, and in all difficulties that arise, the keynote of action is GOOD JUDGMENT.

Cheasley

JOHN BOLES gives some tips to young *Married Couples*

John has just made a big hit as the unhappy husband in "Back Street"—but that only proves he's a good actor. For he's just the opposite in real life. He married young, and had a struggle to get ahead—but he's still married to the same girl, and they're still happy. In this interview, he reveals some of the reasons why!

By TERRENCE COSTELLO

WHEN Ann Harding gave Harry Bannister his freedom because they thought their marriage was holding him back professionally, a great burst of controversy went up in Hollywood. Hundreds of married people began asking themselves if being married was, perhaps, the reason *they* were not advancing faster. Divorce petitions began to mount. And then, who do you suppose stepped up in defense of the beleaguered institution of Matrimony?

None other than John Boles—who has been scoring sensationally all over the country as the somewhat defective husband in "Back Street"!

When it is recalled that the tall Texan had a similar rôle, and a similar success, in "Seed," this may appear a little difficult to understand. But the truth is, when John is playing truant husbands on the screen, he is just doing his job—acting. All Hollywood knows that as a husband Mr. Boles should take the victor's stand and receive an Olympic award for distinguished service. So when he begins to hold forth on the subject, this handsome young matrimonial veteran is well worth your attention!

"Marriage is no bed of roses," John says flatly, "and anyone who says that it is, simply is being absurd. It is one of the most difficult things in the world at which to succeed. And here again is borne out the axiom that it is only the difficult things to achieve that are worth having in the end.

Happy Couples Have to Fight

"I'VE been asked a number of times just what the recipe for the success of my marriage has been. In a kidding way I usually answer, 'Fight like hell—and hold on.' Actually, there is a whole lot of truth in that statement, facetious as it may seem. For I've found that it is usually the people who are the most fond of one another who disagree the most violently.

"That is because there is a bond between them—some

(*Continued on page 64*)

AS YOU DESIRE ME

to make skin soft, youthful –firm yet yielding

this much **OLIVE OIL** *goes into every cake of Palmolive*→

RIGHT now—touch your own skin with your finger tips. Is it soft, smooth, youthful? Is it firm yet yielding to your touch? Is it quite as you desire it?

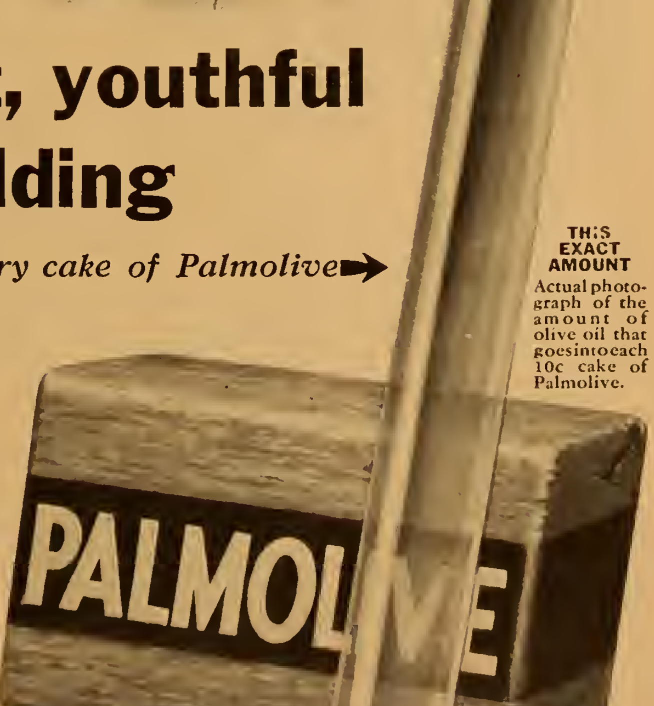
Then think! How can you seem desirable to others?

Skin can be kept young indefinitely. But you must follow expert advice. Read the simple rule experts give you.

"Olive oil—the great beautifier." But how to use it? More than 20,000 beauty experts answer—in soap—in Palmolive—the one great soap the beauty ingredient of which is largely olive oil. Use it—they say—diligently, faithfully. Use it on face and neck—on the whole body. Rub the rich youth-giving lather right into the skin.

Your reward will be the skin of youth. Because Palmolive does soothe, smooth and soften skin. It does tone skin to youthful firmness. It will give your skin that charm—that something that makes you—keeps you desirable.

Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion



THIS EXACT AMOUNT

Actual photograph of the amount of olive oil that goes into each 10c cake of Palmolive.

Which star do you *most*

"Beauty is not a matter of Birthdays"

screen stars declare—and these pictures prove it

WHICH of these lovely stars do *you* think most beautiful? Your choice may be charming little Virginia Lee Corbin, who is only eighteen. But, too, it may be the fascinating Nazimova, who is over forty!

Surely, you will decide, beauty is not a matter of birthdays! These recent photographs prove the screen stars *keep* youthful charm. You want to *share* their secret!

"We stars *have* to stay youthful," Hollywood stars explain. "So we're very careful about our *complexions*. Almost all of us use Lux Toilet Soap, because it's such a *sure* way of keeping your skin youthful!"

9 out of 10 screen stars use it

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 use this fragrant soap which is so beautifully *white!* It is *official* in all the great film studios.

"I'm 32"

GILDA GRAY

"I'm 34"

BEVERLY BAYNE

LUX

think *Beautiful?*

"I'm 28"

MARIE PREVOST

"I'm 18"

VIRGINIA LEE CORBIN

"I'm over 40"

ALLA NAZIMOVA

"I'm 22"

NOEL FRANCIS

Toilet Soap

The Headline History Of Chaplin

(*Continued from page 43*)

Acme

In November, 1926, Lita Grey Chaplin, "schoolgirl wife" of Charlie Chaplin, sailed for Honolulu for a brief holiday—taking Charles, Jr., with her. The comedian was at the boat to see them off. Less than a month later, the couple parted. Things happen that suddenly in Chaplin's life!

September 2, 1921—Comedian's earnings disclosed in court report. He receives $125,000 for a two-reeler and $140,000 for three reels.

May 23, 1922—Mother detained at Ellis Island to be examined, pending permission to stay in this country.

September 2, 1922—Chaplin rumored to be in love with Peggy Hopkins Joyce.

November 25, 1922—Chaplin rumored engaged to Pola Negri. Charlie, chaperoned by chauffeur, and Pola by woman companion, return from trip to Santa Barbara.

January 29, 1923—Pola Negri, snuggling on shoulder of Charlie Chaplin, admits engagement to comedian. "Charlie and I are engaged," she tells reporters. "We have been engaged for long time, but decide to say nozzing about it." Betrothal kiss given in front of reporters.

March 2, 1923—Negri-Chaplin engagement broken. Many fireworks.

March 21, 1924—New batch of rumors about Charlie, who denies them all, including stories that he will direct Mary Pickford in films, that he has broken with Edna Purviance (the star of "A Woman of Paris," which he directed last year), and that he is engaged to Estelle Taylor.

May 30, 1924—Sued for $50 by Leo Loeb, on charge of plagiarism. Writer claims Chaplin used Loeb scenario, "The Rookie," for "Shoulder Arms."

November 24, 1924—Chaplin reported on way to Guaymas, Mexico, to wed Lita Grey, his schoolgirl leading lady in new film, "The Gold Rush." Vexed at disclosure of plans.

November 27, 1924—Chaplin amazes Mexicans. Populace cannot understand fishing trip a few hours after wedding.

November 28, 1924—Chaplin home, eluding reporters and curious at train. Goes into seclusion at Beverly Hills home. Bride only 16, birth record discloses. Gave age as 19 in Mexico. Bride to face inquiry about compulsory education. Someone else will take over her rôle in "The Gold Rush."

January 7, 1925—Mrs. Chaplin expecting baby.

January 31, 1925—Comedian denies divorce talk. Still living under same roof with wife.

June 29, 1925—Son born to Chaplins. Named Charles Spencer Chaplin, Jr.

March 31, 1926—Second son born to Chaplins. Named Sydney Earl Chaplin, after comedian's brother.

September 8, 1926—Comedian wants to play *Napoleon*. Would like Estelle Taylor for *Josephine*.

September 26, 1926—Forty-thousand-dollar blaze at studio endangers comedian and leading lady, Merna Kennedy, at work on "The Circus."

November 10, 1926—Mrs. Charlie Chaplin, with Charles, Jr., in her arms, sails for brief holiday in Honolulu. Comedian at boat to see them off.

December 2, 1926—Lita Grey Chaplin leaves Chaplin's home and takes babies with her. Charges ill-treatment.

January 8, 1927—Chaplin files suit against women's magazine for life-story written by Jim Tully, former pal of comedian. Asks $500,000 damages, and suppression of remainder of story.

January 11, 1927—Chaplin leaves for New York. All work on new comedy postponed. Gives out statement. Very sad. Loves babies, asks public to withhold judgment.

January 16, 1927—Comedian collapses under nervous strain in New York.

January 17, 1927—Chaplin injured in fall from bed. Nurse in attendance.

March 6, 1927—Still more grief for Chaplin. Government may take drastic action in income tax case. Federal investigators accumulate mass of data relating to income. $2,500,000 tax liens held.

June 9, 1927—Lita Grey Chaplin files divorce complaint of forty-two pages. Charges mental cruelty in social and marital relations; asserts life was threatened; estimates Chaplin's fortune at $16,000,000.

June 13, 1927—Chaplin files answer to wife's divorce complaint with cross-complaint, charging her with love affairs, extravagances, and denying charges in her complaint. Asks for decree and custody of two sons.

June 15, 1927—Chaplin visits Sing Sing prison in company with Ambassador Alexander P. Moore.

August 4, 1927—Chaplin attorneys fighting. Young and Young withdraw from divorce case. Scandal bomb nearly explodes when Young is about to name "a certain prominent motion picture actress," but Judge halts naming of "other woman" on excited objection of E. T. Murray, uncle of Mrs. Chaplin.

August 22, 1927—Mrs. Chaplin granted divorce. Chaplin pays almost $1,000,000 for peace in his private life. Wife gets $625,000, with $200,000 for trust fund for sons. She is awarded custody of children. Divorce granted on grounds of mental cruelty.

October 15, 1927—Film star and company of fifty forced to stop work on picture, "The Circus," because of disappearance of two circus wagons, which U. C. L. A. students had taken to campus for use in traditional college pajamarino bonfire.

November 15, 1927—Plagiarism suit brought by Loeb won by Chaplin.

January 12, 1928—Pays government $1,670,638 for six years' tax lien.

June 6, 1928—Chaplin subpoenaed to testify in case of Sheldon Clark, accused of hammer murder of Don Solovich, former Chaplin butler, on a lonely road in Utah. Clark says Solovich had planned suit for a million dollars against Chaplin.

July 21, 1928—Chaplin called to court again. Two accountants suing one another over payments due in investigation work in Chaplin divorce case.

August 24, 1928—Divorce of Lita Grey Chaplin becomes final. Rumor that she will wed Roy D'Arcy, screen actor.

August 30, 1928—Funeral to-day for Mrs. Hannah Chaplin, mother of Charles and Sydney. Cannot locate Sydney in France, where he is supposed to be working.

November 15, 1928—Chaplin defendant in new plagiarism suit. $100,000 is sum asked by Antoinette Kopetsky, writer, who charges he appropriated her story for "The Circus."

February 26, 1929—Comedian seriously ill with ptomaine poisoning.

February 28, 1929—Wins award of Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences.

April 18, 1929—Works hard on fortieth birthday on "City Lights," which will be Chaplin's challenge to the talkies. Rejects offer of James Cruze to appear in talking picture—talk, sing and dance for a million dollars.

May 31, 1929—Comedian confined to home because of lumbago brought on by playing tennis.

June 19, 1929—Wiseacres predict that romance between Chaplin and Georgia Hale, former leading lady (in "Gold Rush") will end in marriage.

March 9, 1930—John Gilbert denies rumors that he will make silent picture with Chaplin.

October, 1930—Chaplin turns down $650,000 radio bid for 26 weekly broadcasts of fifteen minutes each. Will stay silent at any cost.

January 31, 1931—Police battle crowd

(*Continued on page 58*)

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME! I'VE REMEMBERED EVERYTHING – INCLUDING A LAST CHECK UP WITH THE DENTIST AND ENOUGH COLGATE'S TO SEE ME THROUGH

The quarter saved on every tube of Colgate's means six francs to me in Paris

I'm willing to pay what I have to for the best—but not one cent more. So—since I like the taste of Colgate's—since it cleans my teeth—since my dentist says there just isn't anything better—and since it costs me only a quarter—I'm using Colgate's, instead of some fifty-cent toothpaste with a lot of fancy claims. Father says, the way to judge value is by what you get—not by what you are promised. That's been his rule all through his business life. And that, I suppose, is why he can afford to send me to Europe.

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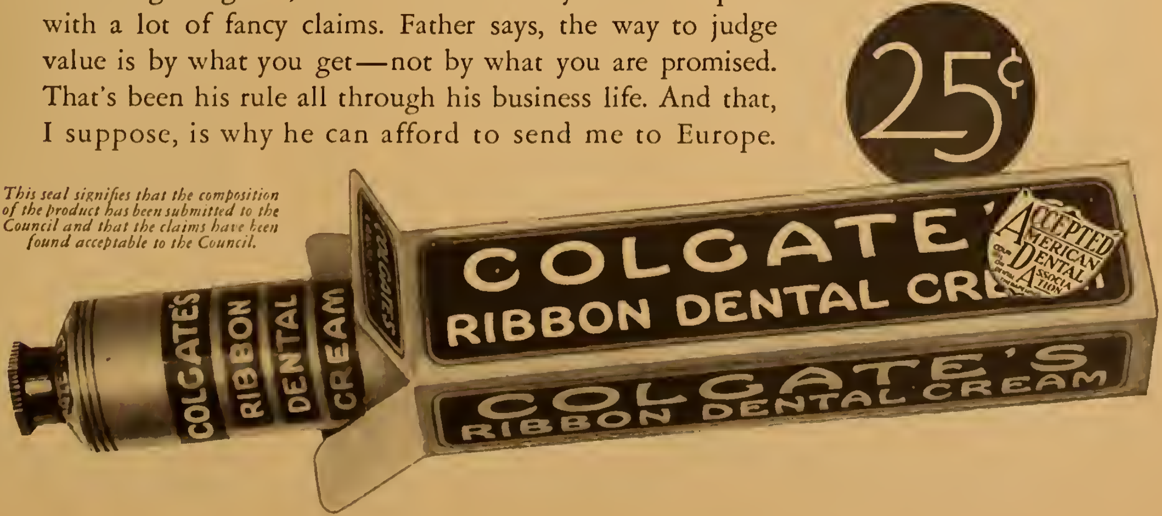
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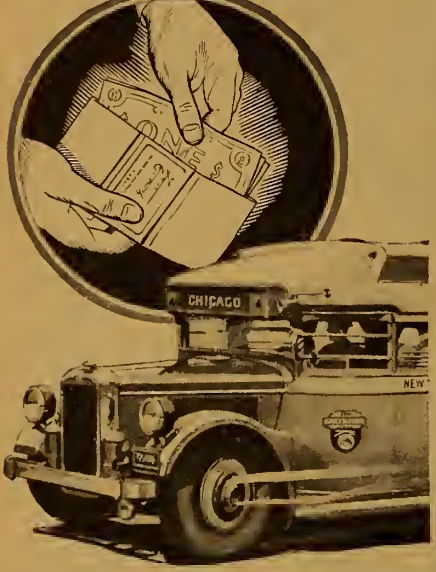
COLGATES RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Put them back in your pocket



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The Headline History Of Chaplin

(*Continued from page 56*)

of 25,000 at opening of new Los Angeles theatre and Chaplin's latest picture, "City Lights," which was in production two years. Professor Albert Einstein, famed for relativity theory, attends show as Chaplin's guest; surprised when crowd surges toward him. Scores of women require medical attention after fainting in crowd. Dozen fights occur. Practically every star attends.

February 1, 1931—Chaplin plans triumphal tour of Europe as "king of comedy."

February 14, 1931—Sails from New York on *S. S. Mauretania* to visit England for first time in ten years. Guards use force to save him from admiring throngs. New York papers full of Chaplin since New York opening of "City Lights," when New Yorkers rioted as Californians had.

February 22, 1931—Is guest of Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald at latter's country residence. Checkers, luncheon and stroll on program. Chaplin's first chance to rest since arrival in England. Mobs follow him everywhere.

February 24, 1931—Chaplin and George Bernard Shaw, famous playwright and wit, meet at luncheon given by Lady Nancy Astor.

February 28, 1931—Comedian appears at London opening of "City Lights." One of London's greatest crowds throngs streets near theatre, hoping to catch glimpse of him. Afterward Chaplin gives party for two hundred guests. Tangoes expertly with Sari Maritza, Viennese actress who is his latest "discovery." Romance rumored.

March 10, 1931—Comedian arrives in Berlin to find great crowd awaiting him. Marlene Dietrich, visiting home city, tries to meet him at station, but is prevented by density of crowd. Greets him later at hotel, presenting him with roses.

March 12, 1931—Chaplin invites former Crown Prince Friedrich Wilhelm to tea. His former royal highness does not accept. German Socialists snicker.

March 14, 1931—Charlie finds he hasn't time to visit Prague, Czecho-Slovakia, although President wants to receive him. Sensation caused in film world when influential group of English theatres refuses to book "City Lights," saying terms are too high.

March 16, 1931—Only one girl accompanies Chaplin to Berlin station when he departs for Vienna and Venice. Chaplin kisses her goodbye.

March 24, 1931—Chaplin goes to Normandy to hunt wild boars on estate of Duke of Westminster. Wears suit borrowed from Duke, too large for him. Wild boar charges upon him, but comedian is saved by good marksman in party.

March 27, 1931—Ribbon of the Legion of Honor given him by France. Chaplin says, "I am very much moved by this gesture of France, and it is a great inspiration to feel that I am the only foreign motion picture artist to hold the honor." A few Paris papers criticize government for awarding ribbon to a movie actor.

April 16, 1931—Chaplin arrives in Algiers, Africa, for "a month's rest away from crowds." Reported to be writing new scenario.

April 30, 1931—Chaplin arrives in Jerez, Spain, from Gibraltar. Greeted by Belmonte and other noted bullfighters.

May 5, 1931—In Nice, France, Chaplin denies he will wed Miss Mary Reeves, Czecho-Slovakian beauty with whom he is often seen. Says: "Don't you think I have trouble enough without trying marriage again? They say some Frenchman is accusing me of plagiarism in connection with 'City Lights.'"

May 8, 1931—London paper publishes purported interview with Chaplin, saying comedian has declined to appear at "command" vaudeville performance.

May 10, 1931—Telegram from Chaplin, declining invitation to "command" performance, received by theatre manager, who says Chaplin action is "unprecedented."

May 11, 1931—London hears that Chaplin sent $1,500 check in lieu of appearing on "command" program. Chaplin's explanation reported to be: "They say I have a duty to England, but I wonder. Nobody ever cared for me or wanted me in England seventeen years ago. I had to go to America for my chance." Rumors of possible knighting of Chaplin die suddenly.

May 28, 1931—London newspaper announces Chaplin has agreed to devise and direct a British talkie, written by him, called "London," and dealing with romance and mystery of the city.

July 12, 1931—Chaplin reported negotiating for purchase of Juan-les-Pins château of R. A. Hudnut, millionaire perfumer, with intention of remaining in France indefinitely.

July 31, 1931—Carlisle Robinson, Chaplin representative, returns to Hollywood; denies quarrel with Chaplin and says reports of Charlie's intentions to wed are "the bunk." Miss Reeves simply acting as Chaplin secretary and interpreter, he says.

August 6, 1931—Chaplin guest at château of Count de Brissac, near Poitiers.

September 23, 1931—Back in England, comedian asks to have interview with Mahatma Gandhi, the newest sensation in London. Gandhi asks, "Who is he?" and when told that Chaplin has made millions laugh arranges to meet him. They talk about machinery.

November 15, 1931—Chaplin tells crowd of 10,000 fishing folk at Plymouth, England, that he sympathizes with their arduous work. "Still," he says, "we all have our tribulations. Even millionaires have theirs, and we must abide by them."

November 18, 1931—Comedian sits beside Prince of Wales at ice carnival at Grosvenor House, Park Lane.

November 28, 1931—London newspaper says reason for Chaplin's long sojourn abroad is that he is writing a stage play about Napoleon, based on theory Emperor escaped from St. Helena. Will probably play leading rôle, himself.

November 30, 1931—Miss May Shepherd, film comedian's secretary and press-agent, sues Chaplin for £100, claiming back wages. Says work consisted of thinking up ways to get Chaplin's name in headlines and to make him keep his engagements. Cites numerous examples of broken appointments.

December 2, 1931—Chaplin appears in court and pays fine of £100 and costs to Miss Shepherd. Drops defense of suit because of names of prominent persons brought into it. Judge free in criticisms of Charlie's broken engagements.

December 23, 1931—London hears that Feodor Chaliapin, great Russian singer, will make first screen appearance in English film written for him by Chaplin.

January 12, 1932—Sari Maritza arrives to start work in Hollywood. Denies rumors she is engaged to Chaplin.

April 8, 1932—Plans to welcome Chaplin, who is on way to Orient with brother, Sydney, stir up heated rivalry among Japanese.

April 20, 1932—Chaplin arrives in Singapore, Straits Settlements, on tour of the Far East for "rest and holiday." Hurried to hospital on arrival, suffering from tropical fever.

April 25, 1932—Chaplin still ill. Continuation of journey to Japan postponed.

April 29, 1932—Chaplin will play rôle of deaf-and-dumb clown in next film, which

(*Continued on page 67*)

"If you don't want to Reduce **don't bother reading this,"**

SAYS SYLVIA . . . *the world's foremost authority on the care of the feminine figure*

[Why you must have sugar to lose weight *faster,* and more safely]

Out here in Hollywood, I've slapped, beaten, pounded . . . and dieted . . . many an overweight picture star into shape for the camera. And in New York, many a stage and social celebrity. I get $100 a half hour for doing it.

Now these Life Savers folks have asked me to tell you about my slenderizing method, because Life Savers are part of that method. We'll get back to them later —I want to tell you, in proper order, the things you've got to do to get rid of those bulges, bumps and rubber tires. I don't believe in shilly-shallying. And I'm going to give you my advice straight from the shoulder. If you're a sensitive creature . . . that's just too bad.

FIRST: Exercise sanely. A two-mile (or more) walk a day in the open air.

HELEN TWELVETREES, *RKO Radio Pictures' player*

SECOND: No fat, rich foods, gravies or sauces. And liquor? Don't let me catch you taking a drop!

THIRD: Here's where you get the surprise of your life. You'll think it's a misprint. But it isn't. Get this straight. Don't starve yourself on sugar!

Eat enough Sugar!

Fats are fuel; sugar is the flame. Sugar is the one food element that most quickly and most safely burns away the body fats. And you'll lose weight *faster* with the right sweet at the right time than you ever could without it.

Case after case of my own verifies these facts.

What is the right sweet? I give Life Savers to my clients. I don't let my stars suffer from the pangs of a normal sweets-hunger. I satisfy it . . . and help them reduce at the same time.

Why are Life Savers part of my slenderizing method? Because they are a *purposeful* candy for reducing. They give you quickly assimilated sugar energy without fat-producing bulk. They are hard, so you let them dissolve on your tongue. One Life Saver lasts 8 to 10 minutes. And gives you a lasting gratification of your normal hunger for sweets. You can slip one into your mouth whenever and wherever you like. And as often as your appetite calls for sugar.

Even the most finicky palate can find a flavor it likes, because there are many to choose from. Myself, I like Cryst-O-mints, the new mouth-cooling, crystal drops. But you may prefer Pep-O-mint . . . Wint-O-green . . . Cl-O-ve . . . Lic-O-rice . . . Cinn-O-mon . . . Vi-O-let . . . Or the real fruit-tasting fruit drops . . . Lemon, Orange, Lime and Grape.

I like action . . . let's get started!

If you mean business . . . so do I. But I want to see evidence of your good faith. Show me you're in earnest about this weight-reducing and I'll make you a grand gift.

I have put down in a brief booklet, the information that I usually get hundreds of dollars for.

Show me that you are really getting busy on this reducing program. Buy at least two packages of genuine Life Savers right now. Mail me two of the wrappers and I'll send you this book which gives the net of my slenderizing instructions.

Mme Sylvia

CRYST-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS
CRYSTAL COOL PEPPERMINTS
PEP-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS

IF YOU MEAN BUSINESS SEND THIS COUPON; IF YOU DON'T . . . *Don't!*

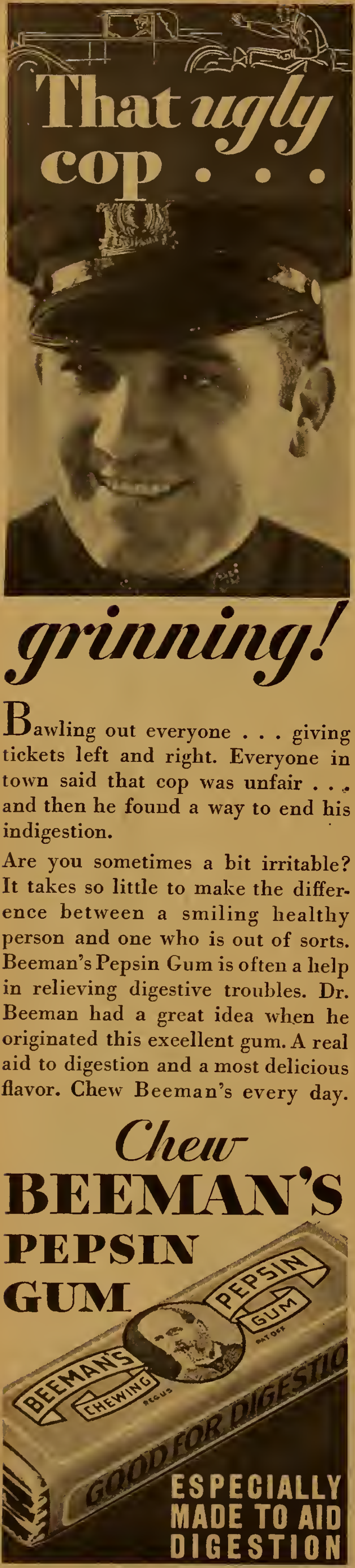
MADAME SYLVIA
c/o Life Savers, Inc., Dept. MC-11
Port Chester, N. Y.

Certainly I mean business. Here's proof. Attached are wrappers from two packages of Life Savers. Please mail me your booklet of diet and exercise instructions. (If you live outside the U. S. A. include 10¢ to cover mailing.) This offer expires December 31, 1933.

*Name*____________________ *Address*____________________

*City*____________________ *State*____________________

All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc.


That *ugly* cop . . .

grinning!

Bawling out everyone . . . giving tickets left and right. Everyone in town said that cop was unfair . . . and then he found a way to end his indigestion.

Are you sometimes a bit irritable? It takes so little to make the difference between a smiling healthy person and one who is out of sorts. Beeman's Pepsin Gum is often a help in relieving digestive troubles. Dr. Beeman had a great idea when he originated this excellent gum. A real aid to digestion and a most delicious flavor. Chew Beeman's every day.

Chew BEEMAN'S PEPSIN GUM

ESPECIALLY MADE TO AID DIGESTION

Stars Invent a New Kind of Divorce

(*Continued from page 23*)

to a divorce, even in good old Hollywood!

Comes Back to Play Papa

But perhaps the champion unshakable husband of them all is Austin Parker, divorced gentleman friend of Miriam Hopkins. At least, he holds all long-distance records for courtship that extended through a year-and-a half of separation, and now that they are actually divorced, it looks as though Mr. Parker would become something of an ex-adopted father to Miriam's little adopted boy.

Mr. Parker is a frequent caller at his ex-wife's home for the purpose of playing with the curly-headed little three-year-old whom Miriam acquired after their divorce. He has been known to arrive at the Hopkins home just in time to share a bowl of spinach with the young man, who might be his adopted son if it weren't for that little matter of the divorce. In this case it is a very small matter, for author Parker's interest in the child is as keen as though he were a present, rather than an ex-member of the household.

Though Mr. Parker has frequently been rumored engaged to various Hollywood ladies, his really big thrill seems to come from those rare dates when he takes his ex-wife's adopted son for a ride in his brand-new sports car. Miriam laughingly remarked to a friend: "I believe Austin can hardly wait until the baby is old enough to go to football games and prize-fights with him. I think he has already bought baseball bats to give him five or six years from now!" Which should go to prove that Miriam, who is different anyway, has invented a very different kind of divorce—with the willing assistance of Mr. Austin Parker!

Ruth and Ralph Still Partners

Though Ruth Chatterton is very thoroughly divorced from Ralph Forbes and very much married to George Brent, she has announced that she and "Rafe" (Ruth's pronunciation of Ralph's name) will continue as partners in business. Just before the fateful break-up, Ruth and Ralph bought a stage play, "Let Us Divorce," in partnership. It was not a great success, but that didn't discourage Ruth and her former husband from believing it might be "doctored" into a long and successful run on Broadway.

If the show does open, and their hopes for it come true, there may be many other productions offered by "Ruth Chatterton and Ralph Forbes," even though Ruth is privately wearing the name of Mrs. George Brent.

"There is no reason in the world why Rafe and I shouldn't continue as business partners," said Ruth. "We are parting as the best of friends and I do trust his judgment about plays and productions." In fact, no one would be surprised, at the end of her motion picture career, if Ruthie became a lady producer of Broadway stage shows. With her expressed confidence in Ralph's dramatic judgment, what could be a better arrangement than her former husband as stage director? For they've invented a new kind of divorce—the "still partners" divorce!

John Is Colleen's Best-Wisher

Even another marriage to some other gentleman has not always completely removed a former husband from the scene. Colleen Moore is very happily married to Albert Scott, New York broker, but one of the first and most glowing messages of congratulation she received on her fine stage performance in "The Church Mouse" was from her former hubby, director John McCormick. Many think he is still in love with Colleen.

When you have lived with one man for ten long years, it is not the easiest thing in the world to put him completely out of your life. Colleen admits that for several months after their divorce they called one another to check up on mutual friends' telephone numbers and the name of their favorite insurance agent and other vital domestic statistics like that. Colleen and John were pioneers in the art of inaugurating the new kind of divorce—the kind in which an ex-husband is hard to lose.

Buster Keaton twice tried to kid Natalie Talmadge out of getting a divorce, and succeeded once. And now that they are parted, it looks as if Buster is still trying to kid her. Just before their final flare-up, Buster had bought a yacht and had given it to Natalie; it was the scene of their last quarrel. Now, Buster is going places in a "land yacht"—a big bus, especially made—dressed as an Admiral. Who knows? The idea might amuse Natalie so much that she'd like to have the amusing Buster around the house again! Anyway, Buster has invented a new kind of divorce—the divorce in which the ex-husband still can kid the ex-wife. And he's making it awfully, awfully hard for Natalie to forget him!

Eleanor Boardman and director King Vidor came to a parting of the ways last June, and Eleanor Boardman announced that a divorce action was imminent. But when it came right to it, Eleanor was in no hurry for her freedom. Nor was King, who is popularly supposed to be a great advocate of freedom. He had been divorced before (from Florence Vidor), so there would be no novelty about being divorced. And, besides, it looked as if King were one of the new kind of husbands—who aren't at all anxious to be dropped for good and all!

Estelle Saw Jack More

Estelle Taylor and Jack Dempsey went through a very stormy divorce. In fact, Estelle and Jack got pretty mad at one another. But that didn't seem to make any difference. In a few months, Jack was back in Hollywood, inviting Estelle to go automobile riding with him and to drop by his table for lunch when they both met in the *Brown Derby*.

"In fact," laughed the witty Estelle, "I saw Jack and heard a great deal more from him following our divorce than I did when we were actually married. For a while we saw each other so frequently we were rumored re-engaged! It wasn't true, of course—but don't let anybody tell you it isn't hard to lose a husband in Hollywood!" Especially with the new kind of divorce that Hollywood has invented.

However, it remained for Harry Bannister to pull the prize ex-husband comment of them all. It happened one Sunday afternoon when Harry was entertaining a group of pretty girls at his Malibu Beach cottage. His divorce from Ann Harding had been final for about three months. He was legally as free as the air. And yet when a photographer asked Harry to pose in a news picture with two or three of his pretty lady guests, Mr. Bannister remarked:

"I should not care to embarrass Miss Harding by posing in a picture with another woman!"

If that isn't carrying on the responsibilities of married life, even though divorced! But it's just a sample of the new kind of divorce that Hollywood has invented—in which ex-husband and ex-wife are almost closer than when they were married!

Even a very *young* skin may wrinkle from *Dryness*

Hollywood dermatologist advises even youngest screen stars to protect and preserve precious skin-freshness by use of Woodbury's Creams

Myrna Loy is only in her early twenties. But Hollywood's leading dermatologist, in recommending Woodbury's Creams, gave her this advice that every woman should heed:—

"A skin is only as young as it is moist, pliant, sapful. If it is allowed to dry, it becomes old, stiff, doomed to wrinkle, just as surely as though age were the cause. Many things contribute to skin-dryness . . . exposure to wind and sun, the dry air of heated houses, poor circulation, low-calorie diets. These are constantly robbing your skin of its natural moisture. Because of them, you must put back into your skin softening oils to keep it smooth and elastic. That you can do by the regular use of Woodbury's Creams.

"Woodbury's COLD Cream the skin will absorb eagerly 2 or 3 times a day. It 'quenches' the shrivelled cells, enriches and lubricates the skin, gives it *resilience* to *resist* wrinkles.

"Woodbury's FACIAL Cream (used as powder base) spreads a film over the skin to protect it from weathering, prevents the cells from drying out, keeps impurities from entering the pores."

. . .

YOUR skin needs this same care which Hollywood dermatologists recommend for precious screen complexions.

WOODBURY'S SCIENTIFIC AIDS TO LOVELINESS

WOODBURY'S COLD CREAM . . . Melts at skin temperature. Its fine oils soften and smooth the skin—50¢ in jars—25¢ in tubes.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL CREAM . . . An exquisite finishing cream. Use it to protect the skin and as a powder base. 50¢ in jars—25¢ in tubes.

WOODBURY'S CLEANSING CREAM . . . The lightest and "meltiest" of creams. Penetrates deep into the pores—flushes the dirt to the surface. 50¢ in jars—25¢ in tubes.

WOODBURY'S TISSUE CREAM . . . A luxurious emollient cream. Use it to prevent and correct lines and wrinkles and for excessively dry skin. 50¢ a jar.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL FRESHENER . . . Refreshing—stimulating—refines texture. For normal or dry skins. 75¢ a bottle.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL POWDER . . . Spreads evenly. Does not clog the pores. Comes in several carefully blended shades. Exquisitely perfumed. 50¢ and $1 the box.

Woodbury's

Woodbury's FACIAL
Woodbury's COLD

50¢ IN JARS . . . 25¢ IN TUBES

Myrna Loy

MYRNA LOY . . . PHOTOGRAPHED IN HOLLYWOOD ESPECIALLY FOR WOODBURY'S BY WILL CONNELL

COUPON FOR PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVICE

John H. Woodbury, Inc., 6323 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O. In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

I would like advice on *my* skin condition as checked, also samples of Woodbury's Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Also copy of "Index to Loveliness." For this I enclose 10¢.

Oily Skin ○ Coarse Pores ○ Blackheads ○
Dry Skin ○ Wrinkles ○ Sallow Skin ○
Flabby Skin ○ Pimples ○

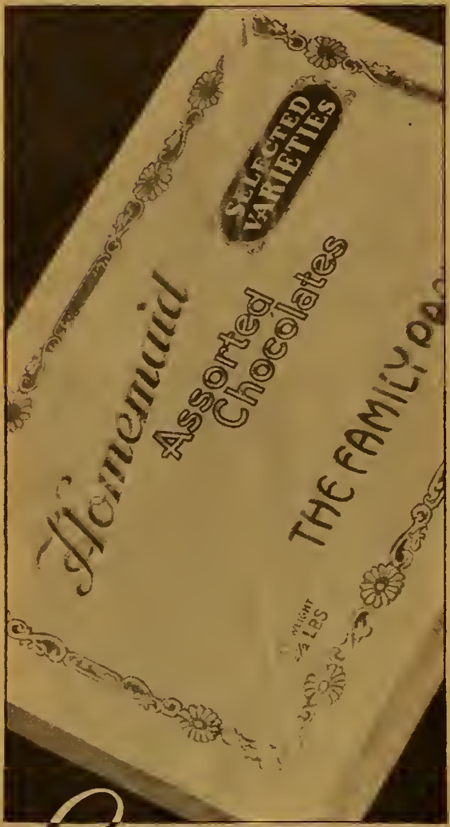
Name ____________________

Address ____________________

© 1932, John H. Woodbury, Inc.

Tune in on Woodbury's, Fridays, 9 30 P. M., E. S. T. Leon Belasco orchestra. WABC and Columbia Network.

Sweetest Day
October 15th



Enough for the whole family!

Sweetest Day or any other day, you can count on this box of Homemaid Assorted Chocolates to provide candy enjoyment for the whole family!

Here's candy to please every taste. And enough to satisfy all appetites. Two and a half pounds of it—with a surprising assortment of flavors—and every piece coated with rich, creamy chocolate.

Homemaid Assorted Chocolates are made especially for Rexall Druggists, sealed in Cellophane and shipped direct to Rexall Drug Stores to assure utmost freshness and flavor.

Homemaid
Assorted Chocolates
Exclusively at 10,000 Rexall Drug Stores. There is one conveniently near you. Liggett and Owl stores are also Rexall stores.

Hollywood Votes for the *First Time*

(*Continued from page 25*)

The Dominoes, whose organization constitutes Hollywood's own, personal Woman's Club, are taking an active interest, not only in national, but in local politics. Every Thursday evening they give a dinner and invite some prominent political figure to address them. Afterward they hold a sort of open forum for an hour or two in the wide living room to discuss the problems of the moment. Just exactly as they do at the Woman's Club in your home-town.

Films Getting Political, Too

HOLLYWOOD, with this awakening civic consciousness, swells out her chest a little and wonders if she may not become, in time, an important political center. After all, criticisms of government methods are being expressed in current pictures. "The Washington Masquerade," "Washington Merry-Go-Round," "The Wet Parade," "The Phantom President," "Scarface"—some of these are satires and some are serious presentations of problems of national importance. "Scarface" was a direct challenge to voters. "This is your government," it said, in so many words. "This is your problem. What are you going to do about it?"

Newsreels, which are nothing more or less than newspapers in picture form, might easily become important political weapons. So far, they all proclaim a strict neutrality on all political questions. So far all of them have refused to be used for purposes of propaganda. But if Hollywood becomes politically ambitious—the newsreels will be her most important assets. And Hollywood is showing symptoms of ambition. . . .

Hollywood might even develop some political figures of importance—if you will just give her time. No mere politician would have any such facilities for presenting his personality and his views to the public as would a motion picture person! Some of the powers in the industry now are already persons of political importance. Will Hays, czar of the industry, is an ex-Republican National Chairman and ex-Postmaster-General. I mentioned Louis B. Mayer and William Randolph Hearst earlier. Merian Cooper and David Selznick (RKO executives) are important figures. If the Democrats win, Will Rogers will probably be invited to sleep in the White House.

And, after all, didn't our own Will Rogers receive twenty-six—or was it twenty-eight—votes for the Democratic Presidential nomination on one ballot at the convention? One can think of people who would be worse choices, too, than our "Ambassador-at-large"!

Where will all this lead? Do you suppose that four years hence Hollywood will have a ticket of its own? With, maybe, Clark Gable for President and Gary Cooper as Vice President, with Lionel Barrymore slated to be Secretary of State? Gosh!

Looking Them Over

(*Continued from page 20*)

"Silver Dollar." Now, on these hot Indian-Summer days, Bebe is sweltering under the lights in a blonde wig.

RUTH CHATTERTON and George Brent have been spending their honeymoon in the beautiful bungalow dressing-room on the First National lot that went along with Ruth's contract. The reasons are gossiped to be "sentimental." It was in this pretty little house that the Brent-Chatterton romance first began, between scenes of "The Rich Are Always with Us."

However, the more practically-minded friends of the honeymoon couple insist that the bungalow is merely serving as a temporary home while Ruth and George complete the furnishing of the Jascha Heifetz home in Beverly Hills, which they rented when Florence Vidor Heifetz moved out.

The Brents are being very coy about photographers and reporters. Garbo, herself, was never more elusive.

THOUGH Paulette Goddard is playing just a "bit" rôle in Eddie Cantor's "The Kid from Spain," she is one of the most-discussed young women in Hollywood at the present moment. Reason? For one, she seems to have captivated the exclusive attention of Charlie Chaplin. When Paulette steps out, it is almost a cinch that Charlie will be at her side.

Every morning Paulette arrives at the studio on the back seat of a luxurious town-car. As the chauffeur stands at attention at the door, Paulette, clad in the latest thing in lounging pajamas (rose velvet, the day we spotted her), gathers up her cigarettes and make-up kit, mentions in passing when she wants the car again, and hies across the lot to her very small dressing room. All the stars are quite impressed.

JOAN CRAWFORD and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., are back in Hollywood after three months in Europe. The first visit they made on their return was to the home of their pal, Robert Montgomery, who has been seriously ill.

Joan and Doug pulled a funny postcard trick while they were gone. Before they left Hollywood, they bought all the Hollywood cards they could find, depicting Hollywood Boulevard, the Chinese Theatre, the Brown Derby and all the other familiar old landmarks. From London, Paris, Rome and a few other places they sent the Hollywood views back to their friends with the comment:

"It's grand to be seeing new sights and new scenes. Wish you were here!"

LUPE VELEZ continues to deny that she might have been the reason for the marital difficulties of Johnny Weissmuller and Bobbe Arnst. In fact, Lupe insists that her interest in Johnny is purely platonic, and that it is Pete, Johnny's brother, who is her favorite beau.

Just recently, two women writers who are friends of Bobbe Arnst "ritzed" Lupe on the M-G-M lot, when the little Mexican star came over to the press table to say "Hello." Lupe was frantically distressed. "What's the matter with those women?" she demanded. When she heard the reason for the "cold shoulder," she dragged them both off to a quiet secluded spot and swore by everything that Lupe could think to swear by that she wasn't the cause of the Weissmuller separation. Just by way of proving it to the skeptical ladies, she hasn't seen Johnny since (?).

Bobbe Arnst, who makes no secret of her broken heart, has accepted a long vaudeville engagement.

(*Continued on page 74*)

that unfortunate feeling of bulky, revealing outlines gone!

the new Phantom★ Kotex

SANITARY NAPKIN

(U. S. Pat. No. 1,857,854)

SOMETIMES one offends unknowingly! Perhaps unconsciously *you've* overlooked certain things no fastidious woman should overlook. Those telltale outlines . . . those revealing wrinkles . . . that mar the outlines of your close-fitting dresses.

But now no danger of offending again. Kotex, originator of the modern sanitary napkin, presents the new Phantom Kotex. A sanitary pad fashioned to fit smoothly, invisibly, even under the filmiest fabrics.

Flattened, tapered

The ends of this new Phantom Kotex are flattened, and skilfully tapered. They leave absolutely no outline . . . not the slightest bulk. And because it is so self-concealing, you are almost unaware of this modern sanitary protection. It molds itself to the contours of the body.

In efficiency, softness, safety, the new Phantom Kotex is exactly the same Kotex you have always known. Wonderfully absorbent; disposable, of course. Hospitals alone last year used more than 24 million Kotex pads.

Do not be confused. Other sanitary pads calling themselves form-fitting; other styles with so-called tapered ends, are in no sense the same as the new Phantom Kotex, U. S. Patent No. 1,857,854.

And doubly important, today—you get this new, vastly improved product at no increase in price. Kotex prices are today the lowest in Kotex history.

Be sure when buying it wrapped that you do get genuine Kotex. For your protection, each tapered end is plainly marked "Kotex." On sale at drug, dry goods and department stores. Also in vending cabinets through the West Disinfecting Co.

Kotex Company, Chicago.

Note! *Kotex—now at your dealer's—marked "Form-Fitting" is the new Phantom★ Kotex.*

To ease the task of enlightenment

This message is sent to parents and guardians in a spirit of constructive helpfulness.

THIS year—some five million young girls between the ages of 10 and 14 will face one of the most trying situations in all the years of young womanhood.

This year—some five million mothers will face the most difficult task of motherhood.

Thousands of these mothers will sit down in quiet rooms—and from that intimacy so characteristic of today's mother and daughter—there will result that understanding so vital to the daughter of today—the wife and mother of tomorrow.

There will be other thousands of mothers—courageous—intimate in all things but this. There will be thousands too timid to meet this problem—and it will pass—but with what possible unhappiness . . . what heartbreaking experience.

To free this task of enlightenment from the slightest embarrassment—the Kotex Company has had prepared an intimate little chat between mother and daughter. It is called "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."

In this story booklet—the subject has been covered completely . . . in simple understandable form. It is accompanied by a simple plan affording the child complete privacy.

To secure a copy without cost or slightest obligation parents or guardians may fill in and mail the coupon below. It will come to you in a plain envelope.

Mary Pauline Callender
Room 2113A;
180 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

Please send me copy of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."

Signed..

Street..

City ....*State*..........................

Copyright 1932, Kotex Company

WOOLENS fluff up clean in IVORY SNOW

Use the new quick-dissolving IVORY SNOW when you wash your fine woolens. It is pure Ivory Soap . . . safe for a baby's tender skin . . . safe for all downy and silky fleeces.

DISSOLVES AT A SWISH IN LUKEWARM WATER

Ivory Snow is not cut into brittle, flat flakes, but BLOWN into soft round particles which melt like snow itself. You don't need to start with hot water and get your hands so hot that they can't tell when the suds have cooled enough for your woolens. With Ivory Snow you can *begin* with safe, *lukewarm* water and instantly get velvety suds.

NO STIFF, DISCOLORED SOAP SPOTS

Ivory Snow dissolves *completely*. It has no flat particles that can stick to fabrics and cause soap spots. That is why, when you wash your woolens or your silks in Ivory Snow, they look so new—so evenly soft and clear colored.

Use Ivory Snow lavishly — the extra-large package costs only 15¢. And here's a tip — it makes the quickest, thickest, soft-on-your-hands suds for dishes!

ADVICE FROM MAKERS OF FINE WOOLENS AND SILKS

Ivory Snow is **"the ideal soap for woolens"** agree the weavers of Biltmore Handwoven Homespuns, the makers of downy Mariposa blankets and the Botany Worsted Mills. **"A perfect soap for silks,"** say Mallinson, Cheney Brothers and Truhu.

$99\frac{44}{100}\%$ PURE

John Boles Gives Some Tips to Young Married Couples

(*Continued from page 52*)

strange and powerful union of their personalities that makes for a far from passive relationship. A vigorous affection simply cannot be passive—I mean agreeable—at all times. There is bound to be occasional friction. The trouble is that people don't appreciate this—and don't take away its bitterness with understanding.

"Instead, during a quarrel, a couple is apt to break up with a shattering bang. If they are not sensible—and have not reasoned out just how much they mean to one another—it is apt to be a permanent rupture. That's where children are invaluable. Married people are apt to heal their differences because of their children.

"I have two children, and I suppose they have acted as anchors to windward for my marriage boat as often as the next man's youngsters have for his. I'm half-Irish, and that part of my nature is quick-tempered. Too, I come from a line of people—on that side—who are notoriously given to wandering. If it had not been for the saving grace of my youngsters, and the fortunate possession of a strain of canny Scotch blood, I might by now be finding myself a stoker on a tramp schooner—headed for nowhere.

How His Own Romance Began

"MY wife and I both attended the University of Texas. I was a Beta, and she was a sorority woman, a Pi Phi. Both liking to enjoy ourselves, we went through all the strains of collegiate social life together: fraternity hops, games, proms, all those grand times that are so conducive to romance. We got off on the right foot, as it were. I got my sheepskin one day—and we were married almost the next.

"Then the real tough time started. I was determined on a musical career. But first there was the War, a period with my father in the brokerage business in New York, and another as French and singing teacher at a girls' academy on Long Island. But I wasn't satisfied—and my wife knew it. It was she who backed up my resolve to break away, and presently we escaped to France.

"The sledding got harder. I was studying under Oscar Seagle and Jean de Reszke, and we had to live modestly. But we were young, and had Paris, and so we didn't mind. I think it ought to be compulsory for all young marriages to have a hard time of it in some romantic place. It gives them something to look back on fondly; something to laugh about, to feel more closely knit about, during the later period of cross-pulls and small, wearing differences that try the stoutest of affections.

"Back in New York, I uppishly refused to take anything but leads in musical productions. I tramped around for weeks without success. It was hard on my wife, but she didn't complain, and for that I was doubly grateful. Then my persistence was rewarded with the male lead in 'Little Jessie James' . . . and I started the trail that eventually brought me to Los Angeles"—(where Gloria Swanson saw him in "Kitty's Kisses" and signed him for "The Loves of Sunya")—"and to pictures.

Struggle Bound Them Closer

"THUS my wife and I had a grand background for success in these later years. We fought things out together, and so it does not seem strange to me that here we are, going stronger than ever. It does seem strange, I'll grant you, to a lot of people—those who consider it odd for an actor to marry in his early twenties and settle down to one wife and the raising of a family.

"But we of the stage can and do marry, just like anyone else—sometimes, obviously, a whole lot oftener than anyone else!—and I think we have as much chance to make a go of it as the next couple. Our problems are virtually the same as those of the bootlegger and his wife, and the butcher, the banker and the business man. There is one characteristic that we have in common, whatever our work may be—and that is the need for someone to laugh with us when we are sad, celebrate with us when we are happy, comfort us in our times of stress, and just swing along with us in those long in-between places that are neither high nor low, but just the main part of the road.

"Naturally, I'm not counseling hasty marriage for young kids. Too many youngsters have been crippled by assuming premature responsibilities. But there is a far greater danger than this—and that's waiting too long. Better to suffer, to fall down and bump yourself and get up and try again, than to miss it entirely. And that is just what a great many of the intelligent people of this world are doing to-day—letting themselves be tricked out of one of the great experiences granted to them.

His Cure For Indifference

"OH, I'm not implying that the ecstasies of those first young days will last permanently. But neither do I believe that they necessarily must fade like cut flowers. To judge from the attitude of most married couples, true enough, one might conclude that Adam and Eve had not been in the Garden for a fortnight before the lady began to note a considerable lapse of ardor on the part of her mate. And then came the ensuing inevitability of indifference.

"That's the modern angle, and so far as I can see, there is only one way to beat it. That is to learn the few rules that will insure a domestic relationship that will grow in strength and richness with the years. Most important of all of these, I should say, is 'Never take your partner for granted.'

"Advice as to the need for respecting one another's delicacies and sensitivities is so evidently unnecessary that its request scarcely seems called for—until we see how many married couples fall gradually into habits that rub the gloss from their relationship. Just because a man and woman have come to live together, there is absolutely no reason for either to think that he or she may invade the personal rights of the other. This trespass may take no larger form than appropriation of closet space belonging to the other member of the household; but, nevertheless, such incidents are dangerous.

Marriage Takes Common Sense

"THERE'S an old saying about a man's being only half as good a husband as he is a lover. If that is true, the only way to defeat the consequences is by the use of intelligence. Intelligence should be brought into play in the business of a successful marriage as surely as it is required in any other important business. Who but a foolish team would be silly enough to lose their tempers at the same time? Who but a trouble-seeker would carry out his own wishes at the expense of the other's?

"My wife is not a professional woman. Her job is running our home. Personally, I think that wise. I cannot see a great deal of success ahead for a marriage that starts with both partners heavily engaged in some absorbing work. I believe that a wife should be a sort of buffer for her husband, a source of peace for him when he is half-dead with fatigue and worry. And how is a man to get that from a woman who is exhausted, herself, from the demands of her own career? No career for my wife! I realize how valuable she is to me as Mrs. John Boles—and fully appreciate that it is she, who is the major part of the reason that we have gone along as well as we have."

Poor BUTTERFLY

so tired,
so unhappy . . .

• Until she learned One Simple Secret

What was wrong? Everything! So many irritations, every day—and she was too tired to cope with them. Too tired. She wasn't even pretty any more. Her eyes were dull—her skin blotchy and blemished . . .

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Jean Harlow—Tortured by Tragedy

(*Continued from page 17*)

student of suicide," in a detached, philosophical way. David Selznick, producer, told of Bern's big collection of books on the subject. Lothar Mendes, director, said that he believed overstudy had caused Bern's "delicately balanced sense of life to give way." Lady Inverclyde, known on stage and screen as "June," said "one could not help noticing that he was morbidly inclined."

Irving Thalberg, Bern's closest business associate, testified at the coroner's inquest that he knew of no marital difficulties between Paul and Jean, but said that Paul had been working hard and for some time had appeared highly nervous. John Gilbert, whom Bern had encouraged many times, revealed that he had prevented an earlier attempt by Bern to commit suicide—soon after the tragic death of Barbara La Marr. Other friends said that Paul had told them he "came from a family of suicides"—several relatives having taken their own lives.

The coroner's jury returned a verdict of "suicide—motive not known." The mystery deepened, and, at the same time, so did sympathy for the bride upon whom tragedy had descended so suddenly and overwhelmingly.

Paul Bern was called "the understanding heart," by Barbara La Marr, whom he befriended to her very last hours. Everyone in Hollywood loved this quiet, kindly, and sensitive man. He was invited everywhere. His life seemed an open book. Yet now it develops that there were things of which he did not speak even to his closest friends. There was, for instance, the Face carved on the great beam that runs through the center of his living room and projects into the patio beyond. The four corners of this immense beam end are adorned with faces cut into the wood—the faces of the four people who had been closest to him in his life, Paul told visitors. One is the "too beautiful" countenance of Barbara La Marr, another the unmistakable likeness of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. The third corner bears the face of Carey Wilson, with whom Paul lived at one time. The fourth carries the head of a beautiful unknown woman whom Paul never named.

Another "Mrs. Bern"

NOW Hollywood is wondering whether she is the mysterious, pretty "Dorothy Millette," who was registered for ten years at a New York hotel as "Mrs. Paul Bern," who was reported to be "mentally deranged," and whose existence was never suspected until his tragic death. Hollywood, which had so recently seen Jean Harlow in bridal white satin, no more glittering than her amazing hair, now learned of a hidden "marriage" in Paul Bern's past. This quiet little German scenario writer and producer, who had earned the title of "Little Confessor of Hollywood" because of his sympathy and kindness to the sick and disgraced and broken-hearted, suddenly was revealed as a stranger, a man with tragic secrets of his own, which even the girl whom he loved and courted for two years did not guess.

In Hollywood men and women talk feverishly of the Present, and confidently of the Future, but seldom mention the Past. Their names are not, for the most part, their own. Their biographies are often concocted in the publicity departments. It takes the sudden sharp detonation of tragedy to bring to the surface the flotsam and jetsam of the lives that they have left behind. And among these fragments from Paul Bern's life come facts which show the dapper and successful picture executive in the lurid light of a man who had inherited a tragic destiny, which, perhaps, could not in the end be escaped.

The romance between Jean Harlow and Paul Bern was not the sudden affair that startled all Hollywood when the two were married last July after a week's engagement. Almost two years ago, when Jean had just been granted her divorce from her first husband (Charles McGrew, II, Chicago bond broker), Paul Bern told one of his servants, "You will soon have a mistress in this house—a beautiful mistress."

Had Premonition of End

"JEAN is the most wonderful girl I have ever known," he said to a friend at the same time. "If I could not have her for my wife, *life would not be worth living.*"

And yet, while Paul Bern was making glowing plans to marry the gorgeous platinum blonde who was just beginning her sensational screen rise, the shadow of the dark midnight hour that was to come two years later hovered over him. It was during the months when he knew that he was to marry Jean that he confided to a director-friend one day that he felt that he had inherited the family curse of suicide. "My mother died by her own hand," he said. "Other close relatives have died the same way. *I shall probably kill myself some day.*"

He was a German. He was familiar with the unhappy philosophies of Nietzsche and Schopenhauer, and he had delved into the morbid soul-searchings of German scientists and thinkers. His sensitive heart was sick with the sufferings of humanity. That sympathy of his led him to seek out grief and sorrow wherever he went. He had been much with those who had contemplated suicide. With his own hands he once held a frantic woman, who had found only disgrace and wretchedness in a foreign land, from leaping from her hotel window to Broadway ten stories below. He had talked another woman, whom love had betrayed, into giving him the revolver that she had planned to use for escape. He had tried vainly to save a girl magazine writer from self-destruction by collaborating with her on a scenario, to give her the hope her discouraged spirit needed. He was with Barbara La Marr, Lucille Ricksen and Mabel Normand when they died.

Vicariously, Paul Bern must have died many times, in a life saddened by other people's pain. Death was no stranger to the man who had held so many dying hands in his.

Lived Far From Crowd

"LIFE is terribly hard," he often told his servants, who knew him, perhaps, better than most of his studio friends. Though a familiar figure at all social events in Hollywood, where he was the escort at different times of some of the most gorgeous women of the screen, Paul Bern chose one of the loneliest spots within reach of Hollywood for his home. In the charming, quaintly fairybook house he built in a fold of high hills, he lived the introspective life of a recluse. His home was so remote that he put up small signs: "This way to Paul Bern's home."

The verdict of the coroner's jury, "death from a shot fired with suicidal intent," seems to be borne out by a remark he made to his gardener two days before his death. "Bring me your bill tomorrow. I want to pay it as soon as possible."

"But there isn't any hurry, Mr. Bern," the man said, surprised.

"Yes, there is," Paul Bern said, with the hunted look his servants had seen him wear

(*Continued on page 71*)

The Headline History of Chaplin

(*Continued from page 58*)

will be a talkie, Hollywood hears.

May 14, 1932—Comedian welcomed like king in Japan. Two hundred reporters interview him; hundreds of police fight back mob at Tokyo station. Declares reception is most enthusiastic he has ever received.

May 30, 1932—Charlie and brother attend a supper in their honor, given by Ken Inukai, son of recently assassinated Premier.

June 2, 1932—Chaplin leaves Japan with regret. Sails for America.

June 16, 1932—Returns to Beverly Hills home after sixteen months of globe-trotting—"first real vacation in twenty years." Says he will remain silent on screen. "My screen career is famous in pantomime, so why should I change?"

June 17, 1932—Chaplin announces he has a plan to place world finances on even keel. Would have governments deposit money in international bank, issue international currency.

June 20, 1932—Lita Grey Chaplin signs film contract by which she and two sons—Charles, Jr., 7, and Sydney, 6—will appear in five pictures. Children now with grandmother in Nice, France.

June 23, 1932—Chaplin will not say publicly whether or not he approves of projected film careers of sons. Friends predict he will fight their appearance on screen.

July 7, 1932—Question "Who is filmdom's wealthiest celebrity?" answered by County Assessor in new tax roll. Chaplin heads list with $7,687,570 in taxable stocks and bonds, and cash and solvent credits of $295,600.

July 11, 1932—Chaplin boys arrive in New York, dressed in white sailor suits, and accompanied by young-looking grandmother.

July 12, 1932—Chaplin files protest with County Board of Supervisors against tax assessment. Attorneys claim his securities are worth only $1,657,316. In interview in New York, Chaplin boys reveal that their favorite movie stars are Mickey Mouse, Minnie Mouse and their father, in that order. Looking forward to acting. When grown up, Charles wants to be a locomotive engineer and his brother wants to drive a Fifth Avenue bus.

July 19, 1932—County Supervisors deny Chaplin's petition for $6,000,000 reduction in assessments.

August 5, 1932—Chaplin attends première of "Back Street" with Paulette Goddard, platinum blonde newcomer to films. Romance rumors about couple.

August 19, 1932—Publisher announces that Charlie Chaplin is writing autobiography—and doing all the writing, himself. Reported that only screen star he mentions by name is Marlene Dietrich.

August 23, 1932—Chaplin calls on two sons, recent arrivals in Hollywood. First time he has seen them in nearly two years.

August 24, 1932—Chaplin attorneys file suit in attempt to prevent sons' film careers. Comedian says in petition they are amply provided for, and feels screen work would prevent their leading normal lives and might be detrimental to their futures.

August 27, 1932—Chaplin testifies that concentration necessary to act in pictures would tax the vitality of his two sons.

August 29, 1932—Chaplin wins injunction restraining wife from fulfilling contract with boys. Judge orders modification of Chaplin divorce decree to include provision that employment of the boys must be with written consent of both parents.

September 15, 1932—Lita Grey Chaplin writes to ex-husband for permission to have children in picture with her.

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PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC is 3 times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it goes 3 times as far. And whether you buy the 25c, 50c or $1 size, you still get 3 times as much for your money.

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Here's the great difference between old-fashioned mouth washes and Pepsodent Antiseptic. The old-fashioned mouth wash must be used full strength to be effective—but three people out of four add water to their mouth wash. So the new discovery, Pepsodent Antiseptic, was made powerful enough to still remain effective when diluted—yet it is safe when used full strength.

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But—if you want to take the corn out *whole*, use Blue-jay Corn Plasters. The scientific, medicated, double-relief remedy, made by a noted surgical dressing house. World's standard corn remover. All druggists, 6 for 25c. Pay no more for any corn plaster.

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Bill Powell Talks About His Wife

(*Continued from page 15*)

Bill Powell has an entirely different slant on the situation.

"Carole's illness has done more to cement the affection between us," he says, "than anything else could have and given us a companionship that few picture couples are ever allowed to have. For months Carole was unable to work. Ordinarily, she would have been at the studio most of the time since our marriage. But her illness gave us a chance to know each other intimately.

"The fact that I make a limited number of pictures a year and have a great deal of time off made it even better. We were able to live almost like normal people. If Carole had been well, marriage and I would have been just sandwiched in between pictures. This way it was her whole life.

"And I think her illness saved us from the pitfall of conflicting careers, which is a very difficult adjustment to make in the first years of marriage. Professional jealousy—not only jealousy of the other person's success, but jealousy because his work seems more important to him than *you* are—is apt to rear its ugly head in any marriage of an actor to an actress.

"We were spared all that, and I think we understand each other well enough, after this year of being together, to weather anything of that kind that may come in the future."

Not Making Any Promises

HAVING a reputation for cynicism to uphold, I would be the last person to risk any prophecies about the future happiness of the William Powells. True, their house in Beverly Hills doesn't have the atmosphere of a home that is about to be rent asunder. It seems filled with sunlight and good dispositions, and people doffing their hats to each other in the most spontaneous sort of way. But even Bill, himself, who admits he has never loved Carole more than he does right now, refuses to make any promises about next year or next week.

"How can you make a statement about anything as unvolitional as love?" he reasons. "I don't *know* how it will be. I wouldn't want to swear that Carole and I will feel the same way a year from now. You can't snap your fingers and say, 'Here, Love!', or turn it off and on like a tap. You don't ask for it in the first place, and you can't detain it if it wants to go.

"Someone came down here the other day to take our pictures out in the garden as 'Hollywood's happy couple'—one of the few 'lasting marriages' in pictures." He laughed. "It makes you feel a little self-conscious, posing for them—when you realize that half the time in cases like that the divorce papers are filed before the magazine even gets on the stands. It's almost a challenge.

"Marriage, itself, is dangerous for that reason. It professes to be able to control love. It says, 'Now, that you've said these words, you've got to go on loving this man or this woman.' You chafe under it, naturally.

"And the Hollywood idea of making long speeches about love and expecting them to hold good a month or two later, when the interview comes out, is absurd."

Bill's Biggest Worry

BILL objects to being written about, anyway. He is one of the least-interviewed men in Hollywood, and has the nearest approach to a private life that you can find in this town, with the exception of that arch-hermit, Ronald Colman, who is a pal of Bill's. He doesn't believe publicity does you either any good or any harm, and even if it does he would rather stand or fall on the quality of his own work in pictures. The only thing that worries him is the quality of his pictures. His contract calls for control over stories, but he has about given himself up as a story-picker, and is passing the buck to the Warner Brothers.

Bill, you remember, is the possessor of one of those elegant and extravagant contracts that have stirred up so much wrath, since the depression. Bill asks that the next time you get all of a lather thinking about it, you consider a few of the facts in the case. For instance, that almost half of it—money, I'm talking about—goes to the government in income taxes, and therefore is ultimately distributed among all the millions of people who are busy shaking their fists at Mr. Powell.

And second, that he has worked for twenty years at a very small salary to accomplish this, and that it will last for only a few years more, so all things considered he isn't much better off in the long run than any of you.

He's a little better off, though, because he was lucky enough to marry Carole Lombard, a girl with the good judgment to be an invalid during that perilous first year.

Our Hollywood Neighbors

(*Continued from page 11*)

to the marathoners. Mary Pickford dropped in one night and made a speech. Scenario writers took their notebooks down with them. Directors brought their lunches. You've guessed it—before the frost is on the pumpkin, you'll begin to see a lot of stories about dance marathons.

Evelyn Brent even thinks she might enter the next contest. It's one way to see everyone you know—and she says she can't sleep anyway.

SOME enterprising lad in New York is producing a revue number called "Twelve Garbos." We've forgotten the exact number—never having much of a memory for numerals anyway. But all the gals are to look like the Swedish mystery lady.

As if that were not enough, a Hollywood picture producer of "Baby Burlesks" (awk) is on the lookout for a child Garbo. The infant must not be over thirty-six inches tall, and under four years of age. She must also enunciate clearly. Nothing is said about a Stockholm accent.

Now, Garbo, see what you've started!

HAVING had sort of bad luck with seagoing yachts, Buster Keaton is concentrating on land ships now. You remember that the last boat he had, caused all the marital difficulties between Buster and Natalie Talmadge Keaton. Natalie finally got a divorce and the yacht, too, which looks like a lot of generosity.

Now Buster has bought a traveling house unlike anything ever seen before in these parts. It has two motors, a kitchen, a living room, showerbath, sleeping accommodations for six guests, and a penthouse effect on the roof. Buster calls himself "the Admiral" of this queer-looking vehicle.

It had its maiden voyage (or maybe that isn't just the right expression) over the Labor Day holidays. Buster and his pal, Lew Cody, took the thing up to Lake

Tahoe. When they got to San Francisco, however, they were awfully glad to have a nice, peaceful night at the Palace Hotel. So maybe land yachts aren't such fun at that!

YOU might as well make up your mind to it—the mauve decade is on its way back. Feminine fripperies are getting awfully gay ninetyish. In our family album there is a swell tintype of grandma, and durned if she isn't wearing one of those "Letty Lynton" dresses. Strolling down a San Francisco street, we saw three shops advertising the duds that Joan Crawford gave to posterity. One shop offered them for $15 per each—within the reach of all. Personally, we think those wide shoulders make a girl look like a cross-country bus, but then we don't know much about what constitutes style.

Ina Claire is wearing hats that are a throwback to the bicycle-built-for-two era, and when Joan was in Paris she bought a lot of feather boas.

Now all that is left is for Clark Gable, who started the turtle-neck sweater craze, to take up celluloid collars. Then everything will be just dandy—if you could only get a five-cent mug of beer. And mebbe that will be with us soon!

OH, dear—o-oh, de-ear, why do they do those things! And there's so much trouble in the world as it is. RKO-Radio is filming something called "Parlor, Bedroom and Wrath." At that, it isn't quite so bad as the Hal Roach comedy title—"Strange Inner Tube." Shades of O'Neill!

IN this advanced day, when everything including Mickey Mouse has gone sound, it seems silly to write anything about a theatre that doesn't have talking pictures. Believe it or not, there is a moompitcher theatre in Los Angeles that still clings to the dear old silents. A young lady pianist plays what she thinks are appropriate numbers for all scenes. Occasionally she gets a bit confused—but you can't say she doesn't give her all.

The other night she was called upon to play something in keeping with the burial ceremonies of an army officer. She thought she was playing the familiar, somber "taps." What she really played was that lively umph-da-diddy which goes "I can't get 'em up—I can't get 'em up in the morn-ning."

THE best sign over a movie theatre—
Emil Jannings in "Passion"
Cooled by electric refrigeration.

WELL, times do change. Now Eric von Stroheim has gone economical. Do you remember when the studio would give Eric $500,000 to make a picture, and three months to turn it out? After six months Eric would still be going strong, and would have already spent something like $2,000,000. Them days are gone. Eric, directing "Walking Down Broadway," is ahead of his shooting schedule, and has kept within every penny of the money allotment.

On the other hand, C. B. DeMille, who used to be considered a nice, safe and sound director, capable of giving even Bible stories the necessary box-office sex appeal, is having a grand time on "Sign of the Cross." A little bird has whispered to us that scenes are included that you'll never see in your favorite temple of movie entertainment. Personally, we hope the censors won't cut out any of the Roman bathroom sequences. Somehow we're just longing for another glimpse of a DeMille bathtub. It would seem as if times were really returning to normalcy once again.

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Yeast Foam Tablets cleanse your skin from the inside. They improve your complexion by correcting the underlying causes of skin blemishes and dullness. They give tone to your nervous system, regulate the digestive and intestinal tract and help to build health and vigor that will make you charming and attractive.

In this yeast are certain vital food elements. These elements are sadly deficient in the average everyday diet. In many of the most common foods, they are entirely lacking. Few persons seldom get enough for maximum health. These precious elements are the vitamins B and G.

Yeast you will like

Pure yeast is the richest known food source of these wonder-working elements. Yeast Foam Tablets are pure yeast and nothing else.

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... *writes Miss Healy*

"IT MASSAGES like magic" ... writes Miss Kay Carroll ... "I reduced my hips from 43 inches to 34½ inches" ... writes Miss B. Brián. Another writes ... "I wouldn't be without my girdle for $100!" We now make this unusual FREE trial offer ...

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● Worn next to the skin with perfect safety, the tiny perforations permit the skin to breathe as its gentle massage-like action reduces flabby, disfiguring fat with every movement.

● START NOW to reduce! In 10 days you can actually take inches off your waist and hips.

You appear many inches SLIMMER *at once!*

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A single drop lasts a week. Hence very economical. Never anything like this before!

Send for TRIAL BOTTLE

Send 20¢ silver or 21¢ stamps for postage, etc.

Paul Rieger & Co., 144 First St., San Francisco

Ex-Ladies' Man—That's Joel McCrea!

(*Continued from page 21*)

have been closely involved with his picture career. It helps a young actor over the first difficult years, he says, to play opposite some famous star. Not only because he's sure to be seen by her large following, but because if she interests herself in him personally, it gives him a great boost in the industry.

I don't mean to imply that Joel deliberately cultivates women to advance himself. He is a boy without guile, generous and easygoing and what I suppose you would call "clean" (at the risk of getting a sock from Mr. McCrea). But when a star throws herself at him and shows a desire to help him professionally with her attentions, he doesn't struggle.

"Connie Bennett was swell," said he, with his unromantic man-to-man attitude. "I still like her very much, though I never see her. All the sarcastic things you hear about her are true, and so are all the nice ones. If she doesn't like you, she can be the coolest girl in the world. But if she does happen to like you, there's nothing she won't do for you, no trouble she won't go to to help you.

"She was wonderful to me. She helped me a lot when we started working together—took me around and made Hollywood aware of me. The important people in Hollywood would never take me seriously before, but because she thought I was swell, they immediately thought so, too. She did it to help me. I did a lot of screwy things—like saying for publication that I never cared anything about her. It was an awful thing to do, but I did it because I didn't have any better sense and thought it was the right thing. But she was awfully nice about it. If she likes anyone, she understands everything and puts up with everything.

Connie Remembered Him

"I'VE hardly seen her since she got married. But when I got back from the 'Bird of Paradise' trip to Honolulu I found she had bought herself a portable phonograph, and had bought one for me too. Didn't see me or say anything about it—just had her secretary send it over to my dressing-room. She does things like that."

Under Connie's wing, Joel went through the stuffed shirt era of his career. He was the stiff, young, wholesome leading man, feeling thoroughly unnatural and uncomfortable, trying to be as sweet as Buddy Rogers and to show as many teeth when he smiled. It was all very depressing.

Then some inspired executive suddenly remembered Joel's torso—that gleaming body that for years and years had commanded a small, but swooning feminine public at the Santa Monica Swimming Club. With the utmost haste they tore off his shirt, and gave orders that henceforth Joel McCrea was to be bare from the waist up. The results were gratifying. All the South Seas in Joel responded to this happy turn of events, and all the girl-power of the nation responded to Joel, lean and brown and beautifully muscled from swimming.

Basking in the sun in some scant white tights that were the ultimate expression of the new policy, Joel smiled at all this.

"It's true," he said. "Once the shirt comes off, it has to stay off. It's like being a policeman in the movies. If you do it once, you're a policeman for life. Anyway, I'm delighted, because it has given me my first chance to play the kind of parts I'm really suited for. I'm no actor, and never will be one. The only thing I can do is to be natural, and it's natural for me to be doing something athletic with as few clothes on as possible."

Joel proves this on his days off, by playing volley ball at the beach club every Sunday, and swimming with George O'Brien or some other man when he's not working.

"I'm not going with any girl," he said. "I couldn't take a girl to the beach and then leave her alone for two hours while I play ball. I'm not crazy about anybody anyway. And besides, I'm invited to a great many parties by hostesses who want plenty of extra men around, and I'm never asked to bring a girl."

Then Joel went into his classic analysis of the film bachelor and his true position in the community, which only proves again that despite his open countenance, sweet disposition, and guileless manner, Mr. McCrea knows what is going on around him.

"Bachelors always seem to think they're so mysterious and glamourous and desirable," he said. "But it's all a lot of nonsense. I don't see why they don't realize that they're only invited out because hostesses must have extra men around the house. They know I'm nice and that I'll behave and won't break up their furniture, and so I'm an ideal bachelor for parties. I don't flatter myself they want me for any other reason. You can tell that, the minute you start going with one girl all the time. As soon as people know they have to invite your girl with you, the invitations start falling off. It's not me they want; it's a bachelor, and they resent it if they think one of their most useful bachelors is in love or is headed that way.

"Of course, that's not why I don't go with some girl—because I don't care particularly about parties anyway. But as I don't go with any girl, I have so many invitations that I don't lack things to do.

Fame Makes a Difference

"THERE'S no personal element in a Hollywood party any more, anyway," he went on. "All the adventure is gone. You know just whom you'll meet, and why, and how they'll treat you—according to what your own position in Hollywood is at the moment. That's why I can't see how anyone ever gets a swelled head in this business. Nobody gives a rap about you—it's just your temporary success. Hostesses say, 'Clark Gable is coming!' and everyone gets excited, but nobody really cares, except that he's the sensation of the moment. And the next year it may be somebody else.

"I know almost all the important people and the great successes of Hollywood. I've met them all, and there's no particular charm, no extraordinary attraction beyond the normal about any of them. They're just nice people, but nothing special, and it's only because of their success that people make such a fuss over them."

Having completed his thought for the day, Joel relaxed and went on with his between-scenes sunbath. He was finishing "Sport Page," in which he plays football and undoubtedly has a rubdown between halves to reveal that physique.

"This picture gives me a great chance to be undressed," he said. "It's all about wrestling and football and newspapermen. Plenty of athletics."

I felt that on behalf of the Press I should resent that statement, but Joel went on innocently, "It was Charlie Bickford who tipped me off to all this. He told me to stop being sweet and giving the camera that vacant smile. He said, 'You're not that type. You're like me—you ought to be tough. Put a little menace into your personality. When you do a scene with a woman, be a little tough with her, so there's no doubt that you're a man.'"

So thanks to Charlie Bickford and whoever thought of taking off the shirt, there's not a shred of doubt left in anyone's mind on that point.

Jean Harlow—Tortured by Tragedy

(*Continued from page 66*)

for several weeks. "*You see, I may be going away very soon.*"

And yet, with the word "suicide," the mystery only deepens. In stepping out of the life of his twenty-one-years-younger bride, whom he may have feared he could not make happy, he must have known that his act would endanger the entire future happiness of the girl he loved. And there is no doubt that Paul Bern loved Jean Harlow with an adoration that amounted to idolatry.

Those who know him say he spent money extravagantly to make her happy. On his return from his airplane trip to the East last summer, he brought a trunk filled with costly gifts of jewelry, negligées, and trinkets for Jean. He gave her the deed of his home for a magnificent wedding present that made even Hollywood gasp. Four days before he took his own life, he passed a test for an $85,000 life insurance policy. In his will, he left Jean everything.

The Irony of His Act

AND yet, ironically, he could have done Jean no greater harm than by his suicide, if he had planned the deadliest revenge! As a motion picture producer he must have known what gossip and rumors would inevitably gather around the tragic figure of a two-months' bride whose husband had shot himself. He had protected too many women, and men, too, from the loss of their careers through sensational newspaper headlines, not to have foreseen this danger to her.

Hollywood was instantly filled with whispers. Whose hand drove the "high-powered car that roared down Easton Drive at three o'clock on the morning of his death and skidded as it turned into Benedict Canyon?" Had the car been at Bern's home? What was meant by the mysterious postscript to the suicide note, "You understand that last night was only a comedy?" Where did Paul Bern go on an all-day trip two weeks after his marriage? Why did he always carry a loaded gun, as protection against some unnamed danger?

And now, as though all this tragedy were not enough, Jean Harlow's career is threatened, ironically enough, from within. Amazing as it is, it seems that many moviegoers have associated poor Jean with the rôles she has been called upon to play—identified her more closely than any other actress has ever been identified with screen rôles. Perhaps this is because her screen characterizations have been so consistently of one type—the heartless gold-digger, the hussy and the vamp.

Jean Never Stirred Up Gossip

AND yet there are few Hollywood actresses who have been more carefully guarded and chaperoned than Jean Harlow; few who have caused so little gossip. Her mother or her stepfather is always with her, in Hollywood or on tour. Romance rumorers have found little to say of Jean. She and her family deplored the characters she has played on the screen—so much so that Jean even left the movies for many months rather than go on playing them, after she discovered by her fan mail that picture audiences were confusing her real self with her film rôles. Now, in her hour of trouble, these seductive screen sirens rise up like pale-haired ghosts to haunt her with sins she never committed.

In the September Movie Classic, Louise Rice, famous graphologist, analyzed Jean Harlow's handwriting and wrote:

(*Continued on page 73*)

Look for this mark

A SURE WAY *to get good light at low cost...*

IN no other product, is it more important to look for the trade-mark of a reputable manufacturer than it is in lamps. *Because there is no other sure way*, outside of testing laboratories, of knowing that the lamp you buy will give you good light at *low cost.*

Eyes *cannot* see electrical current that is being wasted instead of being turned into light. They *can* search out and depend upon the famous initials GE in a circle on the end of a lamp bulb . . . the distinguishing mark of a product which embodies every worthwhile improvement in lamp manufacture and research that has ever been developed!

for GOOD LIGHT at LOW COST

Buy your lamps where you see this banner

In thousands of dealers' windows this month you will see this banner. Drop in and let your dealer tell you how you can be sure of good light at low cost.

And it protects every user against bulbs that blacken quickly in use . . . against premature burn-outs . . . against freedom from imperfections. It is the trade-mark specified by outstanding industrial and commercial concerns, great railroad systems, steamship lines and public institutions everywhere. From now on look for this mark on every lamp you buy . . . *Then you are sure* that you are getting *all* the light you pay for . . no matter whether you are buying a tiny lamp for your flashlight or any of the many other efficient sizes General Electric manufactures for all lighting purposes . . .

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General Electric manufactures lamps for home lighting and decoration, automobiles, flashlights, photography, stores, offices and factories, street lighting and signs. Also Sunlight lamps.

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What are your sins against Charm? Just what impression do you make—when you are introduced to a distinguished person—when you attend a social function—a dinner? Are you one of those charming people everybody likes to know? Are you invited to the smartest and most interesting places? Are you sure of yourself in any society? Do you radiate the vibrant charm that commands attention and quickens interest?

Are you self-conscious when entertaining? Do you know how to be a "smart," gracious hostess—put people at ease—do and say the right thing?

Are you embarrassed when all eyes are on you? Do you know how to walk gracefully—what to do with your hands and feet?

Do introductions bother you? After the usual "How-do-you-do," can you bridge the gap with fashionable small-talk, or are you tongue-tied?

LET Margery Wilson, America's foremost authority on Charm, show you the way to social poise and beautiful self-expression, as she has done for so many social leaders, business and professional women, famous stars of stage and screen.

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NORMA SHEARER writes: "To capture the elusive spirit of Charm and analyze it for personal cultivation, as you have done, is indeed a boon to all who wish to enhance their power."

BETTY COMPSON writes: "Your secrets of Charm are priceless, and will indeed be a help to everyone who is interested in the subject, and who is not?"

RUTH CHATTERTON writes: "Margery Wilson's 'Charm' is all that the title implies and more."

BEBE DANIELS writes: "I wish that everyone in the world might have the benefit of this knowledge."

RUPERT HUGHES writes: "You have given a golden prescription. You have solved the true mysteries of Charm and shown that it is as available to the homely, the poor, the ignorant and the old as to the beautiful, the rich, the sophisticated and the young. People who will follow your advice will have charm and enjoy its mystic powers."

Learn to be Charming

Would you like to have Margery Wilson instruct *you*, personally, in the cultivation of social poise and magnetic charm? Would you like to learn all the methods by which the dramatic stars and social leaders enhance their charm?

Heretofore, Miss Wilson's instruction has been available only at tremendous fees. Now she has prepared a scientific home-training method. Grateful pupils write that her instruction has opened the door to social life, friendships, popularity, business advancement.

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So that you may see just what this training will do for you, you are now offered, for the nominal charge of only $1.00, Margery Wilson's Special Lesson in the Cultivation of Charm, which includes her famous method for overcoming self-consciousness. And you will also receive the "Charm-Test" *free.*

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Dear Miss Wilson: I enclose $1.00. Please send me your Lesson in Charm and the free "Charm-Test"

Name....................................

Address..................................

Town................ ...State..............

You Can't Always Copy A Movie Star

(*Continued from page 26*)

with our eyebrows unplucked and without our base of vanishing cream. We wouldn't know that sports pajamas are shorter this year, or that suntan is slightly last year's stuff, if it weren't for the expert advice of Lilyan Tashman. There might even be women laboring under the illusion of "good forms," tipping the scale at 130, if it weren't for girls like Joan Crawford and Carole Lombard. Without Jean Harlow, platinum might still be in wedding rings only.

No, Fanette, I am not the one to quarrel with the great benefit to womankind done by movie stars in the line of fashion and beauty aids. No doubt the sanction of such charmers as Norma Shearer, Bebe Daniels, Sue Carol, Gloria Swanson, Florence Vidor, Carmel Myers, May McAvoy and other recent mothers has done a great deal toward popularizing maternity.

But there are just certain angles of Hollywood etiquette and manner that seem a great deal more attractive in Hollywood practice than, say, in Oshkosh, Walla Walla or Newport.

For instance, there is something exciting and inspiring in the thought that movie stars are, after all, "different and colorful" people in the newspaper announcement: "Ruth Chatterton, Film Star, Affirms Her Engagement to George Brent, Following Her Divorce From Ralph Forbes. Mr. Forbes Leaves Immediately For Reno, Following Wife's Engagement." But when you stop to think of it in terms of how it would read in the *Centerville Gazette!!* . . . "*Mrs. Roscoe Hicks, housewife, announces her engagement to Steve (Traveling Salesman) Hotshot, following her divorce from Frank Hicks. Mr. Hicks departed for Reno last night to file divorce proceedings immediately upon reading of his wife's approaching marriage.*" Well, it does rather prove that you can't always copy a movie star in your private life!

That Talmadge-Jessel Mix-Up

IT is palpitating to read that Norma Talmadge and George Jessel are "seeing the sights of Paris" together and are being rumored engaged. But given the same set of circumstances, try this on your local paper: "*Mrs. Sam Schmultz and Romeo Highstep pulled in last night from a two weeks' vacation in Junction Center. Mrs. Schmultz denied a divorce action from Sam Schmultz. 'Sam and I are the best pals in the world,' she smiled. Mrs. Highstep, and the two children, met the happy homecomers at the train. 'Just one happy family . . . all friends,' grinned Mr. Highstep.*"

When you really stop and think of it, Fanette, there *must* be something in names, in spite of Shakespeare's skepticism. And perhaps in photographic subjects, too . . .

Before me, on my desk, is a large and most affectionate picture of a movie star and her director-husband, taken soon after their wedding. They are locked fondly in one another's arms—in fact, the director's nose seems to be pressed smack into his wife's sea-shell of an ear. This is what is known as an intimate little peek into Hollywood social life and will probably be printed in all languages, including the Scandinavian. The caption reads: "Hollywood Director Gives Bride Big Bear Hug." Just for fun, picture your local banker and his frau snapped by the enthusiastic camera in equal informality with the note: *Local Banker Bites Mrs. On Ear.*

Hollywood, too, has a quaint way of handling such vital statistics as birth announcements. As far back as the first of March, it was printed in a Hollywood newspaper that Helen Twelvetrees (Mrs. Frank Woody) was expecting a "blessed event." The little stranger was expected (by the newspaper folk) "sometime in October." If this really becomes general practice, Fanette, imagine the excitement of the vital statistic columns which will read: "*Exactly nine months, two hours and a split second after you read this, Joe Goodfellow will be passing out cigars in the back of Taylor's drug store.*"

Put These in Your Local Paper

HONESTLY, I wonder why we don't just all break down and admit that movie stars are movie stars, and not to be copied too closely. If all this hasn't been a lesson to you, I'm honest-to-goodness reprinting the following items of the doings of the celebrated stars with just ordinary folksy names substituted for the box-office attractions that inspired the information. Read 'em and go and do likewise, if you can, Fanette:

At the opening of the local Opera House, Mrs. Bilyan Dollars was one of the most startlingly gowned women present. Mrs. Dollars' gown was of flowered cotton, with which she wore the famous diamond dog collar. Her coiffure was Grecian.

A son has arrived at the happy home of Mr. and Mrs. Walter So-And-So, prominent in social circles of this city. The boy will be called Walter So-And-So, Jr. The So-And-So's have another child, a two-year-old daughter, named Waltina in honor of her father.

Mr. and Mrs. Richfellow entertained at dinner last night in honor of their daughter, Miss Gwen Richfellow, who is going out of town for two weeks. Two hundred and twenty-five guests were bidden. Simplicity marked the charming affair throughout. A thirty-piece band supplied the dance melodies. Corsages of orchids were presented to all the lady guests. The stadium ballroom on the roof of the Richfellow's fifty-room home was the scene of the festivities.

The three ex-husbands of Mrs. Gay Little were glimpsed dining together the other evening. They call one another "brother-in-law."

Miss Wilma Potts of Bay Beach entertained with a small beach party last Sunday at her purple and pink cottage. After lunch Miss Potts and Charlie Hipps donned bathing suits and staged an informal wrestling match. The good wholesome fun was enjoyed by all.

Do you begin to see what I mean, Fanette? It is too much—much too much. Let the movie stars set our fashion paces and curl, or uncurl our hair, but let's leave the social life where it belongs . . . in Hollywood.

Here's hoping . . .
BARBARA FOSS.

Did You Know That—

Lina Basquette, who recently denied being married to Teddy Hayes, former Dempsey trainer, and then announced her engagement to him, has just won a Mexican divorce from Mr. Hayes—who, it turns out, did marry Lina on October 31, 1931?

Tommy Ince, son of the late Thomas Ince, producer, has just married Nancy Drexel, screen actress—and that they have entered college together for a honeymoon?

James Cagney and Warner Brothers are arbitrating their long-standing contract dispute?

Jean Harlow—Tortured by Tragedy

(Continued from page 71)

"Jean Harlow should make a good wife and mother," and explained why. Just three days before Jean was so tragically widowed, Miss Rice received this letter from her: "Your article in September Movie Classic really gave me great pleasure because of all the things in the world that I think a woman should be best fitted for is marriage and glorious motherhood, and I am sincerely grateful that you found these characteristics in my make-up. My heartfelt wishes for every good, beautiful and true thing that this life has to offer you. Most appreciatively, Jean Harlow."

Jean Harlow is twenty-one years old. Twenty-one is very young to be faced with tragedy and fear for the future. Twenty-one is very young to wonder if life is over. It is too late now to help those other beautiful and unhappy women whom Hollywood has watched pass into oblivion under the black shadow of tragedy.

A newspaper woman, who had known Paul Bern well, put the feeling of all Hollywood into words when she said:

"No matter what this terrible thing brings to light from his past life, Paul was the friend of everyone in trouble; when tragedy came, when disgrace threatened, when danger drew near, Paul was the first one to come to the rescue. If Jean Harlow had been married to some other man who killed himself, Paul Bern would be with her now, calming her in that wonderfully sympathetic way he had, seeing her through. He helped give Barbara La Marr, Mabel Normand, and Lucille Ricksen and many other women courage to die—and he helped many more women to find the courage to go on living. Wouldn't he want us to protect the woman he loved now—?"

The wound in Jean Harlow's heart may never heal—but life has to go on. The show has to go on. She has quietly returned to work in "Red Dust," on which she was working on that fateful morning. She is trying to carry on—bravely—as Paul Bern would have wished. The mystery of the motive for Paul's act may never be solved—but the public has it in its power to end one mystery in Jean's mind: What does the future hold for her?

Robert Cicero

Helen Twelvetrees, with her husband, Frank Woody, is shown en route to the home of her parents where she has awaited the stork

●

IF YOU WANT A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN INSTANTLY

...Enjoy a Fragrant Linit Beauty Bath!

The new Perfumed Linit Beauty Bath brings the fragrance of an old English Garden into your bath — and instantly makes the skin feel soft as velvet.

Merely dissolve a handful or more of the new Perfumed Linit in your bath — bathe in the usual way, using your favorite soap — and then feel your skin. Soft, smooth and delightfully refreshed.

After a Linit Beauty Bath there is left on the skin a fine coating of powder. This invisible "layer" of Linit makes powdering unnecessary, eliminates "shine" from neck and arms and harmlessly absorbs perspiration without clogging the pores.

Millions of women daily enjoy the Linit Beauty Bath. It is surprising that a beauty bath so luxurious, so effective in immediate results should be so inexpensive.

● *Linit, unscented, in the familiar blue package is on sale at grocers only. The new Perfumed Linit in the green, cellophane-wrapped package is sold by grocery stores, drug and department stores*

THE BATHWAY TO A SOFT, SMOOTH SKIN

LINIT
FOR THE BATH
Makes Your Skin Feel Soft and Smooth
LINIT
DELIGHTFULLY PERFUMED FOR THE BATH

New
MAKE-UP
from Hollywood

MARY ASTOR, *famous star, and Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius, using Max Factor's Face Powder.*

HOLLYWOOD—"What we have discovered in pictures about make-up... every woman should know," says Max Factor, Hollywood's genius of make-up. "Powder, rouge, lipstick, eyeshadow, to create fascinating beauty, must be in color harmony for each type of blonde, brunette, redhead and brownette."

You, yourself, have seen how Max Factor has revolutionized make-up, for in every picture from Hollywood Max Factor's make-up is used exclusively.

Discover the amazing difference in Max Factor's face powder... created to screen star types, each shade is a color harmony tone, composed of scientifically balanced chromatic colors so that even strongest daylight or artificial light will never make it appear off-color, spotty or powdery. Tested under blazing motion picture lights, and proved perfect for you by Hollywood's stars.

It creates that even, satin-smooth make-up you've so admired on the screen. It clings for hours and defies detection. Created originally for the screen stars, you may now share the luxury of Max Factor's face powder, nominally priced at one dollar a box. Rouge, lipstick and eyeshadow, created by Max Factor, in color harmony tones, are fifty cents each. Purity guarantee in each package. At all drug and dept. stores.

Find how to give your beauty added attraction with make-up in color harmony for your type. Mail coupon.

Max Factor's *Society* Make-Up
Cosmetics of the Stars ★★HOLLYWOOD

Miniature Powder Compact, FREE

MR. MAX FACTOR,
Max Factor Make-Up Studios
Hollywood, California.

Without obligation, send my Make-Up Color Harmony Chart, Complexion Analysis, and your 48-page illus. Book, *"The New Art of Society Make-Up"*; include Miniature Powder Compact in my color harmony shade. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for postage and handling.

Complexion	EYES	HAIR	SKIN
Fair ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE	Dry ☐
	Grey ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Oily ☐
Creamy ☐	Hazel ☐	BRUNETTE	LIPS
Medium ☐	Brown ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	Moist ☐
	Black ☐	BROWNETTE	Dry ☐
Ruddy ☐	LASHES	Light ☐ Dark ☐	AGE
	Light ☐	REDHEAD	
Olive ☐	Dark ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐	

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George Brent's Irish Luck Is Just Beginning!

(Continued from page 51)

accept the suggestion of turning his ambitious nature to the accomplishment of financial success.

Even to-day, after experiences in many parts of the world, which were for the sole purpose of strengthening the fibre of his character, he has retained a sensitiveness that is unusual, that enables him to appreciate his own company, to dislike parties, to be bothered by close-ups, to dress quietly, and to be self-conscious when being interviewed.

His Character, in Brief

THE total of the addition of the numbers of all the letters in the name of George Brent is the number "5," and as well as accounting for the sensitiveness already explained, this number gives him a decided inclination to be a jack-of-all-trades. It makes the outstanding qualities of his character versatility, resourcefulness, and great ability to meet emergencies and to work the hardest and the best under pressure, just as it reveals that the weak points are procrastination, too much eagerness in starting things, and not enough tenacity in seeing them through.

Born March 15, 1904, George Brent has had, and will continue to have, an interesting life, embracing many experiences of a contrasting nature. The number of his birthdate is also "5," like his name; and with this number before us it is easy to follow him from Ireland, to England, to France, where in the South his romantic temperament would find a happy environment; then to Egypt, and finally to America.

Except to see the world, to follow his fancy, and to seek to find a harmonious setting for his ideas and personality, he had no definite occupation or position in view. In Hollywood and the movies he has found the peak of the first period of his experiences, as well as the greatest outlet for his talents; and so for a time he will make the biggest effort to settle down of which he has been guilty so far.

The first thirty-one years of his life are under just the right number of "9," to bring him public recognition and success and the broadest opportunity for the development of his personality in art. When it comes to a matter of settling down or of identifying himself permanently with any one place or occupation, it will take an emotional disappointment, perhaps in marriage—a possibility, so the numbers say, for 1935—to bring him to the mental viewpoint and the practical need for concentrating his thoughts and efforts.

Success Will Mount Steadily

THE year of 1929 commenced, in the life of George Brent, a cycle or period of big success, especially in the movies, and this cycle is by no means ended with 1932. The beginning of this period followed a run of bad luck from his twenty-first to his twenty-fifth birthdays. These were hard years, precarious and unhappy, so that when the "breaks" began to come in 1929, and more in 1931, it was somewhat a swing of the pendulum of his eventful life from one extreme to the other.

1933 means a further advance in popularity for this young Irishman, and the more spectacular rôles of stardom are waiting for him, from the last of this year, through 1933 to the end of the summer of 1934, and it is in this last year that he will reap the greatest salary of his movie career.

With the year of 1935 will come the peak of his association with the screen. He will, according to the indications in his Numerological chart, have to continue with the development of his talents as an actor, but it is likely that he will return to the legitimate theatre. The more definite expression of his personality which the past three years have accomplished will give way with 1936 to a successful concentration upon dramatic talent until 1938.

When we remember that George Brent was born on the fifteenth day of the number "3" month of March, in a year the number of which was "5," it is safe to expect that with about eight years expression on screen and stage to his credit, by 1938, his Irish love of adventure and of personal freedom will once more assert themselves. Then an entirely different chapter of experience will be sought, just as far removed from Hollywood, its life and activities, as the movies, themselves, are proving to be a complete contrast to his former experiences.

Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 62)

THE **Maureen O'Sullivan-James Dunn** romance has temporarily gone "boom." But it has hit the rocks a couple of times before, so no one is taking this quarrel too seriously. The last time we saw Jimmy and Maureen together, they were in a front box at the marathon dancing endurance contest. Maureen was pulling hard for one favorite couple—and Jimmy for the other.

DICK POWELL, who made his screen début in "Blessed Event" and almost stole the picture, and Joan Marsh are going places and having fun. Dick is separated, but not divorced from a pretty non-professional in the East. Dick admits he likes Joan an awful lot, but as he isn't legally free for even a "rumored romance," he isn't saying more than that. Joan Marsh looks exactly like her father, Charles Rosher, the cameraman. Charlie, you remember, is the famous cameraman who photographed Mary Pickford in all her greatest silent screen successes.

MOST **airplane pilots and passengers** fly by the weather reports. With Mary Pickford, it is different. Mary flies by the stars. In other words, Mary, as a strong believer in astrology, will enter a plane for a trans-continental trip in a perfectly happy and safe frame of mind, if her favorite astrologist has predicted that the stars are "right" for flying. In case the stars are a little "doubtful," Mary takes the train. That's why she changed from 'plane to train on a recent trip to New York.

JEANETTE MacDONALD was very amused at having to deny that she and Maurice Chevalier were romantically interested in one another. Jeanette's name crept into the rumors when neither Marlene

Dietrich's nor Genevieve Tobin's would stand up.

"Really," laughed Jeanette, "it is too funny. It is like denying that you are in love with your own cousin, or your brother-in-law. I thought it was pretty well understood by everyone that Robert Ritchie and I were engaged—and, what's more, we are going to be married."

THERE is a strong possibility that the Countess de Frasso (née Dorothy Taylor) may appear in a picture opposite Gary Cooper. Not as a leading lady, but as a partner in a realistic adventure film depicting all the dangers of hunting big game.

When Gary and the Countess and her husband were in Africa six months ago, they made movies of their adventures, with which Gary has entertained his friends since his return to Hollywood. Dorothy Frasso, as the Countess is known in Hollywood, proved herself to be a sort of feminine Douglas Fairbanks in the pictures, and now a couple of Hollywood producers are beginning to wonder if such a film in feature length might not be attractive at the box-office.

Well, there are plenty of women who are *that* crazy to know what the Countess looks like!

CLARA BOW was shopping for a new gown in an exclusive Hollywood Boulevard store the other afternoon. There was one dress in particular that caught the fancy of the original red-headed woman. She was all set to purchase the stunning white evening gown, when a distressed saleswoman came back with the information that the identical dress had been sold to another star. As a rule, it means dynamite for two movie stars to be in possession of the same evening gown. There is usually a terrific "kick back" on the shop that made the error. But with Clara it was different!

"I'll take it anyway," she said. "I don't go to many Hollywood parties and"—with a little giggle—"it will come in handy up at the ranch!"

IT is perfectly true that Ann Dvorak has given Hollywood the cold shoulder (temporarily) and signed to make a movie with a British producing company. When last heard from, Ann and Leslie Fenton (her hubby) were still doing considerable "popping off" about hard-hearted Hollywood producers who work little starlets to death for a bare $250 weekly.

But a little bird whispered this news: that Ann is in constant communication with Hollywood to hear just how much the Warners are willing to "ante" her contract. When the right figure is reached we wouldn't be at all surprised to find Ann and Leslie back in hard-hearted Hollywood again.

THIS month's stork notes:

Richard Dix confesses that he and Mrs. Dix (née Winifred Coe) are shopping for nursery furniture.

It's a rumor that Kay Francis and Kenneth MacKenna will have a little MacKenna in the Spring.

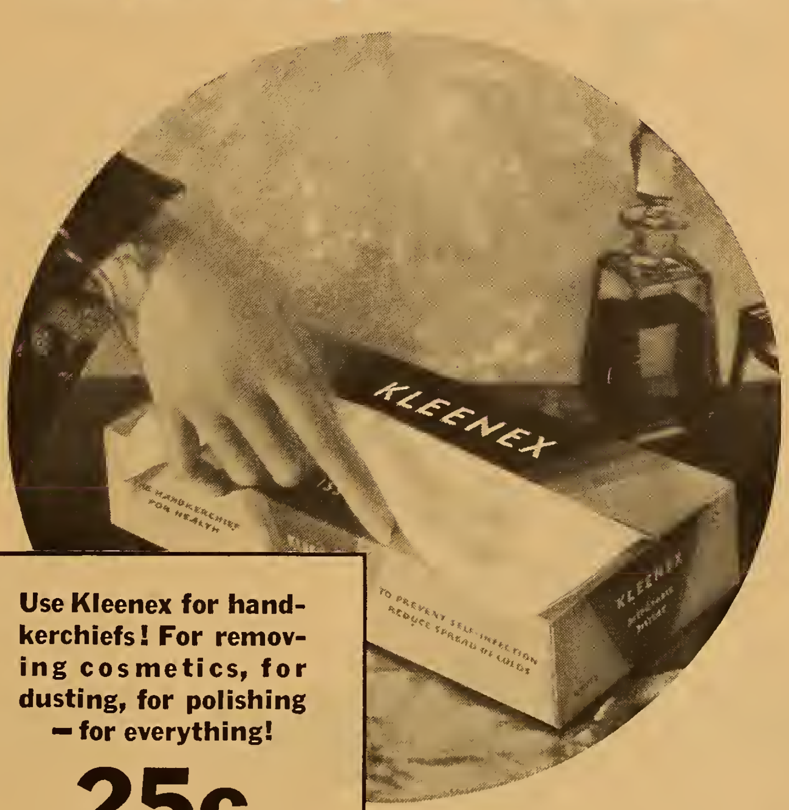
With the George Lewises, it's a boy.

Stuart Erwin and June Collyer also have a son.

PAULINE FREDERICK is opening a show at the famous El Capitan in Hollywood. Pauline, so we are told, would like to confine herself exclusively to the screen, but with movie parts few and far between . . . well, the El Capitan engagement has proved a film "comeback" to more than one star.

Another KLEENEX PRICE REDUCTION!

Full size package now costs but 25c



Use Kleenex for handkerchiefs! For removing cosmetics, for dusting, for polishing — for everything!

25c

NOW—use all the Kleenex you want! Be as lavish as you like! For the price is once more reduced. That big box—for which you paid 50c a year ago—35c six months ago—now costs but 25c!

At this new low price, no one need risk germ-filled handkerchiefs during colds. A Kleenex Tissue may be used once, then destroyed. There is no self-infection. No spreading germs to others, as when handkerchiefs are carried all day long, left in laundry bags, washed with other clothing.

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Kleenex is made of softest rayon-cellulose and is more absorbent than linen. Though the softest tissue available, it is also the strongest.

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Four Kleenex products

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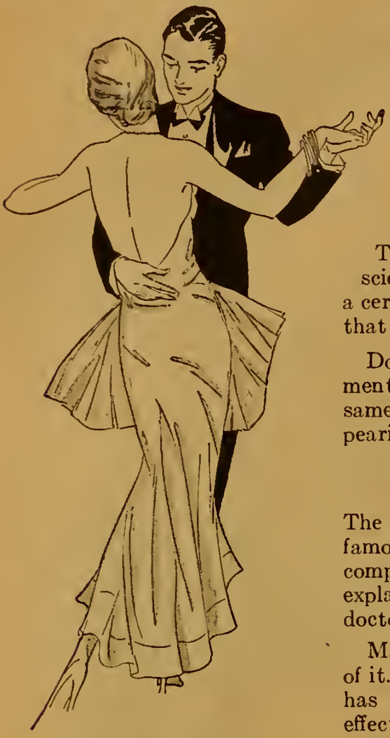

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MARIE DUNNE, Dept. K-11 122 FOURTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.

George Raft Won't Look At Girls Who Don't Wear Make-Up

(*Continued from page 44*)

He doesn't do those things any more. He will sit down now and talk with you, frankly and with a boyish, friendly manner. And before he has talked with you for five minutes, you begin to sense how homesick he is.

He says it is "for taxi drivers, fighting among themselves, for elevateds, subways, Broadway after night—noise, hurry, people in smart clothes, *going places* . . ." The bustle, the excitement, the tempo of New York.

"Taken for a Ride"

THE reporters, I think, frightened George a little at first. "They certainly took me for a ride," he complained to one writer. "They sure put me on the spot! Trying to find out something about my past that would make headlines in scandal sheets . . . trying to get the wrong low-down. . . ."

But the busy sleuths of the Press never learned anything against George in all their investigating. And now he feels better about things. But, however friendly or however approving Hollywood may be toward him, George will never feel at home there. It simply is not his world!

"This seems like the country," he complains of Hollywood and Malibu and Beverly Hills. "What am I to do between pictures? I don't want to lie on the beach and turn the color of a dance floor! I don't want to go around in slacks and a sweater—I'm not comfortable! I don't drink—so I don't want to dawdle about somebody's swimming pool in a bathing suit, holding a highball! No real night-clubs—imagine a place with no night-clubs! What can you *do?*"

George is a child of Manhattan. "I grew up there, on the streets," he will tell you. "I sold papers all through my boyhood and saved my money to buy clothes. That's what I've always wanted most—nice clothes! I used to walk along Broadway at night and think how swell it would be to *belong* there—to be one of Broadway's own people. After a while, after I got to be a prize-fighter and then a fairly successful dancer and was known a little and really *was* one of Broadway's boys—it was grand to walk along there at night and remember. . . .

"I never wanted to leave Broadway even for a little while. Ziegfeld offered me a job once with a company he was sending to Florida. You know what it always meant to anybody to work for Ziegfeld! He offered me less money than I was making, dancing in a night-club, but he pointed out that I would have the trip, a visit to the Florida beaches in the winter—and the advertising that went with working for him.

Why He Turned Down Ziegfeld

"I TOLD him that I knew exactly what all that meant to a chap like me. But I didn't want to leave New York and I didn't care about going to any beach. I could wait until summer and go to Coney Island. I wanted the money I was making — for clothes, to wear on Broadway. I wanted the kind of life I was leading. Working for him couldn't make up for losing those things, even for a little while. People couldn't understand me. They thought I was crazy. But that's the way I am."

Hollywood is a place of exile for the Raft boy, who is being built up to stardom in the Valentino manner. But it means money for shirts. "All the shirts I want!" he gloats. Pictures are "a swell racket," in his own, night-club phrase—and even an exile can always go back to Broadway for visits, fill his lungs with friendly, sooty air, plunge into the bustle, see "the boys," go to bed at daylight and breakfast at seven in the evening. But in the interims he wanders Hollywood forlornly, in his meticulously tailored suits, his exquisitely matched shirts and ties and socks, his custom-made shoes and hats—a strange, lithe, lonely figure among the casual, be-sweatered sun-worshipers.

Of course, he has Mr. Finn. Mr. Finn is George's own kind, talks George's language—the lingo of Forty-Second Street and Broadway—and he apparently never gets more than ten feet away from his employer. A neat, earnest, friendly little chap. The studio calls him George's "secretary" and it is true that he makes George's appointments and attends to divers small details. But I think he is most important as a link for George with that other world. Raft introduced him to me as "my bodyguard," adding, with a sardonic little smile, "A guy who plays in so many gangster pictures ought to have one. I might be bumped off at any moment!" We pretended it was true and that we might expect the gunplay to start at any moment, as the three of us sauntered to the studio commissary for a sedate soda, between scenes of "Night After Night."

Things That Upset Him

MR. FINN had, it seemed, a day or so before, conveyed to George the unsettling news that there were people in the studio who didn't like him. George was upset. "You shouldn't have told me!" he reproached his shadow. "Now, you see, I got a worriment on my mind!"

Mr. Finn disagreed with him. "It's better for you to know—so you can be careful. You can, maybe, fix it up with them."

"No. If I try to do that, they want to know who told me, they get mad at *you*, everything gets mixed up and then it's worse than it was before. I'd rather not know about it!" George had a worried wrinkle upon his really admirable brow.

I interrupted this family chat. "If you are going to worry about things like that, you're going to be busy," I advised him. "No one in Hollywood likes anybody who is making a success in pictures. And your success has been downright spectacular, you know!"

"If you are going to amount to anything, you'll be criticized," Mr. Finn urged. "Why, some people even criticize God!"

There didn't seem to be any answer to that. So we went back to George's homesickness.

"Working in the daytime was pretty bad at first," he told me. "I hadn't done it for years. My life in New York was all lived at night. I used to dance in a supper club before the theatre; then rush to do my stuff in a musical comedy, changing my clothes in the taxi, then back to the club for the midnight show; then to another club, where I danced twice—the second time at about six in the morning. Then I had something to eat, went home and went to bed. I had breakfast when other people were having dinner. That's what I *like*. That's my life. Broadway . . ."

No Highballs for George

ALL the drama, the excitement, the romance of a big city comes to life at night, George thinks, mourning for the tinseled whirlpool he has left behind him. "The big shots are out then—the big things are popping," is the way he puts it.

It was in night-clubs that he learned to let liquor alone. "I saw what it *did* to people," he explained. "And I decided that I didn't want anything like that to happen to me! You've got to have your wits about you—there—to get along. And liquor does things to your wits. Besides, they used to forget to be ladies and gentlemen!"

Being a "gentleman" is a sort of fetish with George. He wants, more than anything else in the world (even more than he wants seventeen dozen shirts), to be correct, to

Don't take chances with your mouth . . .

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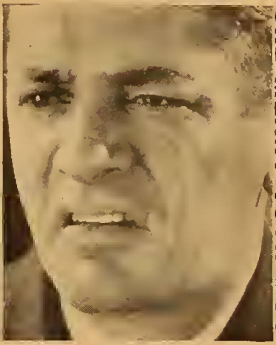

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Amazing discovery. Flabby, sagging busts yield quickly to this remarkable home treatment. A few minutes a day soon restores measurements to firm, youthful roundness. You will see results within 30 days. Women marvel at this simple, safe and sure method of reducing busts to normal size. I will send my **free booklet** on request. No obligation. Write today.

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Sudden Change to
COMPLEXION
BEAUTY
Amazed Her Friends

But she never told them why. For years her skin was dull and sallow. Pimples, blotches and blemishes caused by constipation marred her chance of beauty. But not any more.

Stuart's calcium wafers worked their wonders for her. Gentle internal cleansers—they quickly help to remove the *cause:* intestinal stasis and poisonous wastes that dull the eye, blotch the skin and stupefy the mind and personality.

A five day test of Stuart's Calcium Wafers will often work a wondrous change: soft, silken skin clear and free from faults! Bright, sparkling eyes! Alert and vigorous in mind and body! No wonder that so many thousands of people find that an occasional sugar-coated Calcium Wafer (Stuart's) is all the tonic that they need.

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Enough for full test—ample to prove the value to you of Stuart's Calcium Wafers—will be sent you, if you mail this coupon to the Stuart Co., Dept. 31-A Marshall, Mich.
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know what is "the right thing to do"—and to do it, carefully and without a flaw. He wants his companions to be just as meticulous as he is in every detail of their lives.

He was deeply disappointed in the lovely Hollywood lady whom he met at a party (she was wearing evening clothes and satisfactory make-up) and who, when he called upon her a few days later, received him in lounging pajamas. *He* had put on the proper masculine attire for calling upon a lady. He had spent time and thought and effort upon his appearance. It seemed a waste, somehow. And rather too bad! He didn't go there any more.

The early part of George's life may have been a tussle with circumstances. He may have pitted his shrewd wits against the seamier elements of a great city. It may be true (he has said it was) that the only people who believed in him enough to finance him in his fight to enter pictures were men who'll never crash the Social Register. But, once attained, pictures, "the swell racket," have been "soft."

He is still bewildered and somewhat amused over the ecstatic reviews of his performance in "Quick Millions," his first picture. Particularly, the comments on a sequence in which he had killed a man and he had to make a long walk toward the camera.

"We did the murder scene two weeks before we did the walk," he recounts. "Now, how can you look as if you have just killed a guy when you *haven't?* Well, I just sauntered out and did the scene, dead-pan—as casually as I would stroll out for a glass of water. And the critics said, What a great performance! The *cold-bloodedness* of the man! Can you beat it?"

He is the picture, the very epitome, of the popular conception of the gangster—handsome, dark, sphinx-like. Dancing and prizefighting have given him a cat-like grace of movement. Remember him as the bodyguard in "Scarface"—with his naive love for fine raiment, his worship of formality and elegance? There is a nice, boyish something about George that belies the sinister suggestions of his appearance. The twang of the New York streets is disappearing from his speech under the tutelage of a teacher of diction. He will be a valuable addition to any studio—if they don't spoil him. But he will never be happy—he will always be an exile—in Hollywood. Unless he finds a girl—preferably pale—to share his exile!

Gloria Stuart feels pretty safe at the top of that ladder now that she has appeared in "Air Mail" and "The All-American"

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Women cooks prepare the food for the Hotel Lexington restaurants. That's why it's so delicious and wholesome. And Lexington restaurant prices, like its room rates, are sensible—35c for breakfast, 65c for luncheon and $1.00 for dinner in the main dining room.

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Movie Classic's Letter Page

(*Continued from page 8*)

something deeper than looks and acting ability, deeper even than personality. It's something that can't be defined, but it's there, and how we women love it!

Charles Laughton belongs to the second class. He's not a leading man. He played the villain in his first American picture. And yet I, at least, came out of the theatre feeling only pity for the man he portrayed. "Devil and the Deep" introduced a very complex character in Tallulah Bankhead's husband. He was a man insanely jealous, cruel to his wife, and—loved and admired by all who knew him. Doesn't sound plausible, does it? But Charles Laughton made it so real that he got the sympathy that should have been awarded to Tallu'. You'll like that man. He's fat, and not handsome, but you forget that the moment he comes on the screen. He's such a thoroughly splendid chap, and such a great actor that he merits more rôles such as this.

DOROTHY SUTER, Youngstown, O.

Why Not Follow the Original Story?

WHY do studio executives allow their staff to purchase excellent stories, and then change them so radically, that persons who read the original come away from the theatre, keenly disappointed in the picture?

Obviously, it is necessary with some stories. But was it necessary in the case of Arthur Stringer's "Mudlark"? A clean appealing story of a man's and woman's bitter struggle to understanding love and successful livelihood.

Why was a tawdry night club, a sniffling nose (which was meant to be funny, but appeared ridiculous), also a bloody brawl, introduced in this vehicle? None of them was present in the story.

Because of the few really good stories to be had in comparison to the great many pictures produced, I suppose we are bound to see some "flops." But when one goes to a theatre, knowing a certain story to be splendid, and expecting the utmost in entertainment, only to find all sorts of cheap innovations, it is disgusting.

So many times the very essence of the theme is lost through these changes. Why do we read of authors disagreeing with producers over the filming of their stories, if this is not true?

FLORENCE REINHARDT, Oakland, Cal.

Good News

COLUMBIA will no longer get stories to fit certain stars, but will get players to fit their stories. What glorious news! Truly Columbia is to be congratulated! I think this is a decided step in better picture building.

How anaemic has been the acting of certain stars "brought up" to play specific rôles! How uninteresting to have the same "type" hashed and rehashed.

Great actors of former years had to offer variety to be great. Lately, the suffering public had to be content with the same dish offered by a company who had signed a player for a long-term contract. One could shut one's eyes, yet know when "the artist" would raise an eyebrow! If it were not for a change of settings and costumes the pictures might all have had the same titles.

I believe this move of Columbia will put new blood into the picture industry and that the interest of the picture-going public will be stimulated, at least, fifty per cent. More power to Columbia!

IRENE F. COHEN, Leavenworth, Kan.

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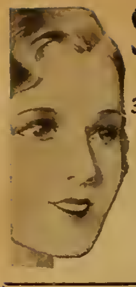

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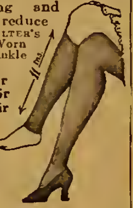

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Little Caesar Tosses Some Verbal Bombs

(*Continued from page 41*)

pay his meagre rent and give his children decent educations. I hate the thought that there are so many men who cannot have the necessities of life and enough of the comforts to make life more than a bearable thing.

"I hate the thought that we have to harden ourselves to this in order to go on living. Human nature is such that if we thought too deeply about things like these, we would all go mad and no good would be accomplished. But I hate sentimentalities—mottoes, slogans, charities—futile gestures that touch only the surface of the world's wrongs, too cowardly to dig down and dig up the roots.

Says Children Are Taught Lies

"I HATE the way I was brought up. I hate the way all children are brought up—on lies. Lies that, when we reach manhood or womanhood, leave us totally unprepared for the living of life. We are taught things that should be so, but are not so. We are not taught the things that are really so. The legend of Santa Claus is only one of dozens of such tales we have to unlearn when we grow up. It is symbolic of the whole fairy tale education of children.

"If I had children, I would not teach them lies about God. I would let them seek their own God—and find Him, if they could. I would not teach them lies about Life, the beauty of it, the fairness. I would teach them the hard, inescapable facts of Nature, the ruthless and rhythmic way in which she works, the small parts we are of the whole. I would teach them about decay and Death. I would make them accept it, not fear it, not attach the importance and dread to it that most people feel. I would teach them that it is an inevitable part of the scheme of things, as much to be expected and as casually to be accepted as any other factor of the body or the world. I hate the way children are 'educated' to-day.

"I hate the thought that we are approaching, here in America, another Fall of Rome. When luxury and revolution and threats of revolution and decadence and other such elements reared their ugly heads, Rome was doomed. And I have the feeling that, here in America, such elements are rearing their ugly heads to-day. I hate the thought that the Youth of America has no better ideal to strive for, no higher soap-box to mount, no greater Men and Causes to work for than it seems to have.

What Price Individuality?

"I HATE the knowledge that if a man does depart one iota from the thing he is taught to say or is expected to do, he is instantly under suspicion. He is accused of being a Red or a dangerous lunatic.

"I hate Prohibition—of course. It's hypocritical.

"I hate the thought of having too much money. The Other Fellow would haunt me. I want only enough to give my family the things they need and want.

"I hate to be tied to one place. I like to work in Hollywood, but I'd hate the thought of having to live here, or any other place, permanently. I love to travel, to know the peoples of other lands, to stay there and talk their language.

"I hate to study. I have managed to acquire six languages by forcing myself to study the rudiments and getting the rest by talking to the natives. I hate to work. I'm lazy to the bone. I think I was a lizard in a past incarnation. (I believe in a general state of reincarnation.) But because I hate to work, I work all the harder, force myself to try for perfection down to the last small detail of every performance I give.

"I love the movies and I love my work, because I believe in pictures—in the good they do—in the doors they open to many people. I believe in my work when it is honest, when I can be as sincere with the characters I am talking to as I am, here and now, talking with you. I hate anything I can't believe in. I do believe in pictures.

"I hate those players who do not take picture work seriously, who profess to look down on it or say they are working in movies only for the money to be had.

"I hate worry, and so I am constantly worried. Worried about the current production, whatever it happens to be, worried about the direction, worried about the other members of the cast, the very clothes they wear, the dressing of the sets.

Hates Publicity—Sometimes

"I HATE publicity—at times. I love to browse along the boulevards of the world, poking about in old book shops and in antique shops, unnoticed, unrecognized. When I can't do that—when some stranger nudges some other stranger and says, 'There goes Eddie Robinson!'—I am furious, because I am made to feel self-conscious. And my chief and most violent hate is to be made self-conscious. And that's what public recognition does for you when you don't feel up to it.

"I also hate the thought, however,"—and Eddie laughed that pleasant, mellow laugh of his—"that the day may come when no stranger will recognize me. I suppose I'd hate that worst of all, knowing what it would mean.

"I hate telephone calls early in the morning. I can snarl in my best *Little Caesar* manner when anyone is unwise enough to dial me before ten a.m. I hate pink teas and the stiffness of formal dinner parties. I hate any person, or place that is not natural, real, unaffected, *human.*

"I hate to write letters—and never do. I hate to make speeches, because speech-making makes me self-conscious; and I can become *Little Caesar* again when I am called upon to 'perform in the parlor.' I hate to spend money for garters or suspenders. I also hate to buy new straps for my wrist watches. I've carried the same walking stick for years, and I don't know whether this means that I love the cane or hate the bother of buying a new one.

"But of all these hates, some important, some unimportant—*I hate intolerance the worst.* Intolerance of any person, or any creed, or any race, or any boundary line on the face of the earth, or on the faces of us who move, so temporarily, over the face of the earth.

"I love individuals. I love my work. I love my wife and step-daughter and my family. If there is a *Little Caesar* in every man, there is also a God in every man. It behooves us to look for Him."

Did You Know That—

Garbo has spent much of her time in Sweden at the estate of Victor Seastrom, famous Swedish director, who left Hollywood just before the talkies, in search of "artistic freedom"?

Aline MacMahon, in private life, is the wife of Clarence Stein, famous New York architect—and that when she finishes a picture, one or the other rushes across the continent so that they can be together?

Gilbert Roland, who went with Clara Bow once upon a time, is her leading man in "Call Her Savage"?

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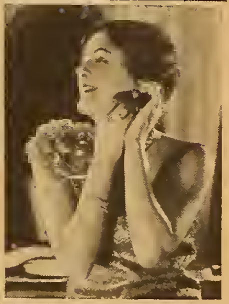

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Between Ourselves

(*Continued from page 6*)

it hadn't been kidded before on the screen, and now George M. Cohan is rounding off the job in "The Phantom President." "Crooner" was a hilarious debunking of the Great Lovers of the Air Waves. "Blessed Event" and "Is My Face Red?" did the same thing for the gossip columnists. "Horse Feathers," sheer nonsense, gave football a push on the noseguard—and "Rackety Rax" is about to do likewise. "The Crooked Circle" and "Strangers of the Evening" made murder mysteries comic. "Make Me a Star" and "Movie Crazy" laughed about the struggles—which usually aren't funny—of getting into the movies. "Once in a Lifetime" was a devastating joke at Hollywood's own expense. Pictures like these are something new on the Hollywood horizon, which used to be dotted with custard pies, surprise falls, funny faces and old clothes to extract a laugh from the paying customers.

WILL ROGERS, writing in the Hearst papers, comments: "There is one epidemic now that I think could be discontinued. . . You sometimes do wonder if it's absolutely necessary before a picture is released that it have the word 'hell' in the title. Looks like if they had to have it, they could put more hell into the picture and leave it out of the title." I hope the producers don't neglect reading Will. He has lassoed a thought that has struck hordes of moviegoers, who are getting in the habit of cussing just by looking at movie billboards. It's the producers now—not the small boys—who are writing on the fences of the nation.

GARBO and Dietrich, Constance Bennett and Gloria Swanson are not the greatest women rivals in Hollywood. Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer are. They are the most ambitious actresses in the whole movie village—and for either to reach the peak of success, she will have to top the other. That looks like a tough job. How could Norma be better than Joan in "Rain," or how could Joan be better than Norma in "Smilin' Through"?

BEFORE very long, it isn't going to matter if Emil Jannings ever comes back to America. And you'll know what I mean if you saw Charles Laughton as Tallulah Bankhead's insanely jealous husband in "The Devil and the Deep." This suave English character actor, who is much younger than he looks, is built along the Jannings lines—and by the mere flicker of an eyelid or a twist of his mouth can reveal more emotion than most of the screen's Great Lovers put together. You weren't supposed to like him in "The Devil and the Deep," but if you could help doing so, you're a better man than I am. He has the glamour of subtlety, which is even rarer than the "mystery" so many stars try to cultivate. He plays *Nero* in "The Sign of the Cross," and next is starring in "Payment Deferred," in which he plays an undetected murderer, dramatizing the horror of conscience. Give yourself the treat of discovering him!

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BY PATRICIA GORDON

The Music ends—softly. A momentary hush. A throng; but *you* seem mysteriously detached. It is your *moment*. Something portends. Born on the strange silence, a remark—about *you*. Some one says, "She *is* lovely!" No *conscious* flattery this—*not* meant to be overheard. And so, a *thrilling compliment*.

"So Lovely, so Exquisite!" How? Pretty clothes, daintiness, poise, chic? As *background*, yes. But as to these, men see *dimly*. Only women are *critical*. Men observe colorful cheeks, are entranced by luscious lips, thrilled by eyes brilliant and mysterious. Sh-h-h-h! make-up! Ah yes; but make-up *so* clever, *so* artistic that to masculine eyes it appears as *natural*.

Some Women Know — Some Do Not. How can it be otherwise than true? When a woman will tolerate *obvious* make-up, she simply *does not know* the glamorous beauty of *harmonized* Princess Pat make-up. The rouge, for instance. Of the famous Duo-Tone blend. A mystery of radiant beauty so natural that its glowing color seems actually to come from within the skin. Powder of precious *almond base* (instead of chalky starch). Softer than any other powder; far more clinging. Powder to velvet any skin to smooth, aristocratic perfection. And lip rouge! So wonderfully natural, so smooth, so free of waxy substance. To color lips divinely, to be wholly indelible.

Each With The Other Harmonized. How different! Whatever Princess Pat rouge, powder and eye make-up shades you choose will invariably *harmonize*. A secret *color theme* invests Princess Pat make-up with this marvelous advantage. With *usual* make-up there is ever the risk of discordant shades; but *never* with Princess Pat.

Make-up To Go With Costume. Because *any* shade of Princess Pat rouge will match *your* skin, you may choose with the color of your *costume* in mind. Simply choose the more *intense* shades of rouge for strongly colored costumes, the softer rouge shades for softer costume colors. There are shades of Princess Pat rouge, fulfilling your every requirement for stunning, individualized make-up.

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● ● This famous Introductory Kit contains rouge and lip rouge to last two weeks to a month; also a purse size, metal box of Princess Pat face powder and a book of new copyrighted beauty secrets. The 10c is simply for postage and packing. An extraordinary offer; made to acquaint you with three delightful Princess Pat beauty aids.

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ROUGE
LIP ROUGE

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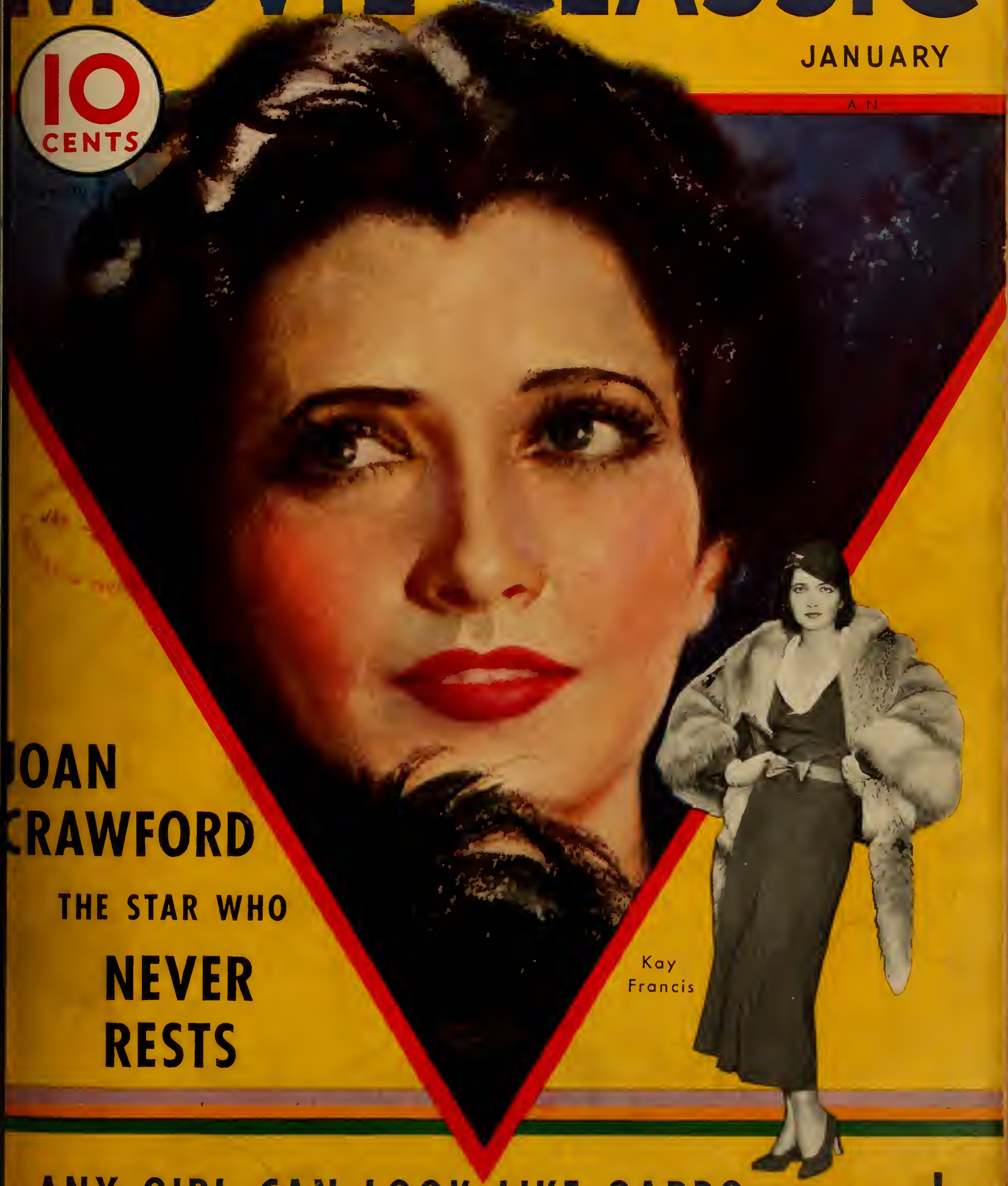
LATEST HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS

MOVIE CLASSIC

10 CENTS

JANUARY

AN



Kay Francis

JOAN CRAWFORD

THE STAR WHO

NEVER RESTS

ANY GIRL CAN LOOK LIKE GARBO . . MAYBE!

The fewer colds the less risk of MASTOID TROUBLE

Gargle with Listerine twice a day to fight Colds and Sore Throat

When your throat is sore or you feel a cold coming on, gargle with Listerine every two hours. It often relieves the sore throat and checks the progress of the cold.

In a plea for the prevention of colds, a noted authority makes this startling statement: "Not only mastoid and sinus infections, but bronchitis, asthma, and pleurisy are usually traceable to preceding colds."

Most colds begin in the throat. The germs that cause them or accompany them enter through the mouth. Some lodge there, others travel to the throat from whence they move upward to the nose.

Clearly, one of the major steps in *preventing* colds is *to keep the mouth and throat as clean as possible.* That is why the twice-a-day gargle with full strength Listerine has always been recommended.

The moment Listerine enters the mouth it begins to kill germs. As it sweeps over the mucous membrane, it kills outright the millions of bacteria clinging to it. Tests show a reduction as high as 99% of such bacteria. What a protection that is at all times—and *invaluable* when a cold is coming on!

Controlled tests on hundreds of men and women have revealed that regular twice-a-day users of Listerine, contracted fewer colds than those who did not gargle with it. Their colds were also less severe.

The brilliant results accomplished by Listerine in combating colds, cannot be expected from harsh, bitter, powerful mouth washes which damage tissue. When a mouth wash irritates tissue, it encourages infection rather than retards it, because irritation makes it easier for germs to gain entrance.

Listerine's success lies in the fact that while highly germicidal it is at the same time safe in action; does not irritate delicate tissues.

Make a habit of gargling with full strength Listerine every morning and every night as an aid in preventing colds. Remember also to avoid draughts, sudden changes of temperature, cold or wet feet, and over-exposure to cold temperatures. Physicians also advise against over-eating and over-indulgences of any kind. Dress adequately for the day, bathe frequently, and get 8 hours sleep. When a cold does develop, get into bed and call your doctor. A cold promptly treated may spare you years of misery and ill health. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

LISTERINE SUCCEEDS BECAUSE SAFE

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

Primps For Hours Before a Party —*Ignores Her Teeth and Gums* *and she has* "pink tooth brush"!

Those hours of "primping" haven't been wasted! But if the young lady would look as closely at her teeth as *other* people do—she'd take better care both of her teeth and her gums.

"Pink" upon your tooth brush indicates that your gums are too tender—that they bleed easily. This condition may lead not only to serious gum troubles such as gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea—but to dingy, grayish teeth—so that some day you may think twice before you smile!

Ipana and Massage defeat "pink tooth brush"

Keep your gums firm and healthy—and your teeth clean and bright with Ipana and massage.

Restore to your gums the stimulation they need, and of which they are robbed by the soft, modern food that gives them so little natural work. Each time you clean your teeth with Ipana, rub a little more Ipana directly on your gums, massaging gently with your finger or the tooth brush.

Start it tomorrow morning. Buy a full-size tube. Follow the Ipana method regularly and your teeth will shine brighter, your gums will be firmer than they've been since you were a child. "Pink tooth brush" will depart.

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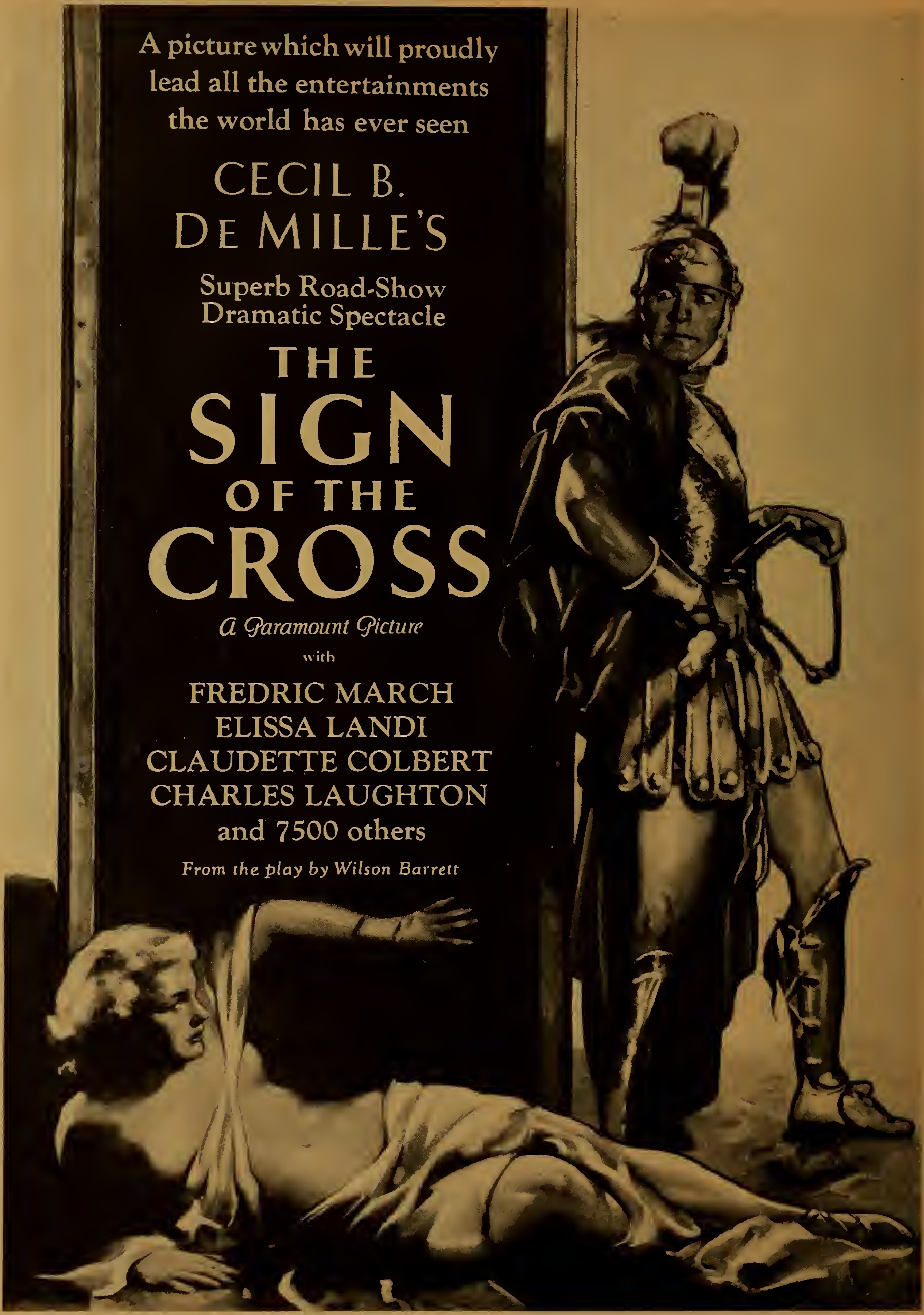
A Good Tooth Paste, Like a Good Dentist, Is Never a Luxury



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THE SIGN OF THE CROSS

A Paramount Picture

with

FREDRIC MARCH
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CLAUDETTE COLBERT
CHARLES LAUGHTON
and 7500 others

From the play by Wilson Barrett

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DEC 27 1932

THE TABLOID MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN

MOVIE CLASSIC

VOL. 3 No. 5

JANUARY, 1933

KAY FRANCIS Proves That Brunettes Can Win!

If anyone has punctured the legend that "gentlemen prefer blondes," it is raven-haired Kay Francis. And it looks as if she is going to keep on doing it for some time to come—for she has just signed a new two-year Warner contract at an increased salary.

And the fact that Kay is so popular is a compliment to moviegoers—for she appeals primarily to intelligent, sophisticated people. You never see Kay in rags, copiously weeping. You see her as girls who have style and wit and can take care of themselves in any situation.

Kay and husband Kenneth MacKenna own an old Colonial farm on Cape Cod, to which they plan to retire some day and raise a family. But until that distant day, watch for Kay to do more clever things like "Trouble in Paradise" and "Cynara"!

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COVER DRAWING OF KAY FRANCIS BY MARLAND STONE

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MOVIE CLASSIC *is published monthly at 350 E. 22nd St., Chicago, Ill., by* MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. *Entered as second class matter July 29, 1931 at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879; printed in U. S. A. Editorial and Executive Offices, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y.* *Copyright 1932 by* MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. *Single copy 10c. Subscriptions for U. S., its possessions, and Mexico $1.00 a year, Canada $2.50, Foreign Countries, $2.50. European Agents, Atlas Publishing Company, 18 Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4. Stanley V. Gibson, President and Publisher, William S. Pettit, Vice President, Robert E. Canfield, Secretary-Treasurer.*

MOVIE CLASSIC comes out on the 10th of every Month

BETWEEN OURSELVES

WHEN the snow begins to fly, that's the time when all good moviegoers like to look back over the year just past and name the ten best pictures. In fact, it proves that you are a good moviegoer if you have the habit. No one can accuse you of going to the movies just to kill time, instead of shopping for the best you can get in drama, comedy or romance. If you are looking for something to enrich your own emotional experience, something to cherish in memory—then you are more than just a moviegoer; you are one of the best friends that The Movies of the Future have. For the whole uplift of entertainment depends on whether or not you and I appreciate the good pictures when they do come along and reject the weak ones.

PERSONALLY, I've found it a tough job to list the *ten* best pictures of the year. 1932 has been the biggest year yet, in the history of the talkies, for entertainment that really mattered. There have been at least thirty—count 'em, thirty—standout pictures. That's an average of one every twelve days, which, if you remember the old movies, is something to telegraph—not write—home about.

BEFORE I pared my list of thirty down to twenty and then to ten, I asked myself, "What do you want 'best' to mean?" And back flashed the answer, "The most memorable." Subconsciously, that's what everyone means when he speaks of "the ten best," whether he's referring to Ed Wynn puns or lame-duck Congressmen. So here goes, and may the chips fall where they may. These are the ten 1932 pictures that gave me the most to remember them by:

"American Madness," "Back Street," "A Bill of Divorcement," "Broken Lullaby," "Grand Hotel," "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang," "Life Begins," "Maedchen in Uniform," "Scarface," and "Smilin' Through."

AND these are my reasons: "American Madness" came along at just the right moment, and said just the right thing—that America was letting its ideals slip; moreover, it said so with power and gave us the greatest mob scene of the talkies. Of all the movies of "forbidden" romance during the year (and there certainly were plenty of them!), "Back Street" towered above all the others with its sensitiveness, its human simplicity, its down-to-earthness. "A Bill of Divorcement" was likewise powerful in its simplicity, but had the additions of intensity and suspense; it is the talkies' most dramatic study of suppressed emotions. "Broken Lullaby" was the most effective anti-war propaganda since "All Quiet on the Western Front" electrified the world. "Grand Hotel" was vivid, passionate melodrama, acted with cameo clearness by a remarkable cast.

"I AM a Fugitive from a Chain Gang" left me limp from the conflict of emotions it stirred up in me—the horror of brutality and injustice that it gave me. "Life Begins" brought the great drama of Birth to the screen for the first time—and brought it vividly, with many moods. "Maedchen in Uniform" was the year's most sensitive picture—a keen study of young girls, acted with such naturalness that it transcended drama and became reality. "Scarface," in its brutal, unashamed force, did more than all the other gangster pictures together to make gangland a menace, not something to be taken for granted and dismissed, like the prohibition laws. "Smilin' Through" was the zenith in effective sentimentality—a love story that went about the business of being just a love story, with directness and dispatch, and with no intrusion of unnecessary side drama. It created a powerful mood. Each of these ten did. That's why I'm raving about them. What's the use of going to the movies, anyway, if you can't get dramatic, yourself, *inside?*

THE pictures I'd list as the ten second-best are: "Blessed Event"—the most devastating of all the year's many satires; "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"—and I defy anyone to forget *Jekyll's* transformation into *Hyde;* "The Doomed Battalion"—a war picture that painted the agony and terror of battle without being brutal or sordid; "The Man Who Played God"—subtly sentimental drama of bitterness and happiness, realized to its utmost by George Arliss; "The Mouthpiece"—which, with its powerful, biting, dramatic irony, started an avalanche of exposé pictures; "Once in a Lifetime"—Hollywood's side-splitting laugh at itself, and even an improvement over the play; "Payment Deferred"—a horror story whose horror was intense because it dramatized conscience, not hideous characters; "Shanghai Express"—which, whether realistic or not, made the Orient more vivid than it had ever been in the movies before; "Strange Interlude"—the most ambitious picture of the year, which, while lacking the intensity of the play, was still fascinating with its "asides"; and "What Price Hollywood?"—Hollywood's best dramatization of itself.

FOR months (I've forgotten just how many), I've been hammering away on this page to persuade the movies to dramatize the depression and unemployment, to get busy and mirror the dramatic times we are going through. The cameras went on grinding out artificial dramas, and my shouts were lost in the commotion. But the movies finally have caught the idea—and are seizing upon it as an inspiration. Don't pat me on the back; send your congratulations to Franklin D. Roosevelt, the well-known newsreel star. He is the man who worked the miracle.

He coined the phrase, "the forgotten man"—and the phrase stuck. The more it was used, the more dramatic it became. Finally, everyone was conscious of this out-of-work, out-of-luck chap, this unsung unfortunate. It came to be realized that this "extra" would go down in history, while many of the leading men in the great modern drama would be the ones forgotten. The studios assigned writers to create scenarios about him. But Columbia beat all the others to the draw with "The Forgotten Man," to star Jack Holt. Columbia ought to be called the gem of the movies for that—if they only live up to our expectations. Make enough people bitterly conscious of the plight of the unemployed, and something will be done about unemployment in a hurry. And the quickest, most effective way to make people conscious of it—as I've been saying, over and over (apparently to myself)—is by way of the movies.

THIS has certainly been a big year for comebacks. Clara Bow, newly launched on what she calls "a second career," has finished "Call Her Savage." Corinne Griffiths' comeback picture, "Lily Christine," made in England, is ready for release in America. Alice White, once Clara's great rival, comes back in a featured rôle in "Employees' Entrance." Vilma Banky is now abroad, making the exterior scenes for her film comeback in "The Rebel." Harry Langdon, the wistful comic, gives Al Jolson a run for first honors in "Happy-Go-Lucky." Both have been away a long time. Colleen Moore is impatiently awaiting her chance at M-G-M, where she is under contract. Tom Mix, away for three years, again is leading the cowboy parade. The public apparently hasn't found any substitutes for "the old, familiar faces." Moviegoers don't like to see their old favorites crowded out to make way for the new. They want both!

Larry Reid

TOGETHER FOR THE FIRST TIME ON THE SCREEN!

ETHEL

JOHN

LIONEL

BARRYMORE

The Royal Family of the American Show World

Madman, saint or devil? Was he one or all of these?

You hear it everywhere . . . whispers from the West gather like a storm . . . underground reports travel across the breadth of America . . . ONE OF THE GREATEST PICTURES OF ALL TIME IS COMING! The vast resources of M-G-M, the money, the talent, the genius of the most celebrated producing company on earth are focused on the creation of a mighty entertainment.

RASPUTIN

with RALPH MORGAN • DIANA WYNWARD

Directed by Richard Boleslavsky • Screen Play by Charles MacArthur

Heir to the throne of all Russia —yet only a boy in his mother's arms!

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER TRIUMPH!

TAKING IN THE TALKIES

LARRY REID'S SLANT ON THE LATEST FILMS

SILVER DOLLAR

For a well-earned change, Edward G. Robinson leads an honest movie life—and the result, in my mind, is Robinson's best picture. (And that is saying a mouthful.) It is a vivid chunk of American history, built around the rise and fall of a dramatic silver miner. The setting is Colorado during the last part of the last century. The magic metal, silver, opens wide the gate to fame and fortune for this pioneer with a great dream—and he steadily rises to positions of power, from Grant's Administration to McKinley's, finally becoming U. S. Senator. But he is too idealistic for his own good—too unsuspecting of an adventuress (Bebe Daniels), for whom he divorces his wife of many years (Aline MacMahon). It is colorful. And the acting—particularly by Robinson and Aline MacMahon—is fine.

THE OLD DARK HOUSE

As a horror picture, this is one of the best yet. It is almost continuously "creepy," it positively broods with terror—and there is a minimum of hokum. And, aside from what happens (which is plenty!), the acting of an exceptional cast, headed by Boris Karloff, gives you something to remember it by. It gets off to a whirlwind start—literally. A violent storm sends a group of benighted travelers for refuge to a lonely, decaying house, where they are unwelcome guests—because one room of that house holds a frightful secret. Their witch-like hostess (Eva Moore) and her hideous deaf-mute servant (Karloff) teach them fear. Melvyn Douglas, Gloria Stuart, Raymond Massey, Charles Laughton (in a comedy rôle) and Lilian Bond are all excellent as the victims of terror.

I AM A FUGITIVE FROM A CHAIN GANG

In a different way, this picture is as powerful and as realistic as "Scarface," and again Paul Muni proves that he is one of America's great actors. This time, however, you don't like him in spite of his rôle; you like him because of it. Convicted of a crime he did not commit, he is sentenced to hard labor with a chain gang; he escapes, and tries to win his way back to a normal life, even to find romance; but he is a haunted man and eventually he gives up the struggle to remain free, for a climax that is dramatically intense. I warn you to be prepared to grip the arms of your seat. The suspense is terrific. Of the large supporting cast, Glenda Farrell, as the girl who preys on his fears, stands out.

RED DUST

In two respects, I'd say Clark Gable runs into luck in "Red Dust"—he has Jean Harlow as co-star, and once more he has a rôle with some "menace" in it. But in two other respects, he still is out of luck—for, once again, he doesn't have a rôle of the size he deserves, and once again, his co-star walks off with the picture. In the present instance, it may surprise many that Jean accomplishes this feat. But the truth of the matter is that, if it weren't for Jean, the picture would be just another of those triangle dramas of the Orient. In this case, the hero loves another man's wife (Mary Astor), but besides his conscience, he has a hard-boiled, good-natured adventuress (Jean) to battle. Her buoyancy saves the day. Gable and Mary Astor do well enough, but they don't have enough to do.

TROUBLE IN PARADISE

If you don't think that director Ernst Lubitsch is largely responsible for the success of Chevalier, I urge you to see "Trouble in Paradise." It is a typical Chevalier piece, minus Chevalier. The plot is trivial and merry, and it flows along with all the rhythm of a gay waltz; the dialogue is witty and semi-naughty; and the camera performs amusing and unexpected little tricks. The plot deals with the activities of a delightful, unscrupulous fellow (Herbert Marshall), his pickpocket sweetheart (Miriam Hopkins), and a wealthy widow (Kay Francis) who first adopts him as her secretary and then decides to promote him to be her husband. All three act smoothly and well—but Miriam, whose fingers itch when she sees jewels, also deftly steals the picture.

SHERLOCK HOLMES

Fiction's most famous detective is with us again, and this time he is brought completely up to date. When Conan Doyle created him, *Sherlock*, for all his cleverness, was a holdover from the Victorian era, and the criminals he caught were juveniles compared to the brutal master-crooks of to-day. The producers shrewdly realized this, and modernized both the super-detective, *Holmes*, and the super criminal, *Moriarty*—with results that pack fast-paced excitement, as well as suspense. The principals of the cast are all British. Clive Brook, who was *Sherlock* once in silents, again is a highly intellectual, fearless and dryly ironic detective. Ernest Torrence, returning to villain parts, is superb as *Moriarty*. And a pretty newcomer, Miriam Jordan, does well as the inevitable girl.

A Dramatic Exposé of Graft-Ridden Politics!

CARL LAEMMLE PRESENTS

"AFRAID TO TALK"

WITH

ERIC LINDEN

SIDNEY FOX

BERTON CHURCHILL
LOUIS CALHERN
EDWARD ARNOLD
TULLY MARSHALL

A Scarlet City *Unmasked* . . . Lovers torn asunder by the murder-lust of men who stopped at nothing to gain their ends . . . Two young hearts pitted against ruthless tyranny, in the picture that *will* THRILL *you* to the core!

Adapted from the stage play "MERRY GO ROUND" By George Sklar and Albert Maltz

Produced by Carl Laemmle, Jr.

Directed by Edward L. Cahn

Universal Pictures

UNIVERSAL CITY, CALIFORNIA · *Carl Laemmle President* · 730 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

STRICTLY PERSONAL

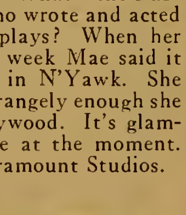
MOVIE CLASSIC'S INTIMATE SKETCHES OF WHO'S WHO IN HOLLYWOOD

By MARK DOWLING

JEAN HARLOW: In mourning. But the Harlow career will continue. And here's news: the famous platinum locks will be dyed brown. So there'll be more contrast with her face. Writing a novel in her spare time and speaks in a slow deep voice. Uses no slang; a surprise, after her screen rôles. Knows how to wear clothes that set off her personality. Address: Holmby Hills, where she's building a new house.

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER: Six feet three. Weighs 190. Another bachelor going begging. Says his greatest annoyance against Bobbe Arnst (the ex-wife) was that she thought him dumb. Says he's not the marrying type anyway. The figures that brought fame and fortune are hips, 42 inches; waist, 33; chest, 41. Now see how the boy-friend measures up! Address: Hollywood Club.

CLARA BOW: Red hair as usual. Same color eyes, same figger, but no longer the It girl. Clara's conscious of the fact that she's a great dramatic actress. Why not? She gets $125,000 for making "Call Her Savage!" But sometimes cooks up a dinner for Rex Bell and a friend or two, with her own hands. Housewifey. Still believes in frankness. Most colorful personality in the movies. Address: Fox Hills.



JAMES DUNN: Six feet. Weighs 157. Our most eligible bachelor. And the town's most-engaged lad too. Maybe the current romance with Maureen O'Sullivan is serious, but you can't tell with Jimmy. Insists—the rogue!—that he can't do his best acting unless he's in love. He once made $10,000 in ten weeks. Then lost it in ten minutes. Of *course* the gals like him! Address: Sunset Boulevard, Hollywood.

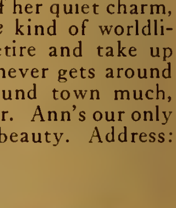
MAE WEST: "Diamond Lil." What'll the clubwomen do about this lady who wrote and acted in the decade's naughtiest plays? When her jewels were stolen the other week Mae said it could never have happened in N'Yawk. She knows all the boys there! Strangely enough she seems old-fashioned in Hollywood. It's glamour, not sex, that's the rage at the moment. A good sport. Address: Paramount Studios.

GENE RAYMOND: Five feet ten. Weighs 157. Our only male platinum blonde, a distinction that annoys him. Has a sense of humor and a way of giving a girl large smacking kisses on the least provocation. In public. But the boy's name hasn't been up for a serious romance yet. What's the matter, you Hollywood Garbos? His real name is Raymond Guion and his address: Marathon Street, Hollywood.

RALPH MORGAN: Five feet eight. Weighs 150. Distinguished-looking. Broadway actor who is fighting it out with the Barrymores as the *Czar* in "Rasputin." Mildly annoyed with Hollywood because he can't find a chess opponent. Likes to sing at parties. His wife, Grace Arnold, is an actress. So's their daughter, a chit of nineteen. Used to be a lawyer. Address: Hayvenhurst Drive, Hollywood.

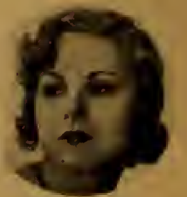
DAVID MANNERS: Five feet ten. Weighs 150. Knows how to order dinner in the best restaurants, with that air headwaiters respect. Plays tennis and used to be cowboy, mill-hand, and lumberjack. The real name is Rauff de Ryther Daun Acklom, and there's an English county seat named after part of it. Lots of Family, but easy to get along with. Address: Tropical Avenue, Beverly Hills.

MIRIAM HOPKINS: Blonde coquette with cuddly curves. She's writing a book, too. The situation with Austin Parker still puzzles everyone. They lunch; separate; divorce; and then have dinner together. La Hopkins has a Southern drawl and way of wearing clothes. Used to give swell parties, but now she's busy looking after that little girl she adopted in Chicago. Address: San Vicente Road, Brentwood.



LEE TRACY: Five feet ten. Weighs 145. Not handsome, but a lad who Started the Town Talking. A producer sued him for delaying production. Lee admits liking a drink, but says he never lets it interfere with his work. Anyway he's in demand. Maybe he needs the influence of a Good Woman. Yes, girls, another bachelor. Address: them thar hills, where he's recuperating from a breakdown.

ANN HARDING: Makes you think she's older than she is. Maybe because of her quiet charm, dignity, and the *grande dame* kind of worldliness. Insists she'd like to retire and take up some gentler profession, but never gets around to it. Hasn't been seen around town much, since divorcing Harry Bannister. Ann's our only exponent of sheer spiritual beauty. Address: Hollywood's highest hilltop.



BOOTS MALLORY: A toast to the Lucky Girl of the month! An unknown, she no sooner reached town than she was given the lead in "Walking Down Broadway," with Jimmy Dunn. But the gal can take it, and now you'll see her often. Ash-blonde hair and gray-blue eyes. Likes a quiet life—but so do all ex-Follies girls, it seems. Drives a second-hand Ford. Don't we all? Address: Fox Hills.

Our Hollywood NEIGHBORS

GOINGS-ON AMONG THE PLAYERS

By STACY KENT

HOLD everything, folks, it won't be long now until you will be seeing "Rasputin," the epic of epics, presenting three Barrymores acting for all they're worth. M-G-M, who produced the picture, has aged a good many years during the ordeal, too. Three Barrymores in one show proved to be about as congenial as three bears with sore eyes. Oh, they love each other away from the studio, but family ties didn't mean a durned thing when it came to stealing scenes from each other.

But it's all over now. Ethel, the queen, has returned to New York and the stage. She "snuk" out of Hollywood without telling a soul (not even the publicity department). Thus, she avoided interviewers and press photographers. John and Lionel are combing the Russian atmosphere out of their hair, and preparing for other rôles. Months have been spent, with two directors worn down to the warp and woof in making it. And a good many more hundreds of thousands than M-G-M intended to spend have gone into the production.

Tragically enough, now that the film is completed, whispers emanating from the studio say that Ralph Morgan, as the *Czar*, walks off with the picture. So don't mention "Rasputin" to a Barrymore. That's a fighting word.

Physc

June Vlasek first popped into the picture in 1932 in "Chandu, the Magician"—and now it looks as if she's heading for some big breaks right through 1933. She's a local Hollywood product, by the way

BEFORE leaving the Barrymores to wend their three respective ways in peace, one story about Ethel simply must be told. Her comments have enlivened many social affairs during the past summer and fall. These comments, in fact, have been the only things worth remembering about many a party. Hollywood, which loves devastating people, hated to see her go.

Queen Ethel was seated next to a rather tactless young man at a Beverly Hills dinner party.

The youth, for some reason or other, insisted on telling her that he thought Lionel was a "ham" actor.

Ethel exploded.

"Why you insufferable bore, you half-wit, you nincompoop, you *badly dressed* young man!!"

CHARLES (still Buddy to you) Rogers is paying a visit to Hollywood after making good in the big city with his orchestra. Somehow he seems a changed lad. He doesn't work so hard at being boyishly naïve for one thing. He even *looks* different, and he has added on twenty pounds in weight. Our Buddy now tips the scales at 180—enough to be a good halfback at any college.

He doesn't think Hollywood has changed much in the last year. He attended the opening Mayfair ball of the winter season, and after looking over the crowd decided it was like any Mayfair party of the past.

"Excepting, of course," he added, hastily, "there is a little change in husbands and wives."

Buddy has been taking tests out at M-G-M, and he may return to the leaping shadows. *Not* as a Peter Pan boy, but as a mature leading man in heavy dramatic rôles. It's hard to believe, but Buddy *is* getting on toward that thirty milestone.

DEPRESSION may have played Hail Columbia with most things, but it didn't look like hard times at the first Mayfair party this year. Five hundred high moguls of filmland forked over the customary ten bucks per each, and made refined whoopee until dawn.

Fredric March is the new president of the club, and Norma Shearer is the first vice-president. It *does* seem like a nice executive board, doesn't it?

The big event of the evening was a miniature snow storm falling on the dancers' heads. Maybe it seemed like a good idea, but the bogus snow stuck in the marcel waves of *both* men and women guests. Quite a bit of muttering was to be heard. The muttering grew louder as some 'steen hotel workers had to sweep several bushels of snow from the floor before the dancing could continue. It was the biggest prop snow scene since "'Way Down East." Alan Hale, the official Mayfair cut-up for years *and* years, got a laugh out of it. He turned

(Continued on page 72)

Cordelia Biddle *today*...Cordelia Biddle *nine years ago.* Her skin lovely now as then —How does she care for it?

CORDELIA BIDDLE IN 1923, *when she was pronounced one of the twelve most beautiful women in America. She cared for her skin with Pond's Two Creams.*

CORDELIA BIDDLE TODAY, *lovelier than ever! She says, "Pond's Two Creams completely care for my skin."*

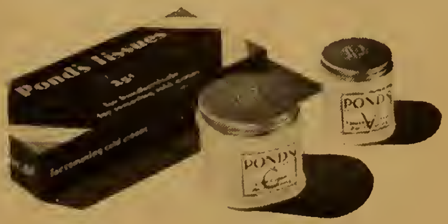
Mrs. T. Markoe Robertson,

the former Miss Cordelia Biddle, is the mother of two boys in their teens. She tells frankly just how she keeps her youthful freshness.

"I HAVE never stopped being interested in doing things! I swim and ride horseback and dash around as much today as when I first came out.

"And I have never lost interest in caring for my skin! I keep it fresh and vital by the same rules I followed years ago."

As she tells you gaily about her way of life—her way of caring for her skin, Cordelia Biddle looks amazingly like the very same lovely young thing who talked about keeping the skin "exquisite" with Pond's just nine years ago.



As you look at that clear transparent skin, you simply refuse to believe that Cordelia Biddle spends most of her life in the open.

"My rules boil down to two things," she says. "Keeping my skin *clean* . . . And *protecting* it.

"Pond's Cold Cream takes care of the first rule. It is deliciously light. Goes right into the skin, and takes out every speck of dirt.

"You can't swim and golf and skate and ride horseback, season in and season out, and keep a nice skin unless you use some *protective.*

"That's where Pond's Vanishing Cream comes in. I don't know what's in it. But I do know my skin has never got rough and out-of-doorsy."

For a Simple Home Beauty Treatment . . . Here's the famous Pond's way that is used by hundreds of women: First, *cleansing*—Pond's Cold Cream followed by the soft, absorbent Pond's Tissues; then *stimulating*—Pond's Skin Freshener patted on briskly; then *protection and finishing*—Pond's Vanishing Cream—and to it your powder clings for hours!

Send 10¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for choice of FREE samples.

POND'S EXTRACT COMPANY, Dept. A
126 Hudson Street . . . . New York City
Please send me (check choice):
Pond's New Face Powder in attractive glass jar. Light Cream ☐, Rose Cream ☐, Brunette ☐, Naturelle ☐.
OR Pond's Two Creams, Tissues and Freshener ☐.

*Name*______________________________

*Street*______________________________

*City*________________*State*__________

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Tune in on Pond's, Fridays, 9:30 P. M., E. S. T. Music rhythmed for actual dancing . . . Leo Reisman and his Orchestra—WEAF and NBC Network

THE TABLOID MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN

MOVIE CLASSIC

As the curtain falls on 1932, everybody is wondering what the year's Greatest Hero—namely, the two-fisted Mr. Gable—intends to do next year. Here is the answer, in Clark's own words. Moreover, he's the kind who'll live up to his intentions!

By GLADYS HALL

CLARK GABLE'S New Year Resolutions

CLARK GABLE came into his dressing-room at the noon hour, dusty from the set of "Red Dust." His shirt was open at the collar. His trousers were not Bond Street. His hair was ruffled. He looked healthy and happy and hard-working and—still—completely unchanged after the fires of fame and fortune that would have burned a lesser man to a papery cinder.

Honest to goodness, moviegoers, he is a *swell guy*. I mean it. Unaffected, regular, genuine, one of the realest human beings you could ever meet, anywhere, under any circumstances.

He laughed as we shook hands. "I'm glad to see you," he said, "but what are we going to talk about this time? In the past year or two we've discussed everything under the sun—love and acting and Hollywood and marriage and divorce and pasts and futures, and men, women and children. We've gone over the whole fabric of life, thread by thread. You know that I am happily married, fond of home life and contract bridge, dogs and motoring and polo and books. You know that *I* know I'm an ugly mug who happened to get the breaks and am grateful for them. What now?"

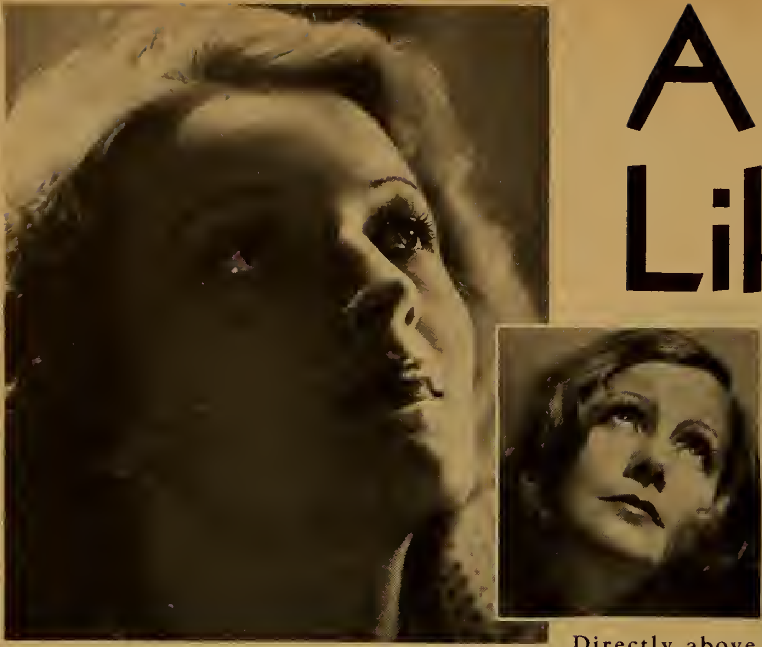
I said, "Now we're going to talk about New Year resolutions—*yours*."

Clark laughed again, that hearty, masculine laugh of his. He said, "I'm afraid I haven't any. I don't even know that I can make any.

"You see, I'm totally and completely happy in every way that it's possible for a man to be happy. I wouldn't change one thing in my life worth mentioning, if I could. There is absolutely nothing I want that I haven't got.

(*Continued on page 58*)

Any Girl Like GARBO



Directly above, Garbo, herself, in a soulful mood—and at the upper left, Gwili Andre, RKO's Danish "discovery," in a similar mood. The portrait of Miss Andre was not taken for purposes of comparison, but note the likeness

That's a startling statement—but
this article, you will read how a
accomplished the feat—easily.
graphed Greta many times, believes
LOOK like Garbo, even if she
And red-headed Peggy Shannon,
Claire Windsor pose

By JACK

"ANYONE can look like Garbo—that is, like Garbo as you know her on the screen. There is, you see, no such person as that Garbo. She has been manufactured out of the stuff dreams are made of. And what can be manufactured once can be duplicated again and again.

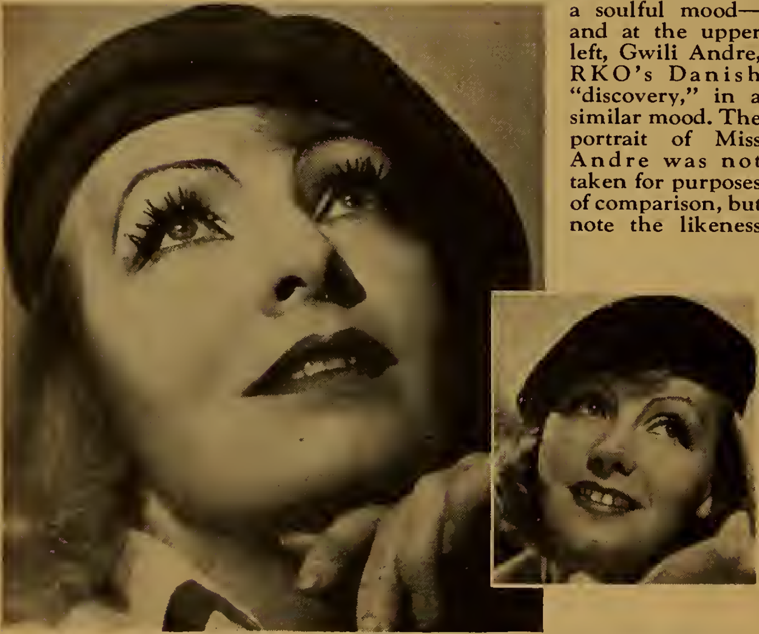
"Garbo, herself, doesn't in the slightest resemble the screen creation. You have but to glance at informal pictures taken of her in unguarded moments to see how differently she looks. The contrast is amazing. She is definitely two persons. It seems incredible that the real Garbo could ever become the screen Garbo. A few characteristic tricks of make-up, clothes, deft lighting and photography and her whole appearance changes. It is a remarkable illusion."

The authority for this startling statement is an actress whose name is nearly as well-known as the Swedish star's. Unfortunately, she must remain anonymous, due to the possible complications of studio politics which so definitely rule Hollywood.

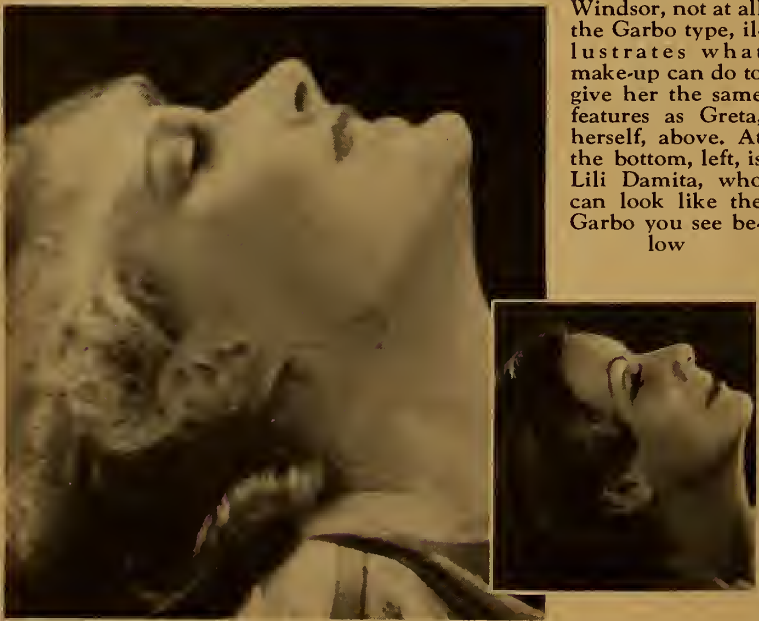
The occasion was a small, informal party at her home. Certain of her guests derided her theory that anyone could resemble Garbo. While it was freely admitted that the Garbo of to-day is a far cry from the rotund, freckled-faced, wide-eyed, indifferently dressed girl who first came to American films, it was argued that some similarity of features must exist. Contour of face, for example.

"Nonsense," said their hostess. "The contour of my face is not in the slightest like Garbo's. Hers is squarer than mine, her cheekbones higher, her chin shorter, her eyebrows more arched. All of which can be sufficiently altered by make-up and hairdress. Give me ten minutes and I'll demonstrate it."

It must be reported that fifteen minutes elapsed before a figure dressed in tweeds and



Left center, Claire Windsor, not at all the Garbo type, illustrates what make-up can do to give her the same features as Greta, herself, above. At the bottom, left, is Lili Damita, who can look like the Garbo you see below



Can Look
—*Maybe!*

no more startling than true. In
rival star, totally unlike Garbo,
George Hurrell, who has photo-
"any girl with normal features" can
can't BE like the Swedish star.
brunette Rita La Roy and blonde
for him to prove it!

GRANT

a slouch hat appeared in the doorway. "Ay tank you have been discussing me," said a deep voice.

The illusion was breath-taking. Some guests later acknowledged that they believed momentarily that the real Garbo had wandered on to the scene.

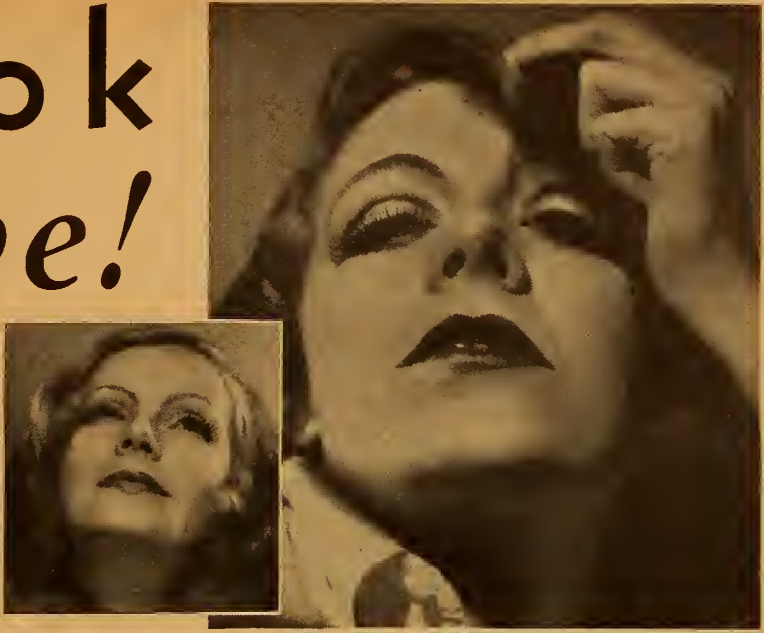
Close examination revealed the transformation to have been effected comparatively simply. The hair had been combed down in a severe long bob, reaching nearly to the shoulders. Untrimmed false eyelashes had been donned in imitation of Garbo's familiar long lashes. Natural eyebrows had been penciled out and new, more highly arched ones drawn in. The eyes were not shaded by grease-stick other than for one long, strong, black line above the lids. This tends to give the eyes a deep-set appearance and is always used by Garbo in screen make-up. It is the most valuable trick Garbo imitators can adopt.

There was no rouge on the cheeks, but a little dark powder under the cheek-bones made them more pronounced. The face was shortened and made squarer by application of greasepaint under the chin. The style of hairdress likewise served to square the face. The lips were easiest of all—a long thin line above and a full lower lip, drawn down at the corners.

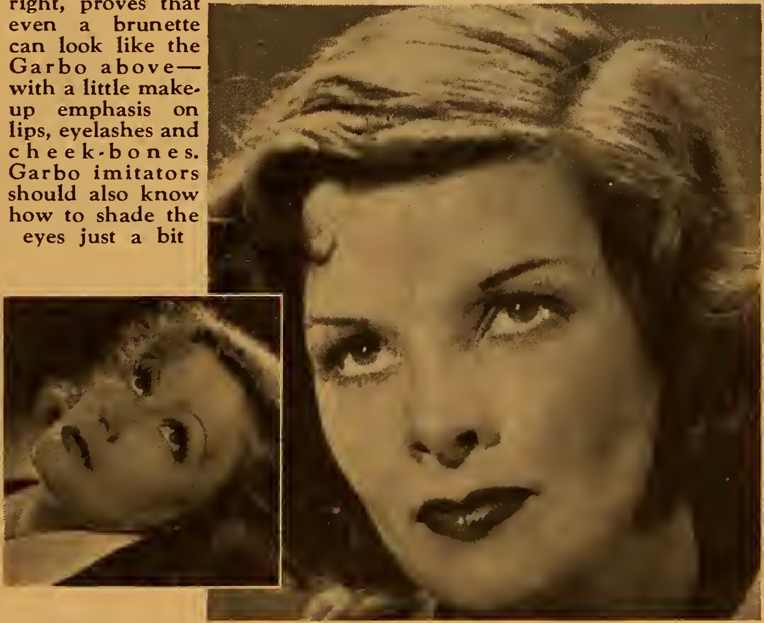
Regardless of the amazing success of this experiment in looking like Garbo, we were not yet thoroughly convinced. The stunt might be accomplished by one actress skilled in the use of make-up, but even by following her formula, could *anyone* do it? Could you or you or you among our feminine readers?

Her Photographer Should Know

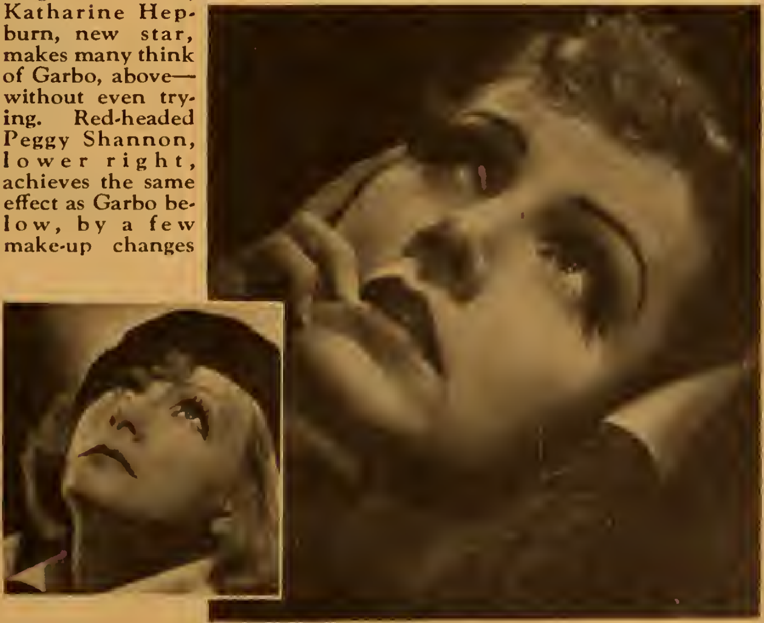
WE resolved to discuss the matter more fully with George Hurrell, one of Hollywood's finest camera artists. If anyone can debate the question, it is Hurrell, who, for several years past, has been portrait-cameraman at



Rita La Roy, upper right, proves that even a brunette can look like the Garbo above—with a little make-up emphasis on lips, eyelashes and cheek-bones. Garbo imitators should also know how to shade the eyes just a bit

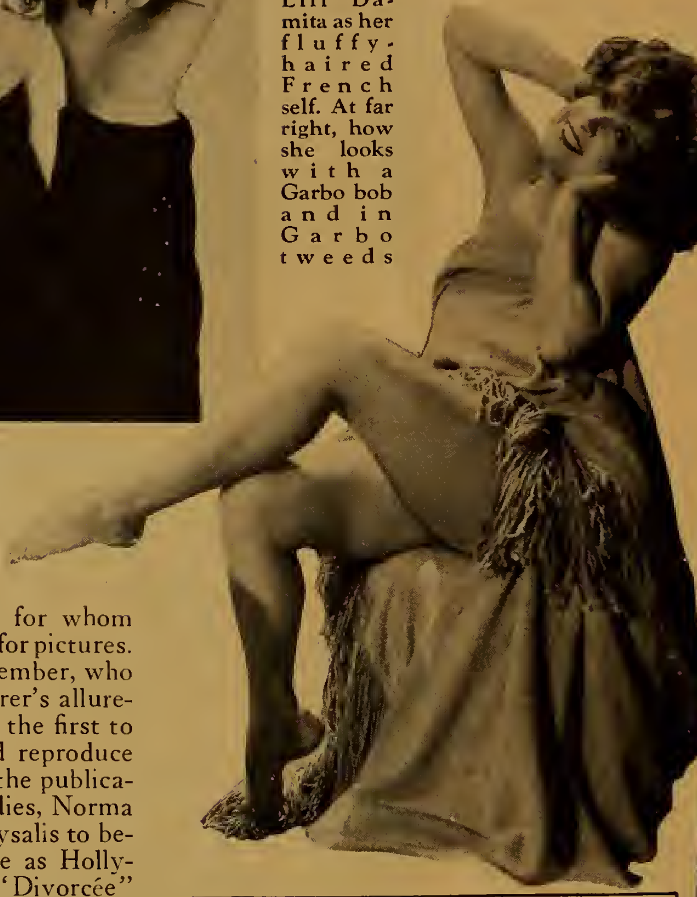


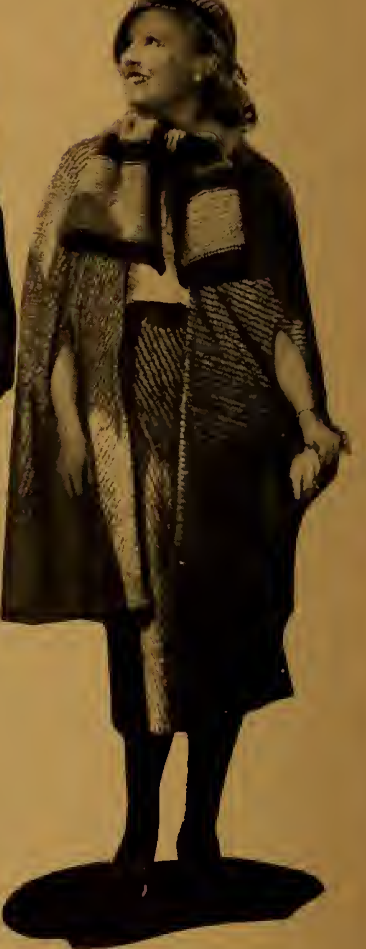
Right center, Katharine Hepburn, new star, makes many think of Garbo, above—without even trying. Red-headed Peggy Shannon, lower right, achieves the same effect as Garbo below, by a few make-up changes



Sometimes, Garbo must ponder on the changes she has wrought in the appearance of women the world over—just by being Garbo

At the near right, Lili Damita as her fluffy-haired French self. At far right, how she looks with a Garbo bob and in Garbo tweeds





Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and for whom Garbo has posed many times for pictures.

It was Hurrell, if you remember, who first discovered Norma Shearer's allurement. At least, Hurrell was the first to capture that allurement and reproduce it in portraiture. Following the publication of his photographic studies, Norma emerged from her screen chrysalis to become as glamourous a figure as Hollywood boasts to-day. Her "Divorcée" was a far cry from the shop-girls and stenographers she once played.

Having been instrumental in one metamorphosis, Hurrell seemed well qualified to pass upon the still argumentative theory our friend had advanced. Accordingly, we repeated her remarks to him.

"Can anyone look like Garbo?" Hurrell mused. "Yes, I believe that anyone with normal features can be made to resemble Garbo. She could not *be* Garbo, but a passable surface resemblance could be simulated.

"There is, of course, only one Garbo and, regardless of imitations, there will remain only one Garbo. Even her few bitter critics—and they are extremely few in the ranks of her millions of admirers—must admit the woman's exquisite artistry. Make-up, lighting and photography are merely incidental to appearance. Garbo's charm is more fundamental than that. It comes from something within her—something that only she has.

What Makes Garbo Individual

"EVERYTHING she does is typically Garbo-esque. She works with a characterization until she is the woman she portrays. Then every motion, every thought, every gesture *is* the character. She does not need to act. She allows her mood to dictate the proper feeling.

"Taking portraits of Garbo is unlike photographing anyone else with whom I have ever worked. There is no asking her to raise her head or lower it. She simply strikes a pose and holds still until you adjust lights and lens and click the shutter. She poses herself. You merely take the picture. She is like this in all the things she does. Always dominant before the camera.

"Lighting Garbo for best results is both simple and complex. Bright lights above her head are imperative. They produce interesting shadows on her face. The complexity comes in

(*Continued on page 63*)

He Ought to Know

George Hurrell, portrait photographer, who has made countless portraits of Garbo, says, "I believe that anyone with normal features can be made to resemble Garbo. She could not *be* Garbo, but a passable surface resemblance could be simulated. A large number of American women openly ape her, peering through half-closed eyes the while."

WALTER HUSTON—The Actor No Moviegoer Really Knows

He is more than an actor—he lives his rôles. It doesn't matter what the rôle is—he becomes that character, and there's not even a trace left of W. Huston, himself. That's why people can't figure out what he must be like in real life. But in this interview he ends the mystery!

By

FAITH SERVICE

Huston's Self-Portrait

"I seem to be the man nobody knows. Or, rather, every individual takes me for a different man. People ask, 'What kind of man are you, anyway? Beast or human? Saint or devil?'

"I suppose I'm *most* like the chap in 'American Madness,' though I might not be quite the humanitarian he was.

"He didn't demand too much of life. Neither do I. He believed in people and expected the best of them. So do I. He didn't worry about things he couldn't help. Neither do I. He was roused to action when there was vital need—and I would be likewise.

"The mainspring of my philosophy, if I have one, is never to get off my course. It isn't very difficult.

"The second most important part of my scheme of living is my belief that we should live in the present moment, this day, this hour, *now*.

"This is the satisfying life to me—to be with the woman with whom I can plan and build a life of grace and charm and gentleness, in a home of our own, among the hills and lakes."

WALTER HUSTON said to me, smiling (he's almost always smiling), "I seem to be the man nobody knows. Or, rather, every individual takes me for a different man. I get letters, for instance, from certain groups of people who say that they would never want to know or even to meet up with anyone so brutal as the man in 'Kongo,' or so hypocritical and thoroughly nasty and lustful as the poor devil in 'Rain,' and so on. Others write me that they know I would make the perfect husband and father and friend, because of 'Abraham Lincoln' and 'American Madness.'

"Others, yet again, write that such a poor, besotted weakling as I was in 'The Wet Parade' must, indeed, be a burden to his fellow-men. Still others write letters that are large question marks. They are confused about me, can't seem to place me, to figure me out. They ask, 'What kind of man *are* you, anyway? Black or white? Beast or human? Saint or devil?'

"Recently, an oculist here in Los Angeles told my son that he had assured his wife I was really a very kind man—kind to animals, fond of children, a home-builder and a hard worker. I gathered that his wife needed reassurance, especially when she heard that I had made a visit to her husband's office and might make others. This man even went on to convince my son that I was really an awfully decent sort—"

It is true, I believe, that few people know what Walter Huston is really like. He has played such a wide variety of rôles, from the gentle *Lincoln* to the bitter, bestial *Deadlegs Flint* in Kongo, that the man, himself, seems to fall somewhere between them all. And because in each part he plays, he merges with such complete identification into the character, it *is* difficult to imagine when seeing 'Kongo' that you will not meet that scarred soul and crippled body in Mr. Huston, himself; or, when you see 'American Madness,' that he will not present you with a bank or two when you meet him in real life.

The public seems to know most of the players pretty well. They are able, for instance, to estimate Clark Gable for the virile, he-man sort of chap he is, incapable of

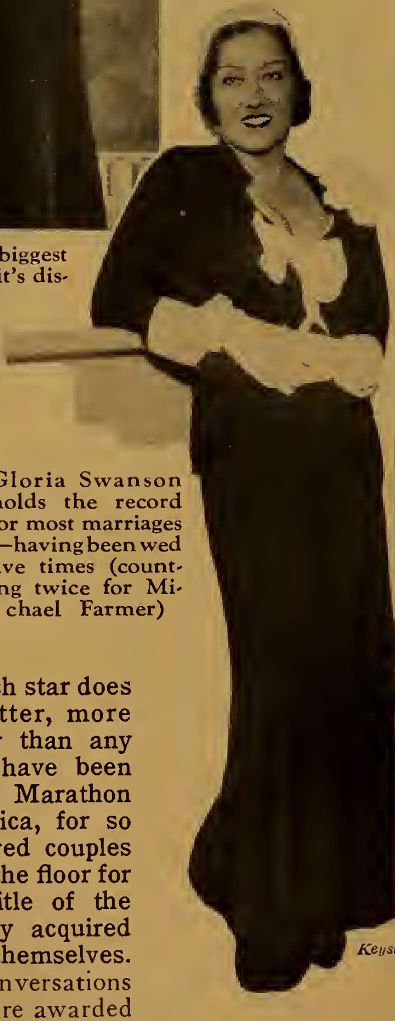
(*Continued on page 62*)

Stars Who
for 1932 In

The titles of "best actor" and "best actress" aren't the
jealously guards her record of having the smallest waist.
have the longest "engagement." Garbo wins as being
wounded. And maybe you'll be surprised

By MARK

Constance Bennett gets the biggest salary of any woman star—and it's disputed whether she's the most temperamental or the most placid!



Keystone

Gloria Swanson holds the record for most marriages—having been wed five times (counting twice for Michael Farmer)

RIGHT now the subject that interests the stars most is not contracts, divorces, or other gossip. What they are talking about is record-holders, and all over town you hear players in and out of make-up debating as to which star does something—anything—better, more often, or more persistently than any others. The subject may have been brought up by the recent Marathon Dance held at Santa Monica, for so many stars watched the tired couples dragging 'round and 'round the floor for a money prize and the title of the strongest dancers that they acquired a little of the contest spirit themselves.

Anyone who thinks the conversations are calm, or that the titles are awarded without argument would be wrong, because the honors—all the way from the best polo-player to the male star who is most adept at shooting craps—are hotly contested. Apparently, movie stars cling to their records just as eagerly as flag-pole sitters and hog-callers, and the only ones allowed to stand without a dissenting voice are those nominated by the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. Last year, as everyone knows, the prizes for the *best acting* were awarded to Marie Dressler and Lionel Barrymore, and all Hollywood agrees that they were richly deserved.

The *most headlines* record was also easily decided, for since the tragic death of her husband, Paul Bern, Jean Harlow has been mentioned in heavy black print in every newspaper in the country, through no efforts of her own. Charlie Chaplin, whose trip around the world was worth space to every news association, comes a close second, and Greta Garbo is third. Most of the columns about the mysterious Swede, by the way, were devoted to the people she dodged on her way to Sweden.

Chaplin the Richest Star

THE *richest star* was nominated by the County Assessor, when he decided that Charlie Chaplin should be taxed for just $7,687,570

And guess who's the most intellectual! Edward G. ("Little Caesar") Robinson, above. Mary Pickford entertains the most royalty, is the most superstitious and one of the wealthiest

Hold Records Hollywood

only ones the stars fight about. Bette Davis, for instance, Jeanette MacDonald and Alice White are duelling to the least quoted, and Tom Mix as being the most to learn who's the most intellectual!

DOWLING

worth of stocks and bonds. (Strangely enough, this was a title Charlie didn't seem to want at all.) Mary Pickford, even though she hasn't been making many pictures of late, comes second, and her husband Douglas Fairbanks, is third, making them the *richest family* of the screen.

The *shortest marriage* record was not so hotly contested as you might suppose, since everyone agreed that Greta Nissen and Weldon Heyburn, who told it to a judge just the other day, won the title hands down. They stuck it out together just six months. This contrasts with the *longest marriage* in Hollywood owned by George Arliss, who has been wed to the same wife for some thirty-three years. Next come the Gleasons, Jimmie and Lucille, who celebrated their Silver Anniversary a year ago.

The *most marriages* is something else again, and we find Gloria Swanson (who has heard the wedding bells four times) running neck and neck with John Gilbert, who said "I do" for the fourth time when he married Virginia Bruce. Maybe Gloria deserves first prize all by herself, however, since she married her last husband, Michael Farmer, a second time to be sure it was legal.

The *most engaged* player in films is not so easy to decide as it would have been back in the days when Clara Bow was announcing to the world her intention to wed a different man every half-hour or so. Joan Crawford would have come in for second honors before Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., removed her from the competition. Now it seems that James Dunn, a mere male, is ahead of the field. His latest flame is Maureen O'Sullivan, though that may have gone cold by the time you read this. Before Maureen, Jimmy went places with Molly O'Day and June Knight, to mention one or two.

Engaged the Longest

THE *longest engagement* is easily settled, since Jeanette MacDonald and Robert Ritchie have been "that way" for five years without visiting a minister—or ever admitting it if they have. Runners-up are Alice White and Cy

(*Continued on page 64*)

Fraker

Lilyan Tashman is still hailed as "the best-dressed star," though some of the other girls claim she just changes her clothes *oftener* than they do

Janet Gaynor is this year's winner as the most popular at the box-office—a title you gave her, yourself. And Johnny ("Tarzan") Weissmuller gets the prize for best physique. Also, some say he is the least sophisticated star

A mere male, James Dunn (left), holds the record for most "engagements." Most have been only rumored, but that's not Jimmy's fault

You're In For Some *New* Kinds of Chills!

Movie producers have been asking what you want them to do. "Scare us!" seems to be the answer. They'll do their best in 1933! In one thriller, a giant ape gets loose in New York. In another, a mad doctor develops animals into humans. In a third, a mummy rises from the tomb. In a fourth, a maniac has a museum of corpses. Horror pictures? You haven't seen anything yet!

Freulich

If coffee doesn't keep you awake, try some of the new movies. They ought to do the trick! Across the center, you see the monster ape in "King Kong" about to get Fay Wray in his clutches. Upper left, Bramwell Fletcher heads for insanity as he sees "The Mummy" come to life and reach for the scroll that tells how to bring back the dead. Left, an animal that has been changed into a man reverts to blood-lust in "The Island of Lost Souls"

SHRIEKS and screams fill the air. Grotesque and gruesome monsters parade the Boulevard. You wouldn't know the old place. They call it Horror-wood these days.

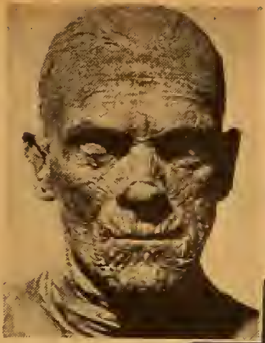
"Scare us," said the great American public when asked to express a preference in motion picture entertainment recently. So the studios are vying to out-frighten one another. They are calling into play all of the tricks of the trade, the illusions created by greasepaint and camera, and a new era of awe holds sway. And, as is always the case in cycles, one good scare deserves another.

If you thrilled at "Frankenstein," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Dracula," "The Most Dangerous Game," "The Old Dark House," "Doctor X," "Freaks" and the rest of their ilk, just wait. You ain't seen nothing yet.

Over at Radio, they are putting the finishing touches on a super-thriller titled "King Kong." At Universal, a mummy has come to life in "The Mummy." At Warners-First National, terror runs rampant in "The Wax Museum." At Paramount, monkeys become men on "The Island of Lost Souls." At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Oriental mysticism and torture lurk behind "The Mask of Fu Manchu." At Fox, a dead man has been returned to life and given "Six Hours to Live."

Of course, all these sets are barred and bolted. Guards enforce the "No Visitors" rule, even applying it to visiting newspapermen. Still, there are ways and means—par-

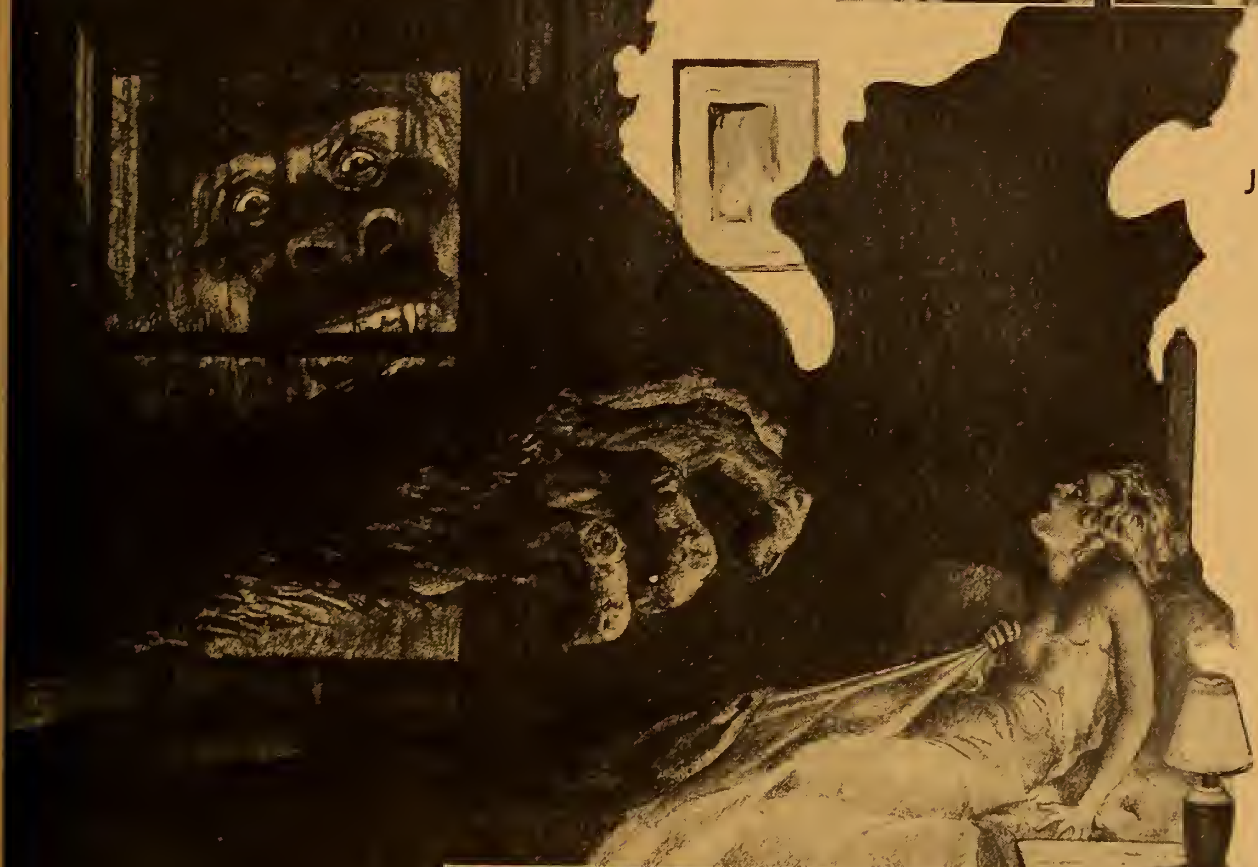
At the far right is that horror expert, Boris Karloff, who is now a star and has dropped the "Boris" to make "Karloff" more sonorous. And at the near right, as the mummy that comes to life in "The Mummy"



By

GRANT

JACKSON



Melbourne

Above, "The Monster" (Lionel Atwill) visits a morgue to snatch a corpse that he may cover with wax to represent a famous person in "The Wax Museum." Left, Myrna Loy looks on at the torture of Charles Starrett in "The Mask of Fu Manchu"

ticularly, if one is not averse to peeking through keyholes. We are not admitting how we saw what we did see. But if you want to look, too, come along.

How One Big Thriller Began

A GREATER amount of secrecy has surrounded the production of "King Kong" than any other picture in Hollywood history. More than two years ago, there was talk that Radio was to make a story titled "Creation." Direct inquiry as to the truth of the report brought veiled intimations that such might be the case. But no one would issue a definite statement about what was happening.

(*Continued on page 66*)

BOOTS MALLORY—She's a Star After One Picture!

Phyfe

Where did she get the name of "Boots"? Her stepfather called her that "because Patricia was too dignified." But where did she learn to act? Even Boots doesn't know the answer to that one!

A bride at 16, a star at 20—that's the record, to date, of this baffling blonde from New Orleans. Fox looked upon her and said, "Just the Boots for 'Walking Down Broadway.'" And now any girl would like to be in the boots of this Ziegfeld beauty, who never really "acted" before and almost turned down a contract! The boys in the gallery will cheer for Miss Mallory!

By

ELISABETH GOLDBECK

BOOTS MALLORY, of the early-marrying Mallorys of New Orleans, Louisiana, needs a lot of introducing. There's always the danger of confusing her with Poodles Hannaford or Peanuts Byron. And moreover, Ziegfeld beauties always get plenty of publicity, but even Boots' most enthusiastic boosters, when she was decorating "Hot-Cha" last Fall on the New York stage, never dreamed that within a year she'd be out in Hollywood, playing the dramatic lead in a Von Stroheim picture. Miracles like that require a little explaining.

Boots' screen career was accomplished with the same effortless efficiency that has been applied to all the big moments of her life. Up to the time Winfield Sheehan saw her screen test, Boots had taken no part in the conversation in any of her theatrical engagements. She hadn't even danced. She was strictly a visual treat for the visiting business men. And what a treat! Miss Mallory looks like a discreet blend of several familiar ingénues, coming nearest to being a cross between Mary Brian and Madge Evans—which is no mean feat.

Her blonde hair, candid gray eyes, and perfect teeth make it easier to understand her ascent into the movie heavens, but they don't entirely explain how she became an actress overnight.

"I never had any lines to speak," Boots says vaguely. "No, I didn't dance. And I didn't sing—alone," and the puzzled listener finally gets the idea that maybe she was a show-girl.

She's Just Naturally Baffling

BOOTS has a most baffling personality. There's no way of telling whether she's hypnotized or unusually smart, shy or supremely self-possessed. She looks and talks like an ingénue, as is her privilege at the tender age of twenty, but somehow she doesn't quite use the familiar baby-star routine. She's either very cagy, or very uncertain of herself, and your guess is as good as mine.

"It must be youth," you finally sigh, and give up trying to pigeonhole a personality that apparently hasn't jelled into any of the accepted molds.

When Boots blandly announces that she has been married for four years, you feel a distinct shock. But she is a child-bride by inheritance, and takes it very calmly. Her mother started marrying at 16, and had one child by her first husband and three by her third, which makes her the mother of four at the ripe old age of thirty-six.

Boots' sister ran away from boarding-school and married when she was seventeen. And her grandmother started marrying so early in life that by the time Boots took her first husband four years ago, her grandma was just wedding her second husband. It was almost a double wedding.

"I think all Southern girls marry young," said Boots tranquilly. "They mature so early. I was the only child of my mother's first marriage. Father and Mother were divorced—it was a runaway marriage based on an infatuation that didn't last long—and later Father died. I didn't know him at all.

(*Continued on page 57*)

MOVIE CLASSIC TABLOID NEWS SECTION

THE NEWSREEL OF THE NEWSSTANDS

Acme

While you're reading about the first snowfalls in Minnesota and Maine, take a look at the kind of coasting the girls are doing in California! Jennie Cramer, Georgia Coleman and Eleanor Holm—three champion swimmers who are all getting movie chances—limber up their leg muscles for a swimming meet at Palm Springs

VIA AIR MAIL
UNIVERSAL CITY
MAYFAIR THEATRE

A pretty parcel post package! Universal sent Gloria Stuart to the New York première of "Air Mail" by buying $250 worth of stamps and "air-mailing" her

Only a few months ago, Adolphe Menjou and Kathryn Carver were smiling together like this. Now they are parting in a surprise divorce. See story page 27

When Kathleen Burke, Chicago beauty, won a big movie chance as the *Panther Woman* in "Island of Lost Souls," Glen A. Hardin followed her to Hollywood—just to make sure he wouldn't lose her to some movie Romeo. Now they're marrying

DEUTSCHE LEGION

See the medal on Constance Bennett's shoulder (right)? It's that rare distinction—the Distinguished Service Medal. The American Legion awarded it to Connie on her recent trip to New York for her services in behalf of the Legion's Welfare and Relief Fund

BELLE BENNETT, FAMOUS SCREEN "MOTHER," DIES AT AGE OF FORTY-ONE

Actress, Whose Own Life Was More Dramatic—And Perhaps Even More Tragic—Than Her Memorable Rôle of "Stella Dallas," Returns To Hollywood To Be With Friends During Her Last Days

By EVELYN DERR

Above, Belle Bennett as she appeared in one of her last talkies, "Recaptured Love." But most people remember her as *Stella Dallas*

BELLE BENNETT went home to Hollywood to die. She never said so. She never mentioned the name of the dread disease that had ravaged the beauty that all the world loved in "Stella Dallas." But when she saw that she was waging an unsuccessful fight in New York, she had herself carried aboard an airplane and taken back to the place that had brought her fame and fortune, sorrow and despair.

Mary Pickford met the 'plane when it landed and took Belle in her own car to the hospital. There, ensconced in luxury, surrounded with flowers and visited daily by Mary, Ruth Roland and her other friends, the woman whose mother rôles on the screen were unimportant alongside the mother rôle she played in real life passed away quietly, almost happily.

Belle Bennett had had a strange life, when she died in the middle of it, at forty-one. Born in Dublin, she knew the footlights at the early age of two, when she was a "prop" baby, who took poses for "living statuary" in her father's tent-show. She left school to marry William Howard Macy at the amazing age of twelve. And at fourteen she had a son, Teddy.

Left, Belle Bennett in one of her early silent pictures, "East Lynne." Above, as the gay, young girl of the early scenes of "Stella Dallas"

This was the boy, handsome and gifted, whom Hollywood always knew as Belle Bennett's *brother*. Belle felt, as so many actresses felt in those days, that if the public thought of her as a mother, she could no longer play young rôles. But her true motherhood came to the fore when, on the day that "Stella Dallas," her greatest picture, was scheduled to start, Teddy died suddenly from blood poisoning from an infected finger. And as he died, he called her "Mother." The next day, all Hollywood wept with Belle, as she cried broken-heartedly, "If I had only let him call me 'Mother'! He hated to pretend I was his sister."

Though Teddy was the only real son of Belle Bennett, an adopted son, William, was with her, along with her second husband, Fred Windermere, when she died. In her short lifetime, her warm mother heart led her to adopt or to care for many unwanted babies, whom she fed and schooled and started out in life. One report puts the number of her foster-children at twenty-seven!

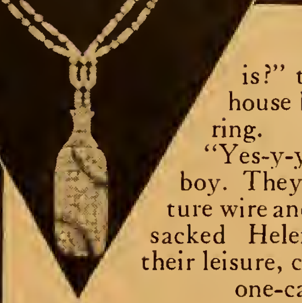
Three years ago, Belle was examined by doctors and told that she must undergo an operation. She was in the midst of money worries at the time, and, in addition, had a hatred of surgery, which was contrary to her religious beliefs. She determined to fight off her trouble by her own strength of will. This strength of will was amazing. She opened a quaint restaurant near Hollywood, called "Grandma's Place" and featuring old-fashioned cooking. But this venture failed. Between attacks of pain, she toured the country on personal appearance tours, and worked desperately, refusing to recognize her growing weakness. When, at last, there was no denying her state, it was too late for surgery.

Many a young actor and actress in the movies owe a debt to Belle Bennett's memory. William Bakewell was one of her protégés whom she interested herself in starting on the screen.

MAE WEST IS ROBBED OF FAMOUS DIAMONDS IN DARING HOLD-UP

Nervous Racketeer Makes Stage Actress, Who Won Fame As "Diamond Lil" And Is Now In Movies, Hand Over Jewels—Helene Costello Also Victim of Jewel Thieves

By DOROTHY DONNELL



Upper right, Mae West as the speakeasy hostess in "Night After Night." In this rôle, she wore the stolen necklace (right)

Someone familiar with Mae's habits robbed her. Besides the jewels, she lost $3,400 she had just withdrawn

IN "Night After Night," Mae West—imported from Broadway, where she was famous for her rôle of "Diamond Lil"—played the associate of racketeers and robbers. Now she is wondering if there might not have been some real racketeer playing "extra" in the picture, who noticed her habit of wearing a great deal of valuable jewelry.

Though Mae has been a conspicuous figure on Broadway and in New York theatrical life for several years, this is the first time she has ever been robbed. "And he must have been an amateur," Mae says. "He was so nervous that I didn't wait a moment before handing over the jewels, because I thought if I tried to talk him out of it, he would probably hit me over the head and maybe mar my face." (The actress' first thought!)

"Toss out that poke and those rocks!" the robber demanded huskily, as Mae sat in her parked limousine. The "poke" contained thirty-four hundred dollars, which Mae had withdrawn from the bank the previous day and was planning to telegraph East that same night. The "rocks" consisted of a spectacular diamond necklace that hung almost to her waist, a diamond bracelet and a ring. These jewels, together with a huge brooch of the same dazzling stones, a wrist-watch and another ring, were familiar to studio employees, as Mae had often worn them to work and had used them as part of her costume in "Night After Night."

Valued at sixteen thousand dollars, the sparklers that were stolen carried no insurance. For several years Mae kept them in a safe deposit vault in Chicago; but on her way to the Coast, she stopped off and took out her jewels, thinking she was going to a safe small town. She was negotiating for insurance on them when the robbery occurred, but had none yet.

Oddly enough, though Mae West is the author of many plays about Broadway night-life, she is seldom a part of the social scene, herself. She works almost every evening on some play, novel or scenario (she has written the script of her next picture, "Honky Tonk," herself), and appears in public places very little. And though jewel robberies are an old actress' gag, and are regarded suspiciously by reporters, there seems no doubt that this one was not a press-agent's inspiration, but a real and painful fact.

Exactly one week after Mae West was robbed, the home of Helene Costello was ransacked by three men wearing dark goggles as a disguise. "Do you know where Heaven is?" they asked the Filipino house boy who answered their ring.

"Yes-y-y-yes!" trembled the boy. They tied him up with picture wire and adhesive tape and ransacked Helene's dressing-room at their leisure, carrying away a twenty-one-carat diamond-and-platinum bracelet, a necklace and lavaliere, valued at thirty-five thousand dollars.

"They were especially designed in Paris," Helene says, "and are so unusual that the robbers will have a hard time disposing of them over here—or abroad either."

Helene Costello's home was ransacked by three robbers, who took $35,000 in jewels

Hollywood a small town? Nonsense! It has night life, jewel robberies, gangland threats, and everything. (P. S. Practically every star in town now has a guard—or is thinking of hiring one.)

Nothing like a reign of terror prevails in the movie capital, but the stars are getting nervous about being out alone at night or leaving their homes unguarded. Prominent picture people who have been robbed in recent months are such known personages as Jeanette MacDonald, Zeppo Marx, Carmel Myers, Marian Nixon, Constance Talmadge and Josef von Sternberg. Several stars, like Marlene Dietrich, Ann Harding, Ruth Chatterton, George Bancroft, Lita Grey Chaplin and Marion Davies, have had scares.

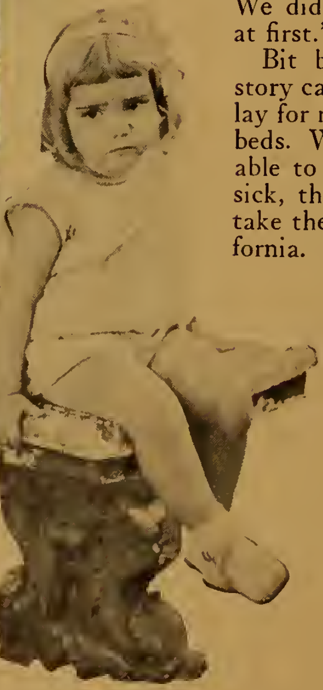
NEWEST CHILD "FIND" OF FILMS WAS GASSED WITH BONUS ARMY

Acme

Left, the "gas attack" on the bonus veterans at Washington by soldiers of the regular army, wearing masks

Acme

Right, mothers and children who were driven out of the B. E. F. camp. Dorothy Jean, not in this group, was in a hospital instead



Dorothy Jean Hamilton (Right), A Two-Year-Old Who Talks Like Ruth Chatterton, Becomes The Youngest "Baby Star"—And Then Studio Learns Of Her Dramatic Life-Story—Her Father A War Veteran

By JERRY BANNON

TWO hundred babies of assorted colors, shapes and sizes filled the anteroom of the Jack Hays "Baby Star" studio, while their mothers looked on proudly. The producer was searching for a two-year-old who spoke plainly and could be taught actual lines.

"My name," said a small, chubby, blonde baby with ringlets, "is Dor-o-thy Jean Ham-il-ton, and I want to act in the moo-vees ver-ry much."

Studio officials looked at one another. Here was a find! None of the "Baby Stars" is more than six. The leading man is three. And here was an ingénue of two who spoke like Ruth Chatterton! They told the mother, who carried a still smaller baby in her arms, "We are going to give her a contract."

For answer, the mother burst into tears. "You have no idea what this means to us," she told them. "We have had such bad luck. We were with the Bonus Army, you see—their father is Sergeant Benjamin Hamilton—and the two babies were gassed when they drove the veterans out of the camp. We didn't think they'd live at first."

Bit by bit, the dramatic story came out. The children lay for many days in hospital beds. When they were finally able to leave, still weak and sick, there was no money to take the family back to California. Their parents hitch-hiked with them as far as Chicago, where their plight attracted the attention of a reporter, as they sat on their pitiful bundles of possessions on Lake Shore Drive. Newspapers caught up the case. A wealthy man read of them, and furnished the family with the money for railroad fare back to their home state.

Now, the troubles of the "Bonus Babies" seem to be over. Dotty is a movie star. But she has not forgotten. After being gassed with the Bonus Army, nothing that Hollywood has to offer should faze Dorothy Jean, newest of the very new "Baby Stars"!

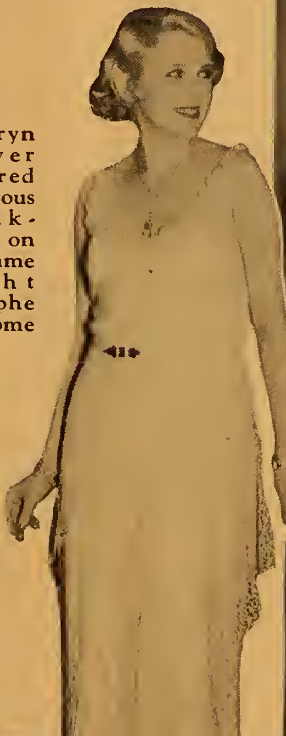
MRS. ADOLPHE MENJOU WONDERS WHY HUSBAND NOW WANTS DIVORCE

Actor's Wife (Kathryn Carver) Admits Rift, But Claims She Does Not Know Reason For It—Couple Recently Had "Second Honeymoon"

BY MADGE TENNANT

Hurrell

Adolphe Menjou, famous for his dress-suit rôles, hates social events in private life—as was brought out when he and his first wife, Katherine Tinsley, below, were divorced. Did his love of privacy lead to second divorce?



Kathryn Carver suffered a nervous breakdown on the same night Adolphe left home

Grimes

Richee

Kathryn reveals that Adolphe often looked at watch when they "stepped out," as at left

HOLLYWOOD divorces always seem to surprise somebody, but here is a divorce that was a surprise even to the wife. Kathryn Carver Menjou insisted that she had not the slightest idea of what made Adolphe pack his things hurriedly one evening and move over to the house of his mother, Mrs. Nora Menjou.

"I'll bite—what *is* it all about?" Kathryn said. "It all seems so vague to me. I was on the verge of a nervous breakdown when we returned from Europe a few months ago—and I still don't feel myself. Until I get better, nothing is being done. I guess a divorce is inevitable."

A friend relates that Adolphe left without explanation, and that it was that same evening that Kathryn entered a hospital "for a complete rest." She adds: "Kathryn still loves him. When she read the divorce stories in the newspapers, she called his mother and tried to find out what was the matter, offering to make any amends if she had been at fault."

Adolphe Menjou, then divorced two years from his former wife, Katherine Tinsley, to whom he had long been married, wed Kathryn Carver, divorced wife of Ira Hill, New York photographer, in Paris in May, 1928. Kathryn had been his leading lady in several pictures, and was just beginning to win great popularity for her blonde beauty. Agreeing with his theory that two careers in one family were a threat to happy marriage, she left the screen.

Adolphe, friends say, was several years older than his lovely bride. Perhaps the difference in years may have had something to do with the gradual estrangement of the couple which, though unguessed by friends, apparently has been going on for a long time. Adolphe, himself, remarked to a newspaper woman, following his departure from home, "It has been coming on for years. She is a lovely girl, but we were not suited to each other."

Menjou, despite his suave, dress-suit characterizations, had little liking for the social life his young and pretty second wife loved. Whenever they started out for a dinner engagement, she related once to a friend, he would look at his wrist-watch and ask, "What's the earliest we can get away?" At the time of his first divorce, it was revealed that he preferred to spend his evenings at home, reading.

Recently, Kathryn Carver Menjou has been threatened with illness. Their recent trip abroad was, it is said, a sort of second honeymoon after a slight tiff such as most married couples have, and it was hoped that the trip might improve her health. But in New York she visited a doctor who advised her to go back home to California and take a complete rest. As a result either of the examination of her own physicians or of the shock caused by her husband's sudden departure from their home, she suffered a nervous breakdown.

PAULINE STARKE CLAIMS CAREER WAS INJURED BY DIRECTOR'S REMARK

Actress, Missing From Screen For Some Time, Wins Suit For Salary Against James Cruze, Who Claimed She "Couldn't Remember Lines"

Cannons

Right, the newest portrait of Pauline Starke. Above, Betty Compson, then the wife of James Cruze, who replaced Pauline opposite Eric von Stroheim in "The Great Gabbo"

By JANET BURDEN

PAULINE STARKE has just won a judgment of $6,030 against the James Cruze Corporation after two years—two years that saw her exit as a popular screen star and her establishment as a stage star. The six thousand dollars represent the balance of the salary Cruze contracted to pay her as the leading lady of his picture, "The Great Gabbo"; the sum does not represent the loss of the movie salaries she might have been making ever since the day when she was removed from the picture "because she couldn't learn her lines."

To-day Pauline Starke is even more beautiful than she was in her heyday on the screen. She has just completed a triumphant run of one hundred and eighty-three performances in "Zombie" on the stage, and several studios are anxious, it is said, to use her for a picture, but the legend fastened on her two years ago still persists: "She can't remember lines."

Director James Cruze claimed that Pauline couldn't remember her lines for "The Great Gabbo." (P. S. His wife got the job)

Here is "the inside story" of the testimony at the Academy "trial," as related to this reporter by George Sherwood, Pauline's manager.

James Cruze and Betty Compson were married at the time of "The Great Gabbo," but it was one of those on-again-off-again things. At the moment when the picture was scheduled to start, it was apparently "off again." Also, Betty was working at another studio with no prospects of being through in time for her husband's picture. So Pauline Starke was signed to play opposite Eric von Stroheim, and filming began.

For the first two days, everything went along beautifully. Cruze complimented her on her work. Then suddenly, everything changed. As they were eating lunch, a telephone call came from Betty. "You can?" Cruze was said to have exclaimed. "Well, that's fine. Come on over and we'll talk about it, Betty!"

The next day, Cruze was a different man. Nothing suited him. He demanded endless changes in dialogue and delivery of lines, until Pauline was so confused that she was on the verge of hysterics. Then he shouted that since she didn't seem able to remember what she was to say, they would write her speech on von Stroheim's shirt front! And the next day, he telephoned her to say that since she seemed unable to remember lines, he would have to let her go—and that Betty Compson was replacing her.

That was the testimony that won Pauline her judgment in the new private court of Hollywood, the Motion Picture Academy, which heard both sides of the case.

Pauline smiles, "I have never forgotten any of my lines in 'Zombie'; and I can repeat even now, two years later, the speech that Cruze had written on von Stroheim's shirt bosom in that close-up love scene! I even made two talking pictures after that without any forgotten lines, before the story of my experience with 'The Great Gabbo' got around and terrified the studios."

She hopes that, now, she can resume her screen career where she left off.

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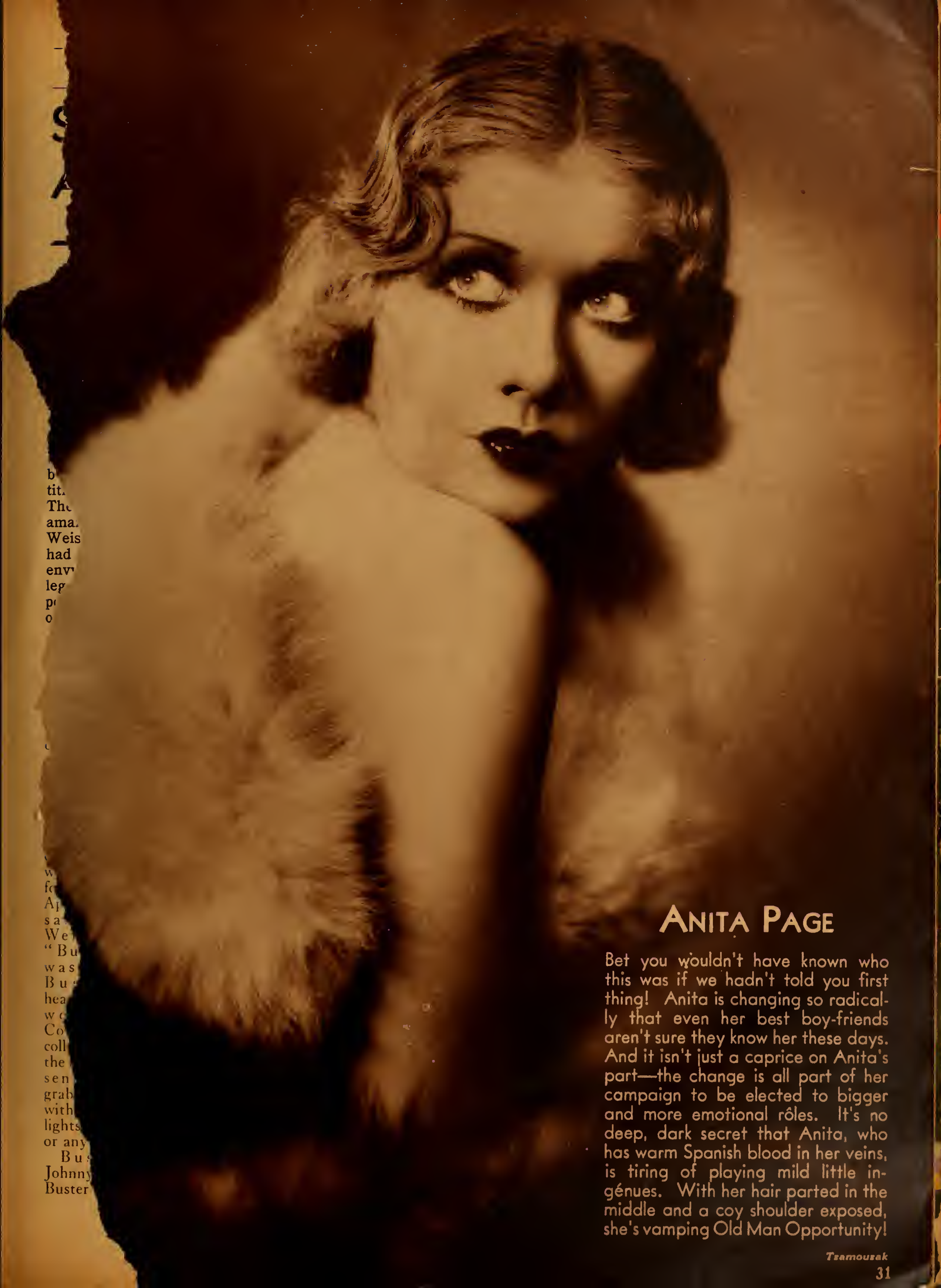
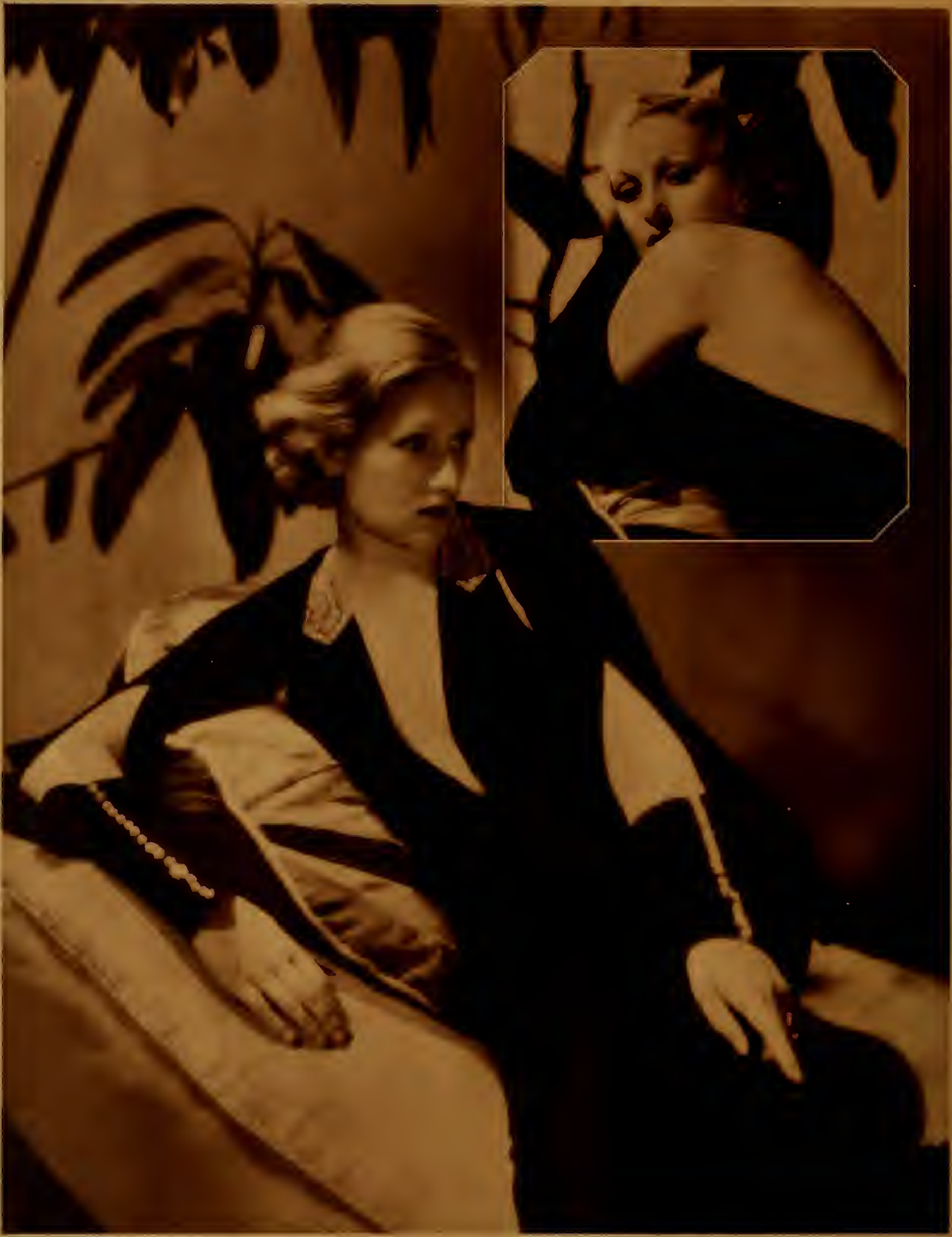


ANITA PAGE

Bet you wouldn't have known who this was if we hadn't told you first thing! Anita is changing so radically that even her best boy-friends aren't sure they know her these days. And it isn't just a caprice on Anita's part—the change is all part of her campaign to be elected to bigger and more emotional rôles. It's no deep, dark secret that Anita, who has warm Spanish blood in her veins, is tiring of playing mild little ingénues. With her hair parted in the middle and a coy shoulder exposed, she's vamping Old Man Opportunity!

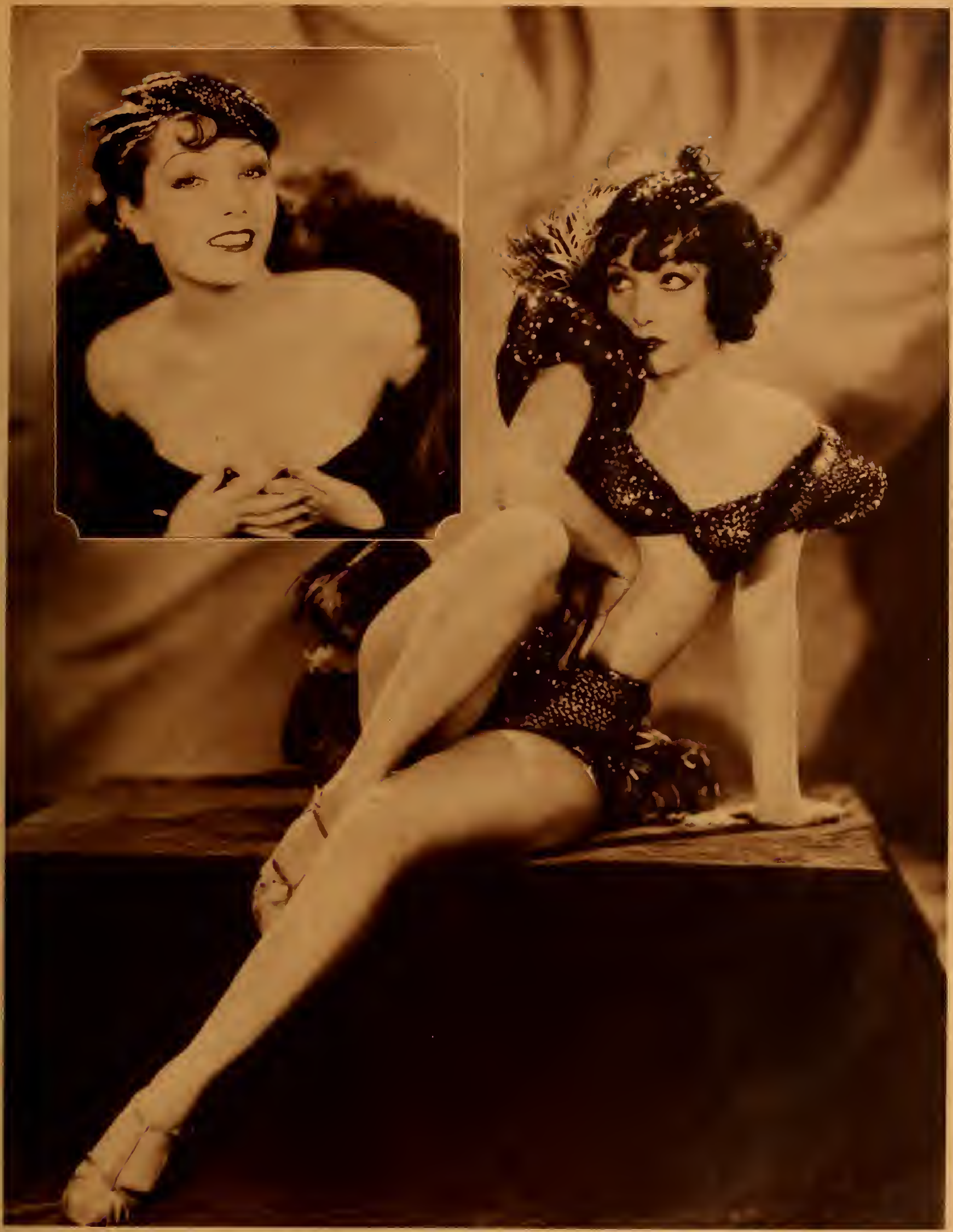
Tsamouzak



Ray Jones

In her first American picture, "The Doomed Battalion," this exotic Viennese was a peasant and a prisoner of war in the snow-covered Alps. In her second, "Nagana," she goes to the opposite extreme—being a lady of fashion (as well as passion) and a prisoner of love in equatorial Africa. For almost a year the Laemmles have been seeking "the right rôle" for their find—and here it is!

TALA BIRELL



Bachrach

LUPE VELEZ

Off the screen, Lupe may adopt a little girl and become a fond "mama," but before the cameras she's still a sirenish señorita, mucha caliente. (That's Spanish for "hot-cha.") In "Phantom Fame," for instance, she is a high-pressure carnival dancer who nabs a chunk of Broadway fame. Next she'll be causing dissension between Edmund Lowe and Victor McLaglen in "Hell to Pay"

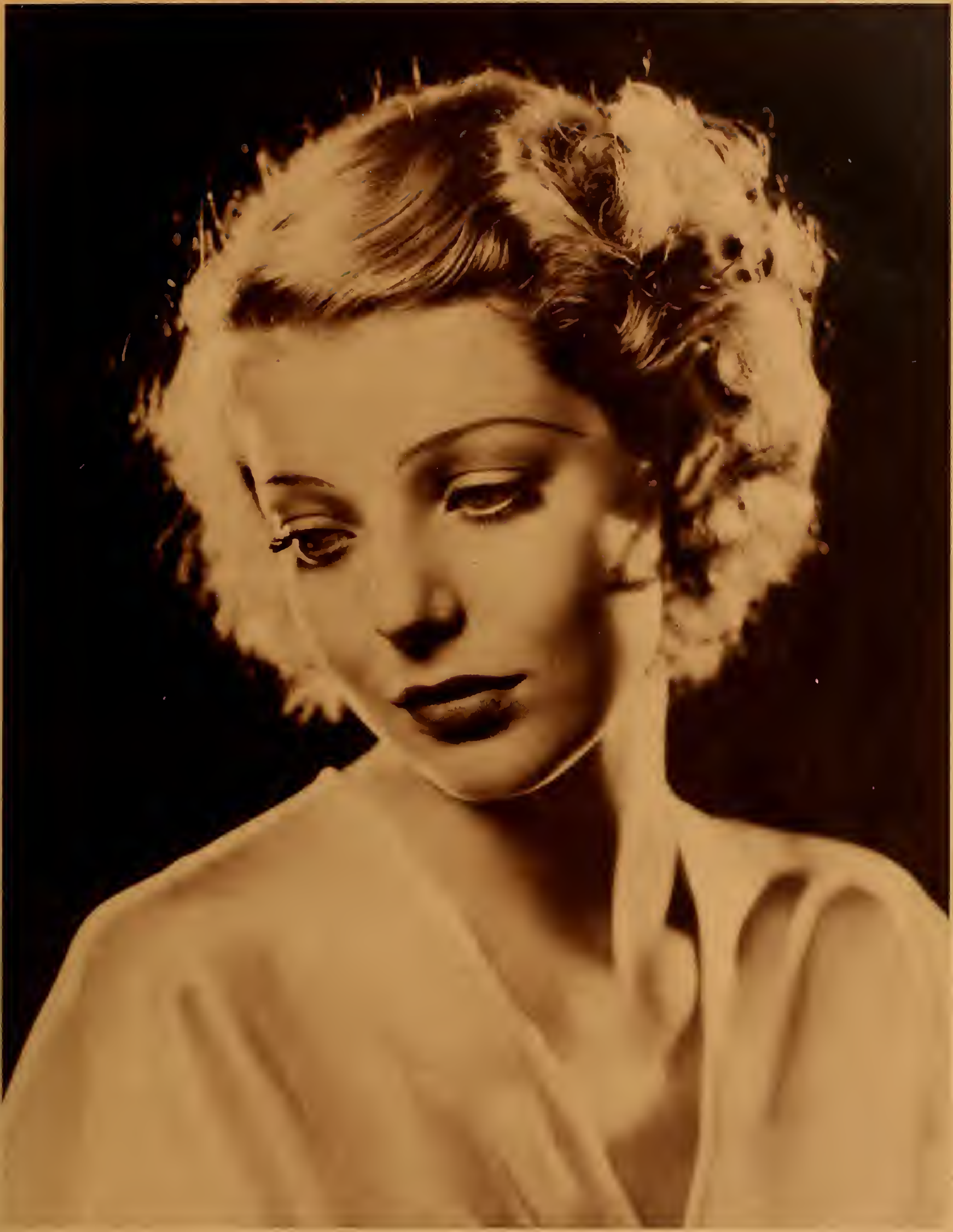
Hopcraft

Fryer

IT'S OPEN SEASON FOR BIG SHOTS

Longworth

When they aren't bagging big rôles, Hollywood's new big shots are out for other "big" game. Cary Grant (top left), Sylvia Sidney's hero in "Madame Butterfly," hits for the High Sierras, loaded for bear. George Brent (top right), before starting "Luxury Liner," had the quail quailing. Clark Gable (above) is sniffing gunpowder even between scenes of "No Man of Her Own." Bette Davis (right), heroine of "Parachute Jumper," plans to have duck for Christmas!



Fryer

LORETTA YOUNG

Now is the time for some good poet to come to the aid of his country, and write an ode to the wistfulness of Loretta. When she puts her mind to it, Loretta can be beautifully sad—as she proved in "Life Begins" (and won stardom). But why so sad now, Loretta? Think of this—the youth of others may go, but you will be ever Young! Can "Employees' Entrance" be making you poignant?

WYNNE GIBSON

Wynne has won her way to the threshold of stardom in an unusual manner—by playing slightly soiled ladies whose vocabularies are crisp, like their manners, but likable ladies for all that. Wynne-some you might say. And the latest in her gallery of vivid portraits is the rôle of Violet in "If I Had a Million," in which practically every player on the Paramount lot takes part. Up at the top, for contrast's sake, is the different, real-life Wynne—the girl who goes horseback-riding up at Lake Arrowhead with Cary Grant between pictures. Is there romance in the air?

Hollywood's Own Slant on GEORGE RAFT

Besides being a romantic menace on the screen, he's a man of mystery off the screen. Either on or off, he's the kind you talk about. In fact, there's a rumor that the name of Raft is supplanting the name of Gable on America's tongue. And if the rest of the world is chanting his praises, what is Hollywood saying about him? Here are its private, confidential comments!

Jotted down by DOROTHY MANNERS

EVER since they watched him toss a coin in the air and saw him "die" the most memorable "death" of the year in "Scarface," Americans have been George Raft-conscious. A big argument flared up as to whether or not he was the successor to Rudolph Valentino, who once tried to get George into the movies to play his brother in a film. George, himself, made fun of the debate.

Interviewers, positive that he must have a colorful past, swooped down upon him—and he revealed that he had once danced for profit, along with Valentino, in New York cafés. Beyond that, he told them just enough to keep his mystery and whet everybody's curiosity. Off the screen, he became the victim of one romance rumor after another. On the screen, he went on being a romantic menace in "Taxi," "Dancers in the Dark," "Night World," "Love Is a Racket," "Madame Racketeer" and, finally, as the star of "Night After Night."

There's no question but what he rates with critics and the movie-going public. But what does Hollywood say about him? What do other stars (some of them his rivals), and directors, and people who know him off the screen think of him as an actor and as a personality? It stands to reason that if we wanted their frank opinions, we couldn't tell them they were talking for publication. Their comments here, therefore, were dropped casually, not for any audience. Which makes them all the more worth hearing:

Paul Muni (star of Raft's first screen success, "Scarface"): "What do I think about George Raft as an actor? Say, I don't have much time to worry about George. I've got my hands full trying to put over *Muni!*"

Karen Morley (also of "Scarface"): "George Raft is a tremendous screen personality, but don't let anybody tell you that he isn't an unusually fine actor. I wonder why it is that most people hate to admit that a man can be a 'personality' and an actor at the same time. Maybe they feel the combination is too much luck—for one man."

Doug Praises Raft Ballyhoo

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS, JR.: "The Paramount publicity department can step up and take a bow on the great amount of interest they have created in George Raft, who has made only seven or eight pictures. It is comparable to the great build-up campaign waged by M-G-M for Clark Gable. Don't misunderstand. I'm taking nothing away from either of these men as actors and great personalities. But the fact that their respective studios have 'told the world' about them hasn't hurt anything, either."

Jean Harlow: "The first I ever heard about Mr. Raft was, 'He is a great personality.' Since the release of 'Night

(*Continued on page 67*)

JOAN CRAWFORD, the Star Who Never Rests

You don't know what ambition is until you meet Joan Crawford. She's incapable of being satisfied with herself. If she reaches one goal, she forgets about it—and pushes on toward a new one. "Fame and money aren't enough," says Joan, who tells, in this frank interview, what she wants from life. Also, she spikes those rumors that her ambition is interfering with a happy marriage!

Joan reads continually. Books aid her ambition

Hurrell

Joan first found fame as a dancing girl, and is an expert dancer — but still takes lessons!

R. H. Louise

JOAN CRAWFORD would put a farm woman to shame. Joan would make a treadmill look like a toy. Joan has never even stopped to listen to the tale of the lilies of the field that neither toil nor spin. She is The Star Who Never Rests—and never will rest.

Ambition burns in the heart of Joan like a consuming white flame and from her heart it devours her face, revealing the tragic bone-structure. It makes of her eyes ravenous pools of an incredible immensity. Her mouth has the insatiable look of one who is forever seeking.

Joan has starved for the sake of her ambition. When, a few years ago, she was too heavy for the screen, she went for three years without really eating a full meal.

Joan has put on weight, after all her deprivations, for the sake of her ambition. When she knew she was to play *Sadie Thompson* in "Rain," she wanted *Sadie* to be slightly plump and blowsy, ever so slightly hippy. She ate, though it choked her, and gained the desired weight.

We all know how Joan has re-created herself—from the hot-cha girl of a few years ago to the poised, controlled and dominant woman she is to-day. The transformations of Joan have been written and rewritten. Back of those transformations was, and is, the burning fire of her ambition.

Joan does not know the meaning of dalliance, of playtime. She never takes a vacation as other

WHY JOAN NEVER RESTS

"I want the Joan Crawford I am this year to be only a building block for the Joan Crawford I shall be next year.

"I want to be prepared for those years that come after youth is gone. If you are prepared for them, they never catch up to you.

"I want never to be second-best. I haven't even begun yet to be what I want to be. I haven't done anything yet, not one single thing, with which I am content.

"I have to be ambitious in two ways, you know—in my work and in my home. I believe that it is perfectly possible to be both if you have enough *humility*.

"If I make a picture that is something of a triumph, I see to it that I am the same person at the end that I was at the beginning.

"Ambition is apt to be a tiring thing. But that can be handled, too.

"You ask me whether there is anything in the world for which I would sacrifice my ambition. Yes, two things."

By FAITH SERVICE

people mean vacations. She never simply rests. There are no breakfast trays in bed for Joan. There are no afternoon bridge parties. There is none of the frittering away of time indulged in by other girls—girls who haven't begun to ascend the ladder mounted by Joan.

Joan's Busy Day

JOAN rises at six-thirty every morning, whether she is making a picture or not. She has an hour of setting-up exercises. She eats a light breakfast. She sees to her household, orders menus, checks over her dates for the week, consults with Douglas on his preference for this or that plan. If she is not making a picture, she takes a two-hour dancing lesson. Joan has danced for years. The average girl would suppose that Joan danced more than well enough. There is no such thing as "well enough" for Joan. The ambition that consumes her has nothing to do with second-best. She must have perfection or nothing. She never takes nothing.

After the dancing lesson there is the singing lesson. A two-hour session. Sometimes Joan sings for three hours or even more. She is driven. She cannot stop. After the singing lesson there is a French lesson, also a two-hour period. And after the French lesson, a tennis lesson. Dancing lesson. Singing lesson. French lesson. Tennis lesson. Check these off on your fingers—and all of this "when I'm not working"—and any one of these the life-pursuit of many a so-called ambitious person.

In between whiles, and at nights, Joan reads. Reads omniverously. Reads all the best the publishers have to offer of memoirs, biographies, fiction. When I talked with her the other day, she had "The Last of the Kaisers," by Emil Ludwig, with her.

"When I am thirty," she told me, "I want to have all these things behind me so that I can go on . . . I

(*Continued on page 68*)

C. S. Bull

Miehle

After dieting three years, Joan added weight to play *Sadie Thompson*, above. Left, she defies self-consciousness in her new 1890 evening ensemble. At top, the latest portrait of Joan, whose new mood is a gay one

Hurrell

"TONY," Tom Mix's Horse, Says Goodbye

Transcribed
by
JACK HILL,
who has
known "Tony"
fifteen
years

After twenty-three years of being Tom's best pal, carrying him through thick and thin, Tony is being put out to pasture for the rest of his days. But, like "Black Beauty," good old Tony has a few things to tell his public before he goes!

"Tony," the most famous horse in the world (center), hates to see his harness hung up after twenty-three exciting years. One of the horses at Mixville (above) will be his successor

RETIRED! "Tony Mix officially turned out to pasture!" That's the way they announced that my screen days were over. Since I was only a horse, my viewpoint was not considered. But that doesn't keep me from telling the boys and girls what I think about it. I agree with the admirals in the Navy and the generals of the Army—there isn't any sense to this retirement business, meaning horse sense. The admirals and generals are sent home at sixty-four. I am twenty-three, and they are sending me away from home—is there anything fair about that?

If I were to circulate a petition for reinstatement, there would be plenty of signers—people I've met, prominent ones, too. There would be ex-President Coolidge—I've been photographed with him; likewise President Hoover. I also knew Presidents Taft, Wilson and Harding. Four times I visited the White House, once inside to meet Mrs. Harding. Forty-eight governors, including Alfred E. Smith and Franklin D. Roosevelt, and mayors by the hundred are my personal friends.

Furthermore, royalty and foreign notables would come to my rescue. The Prince of Wales chatted with me in Tattersalls, London. I met President von Hindenberg in Berlin, and the late President Gaston Doumergue in France. Sir Arthur Harris, Lord Mayor of London, looked me over and said I was a fine horse, and der Herr Sehr Hoch-geboren Heinrich von Kleinberg, Burgermeister of Berlin, had the same idea, only in German.

On the same trip, I was presented to Prince Henry, of Prussia; Queen Marie, of Roumania; the Crown

(*Continued on page* 60)

MARY CARLISLE

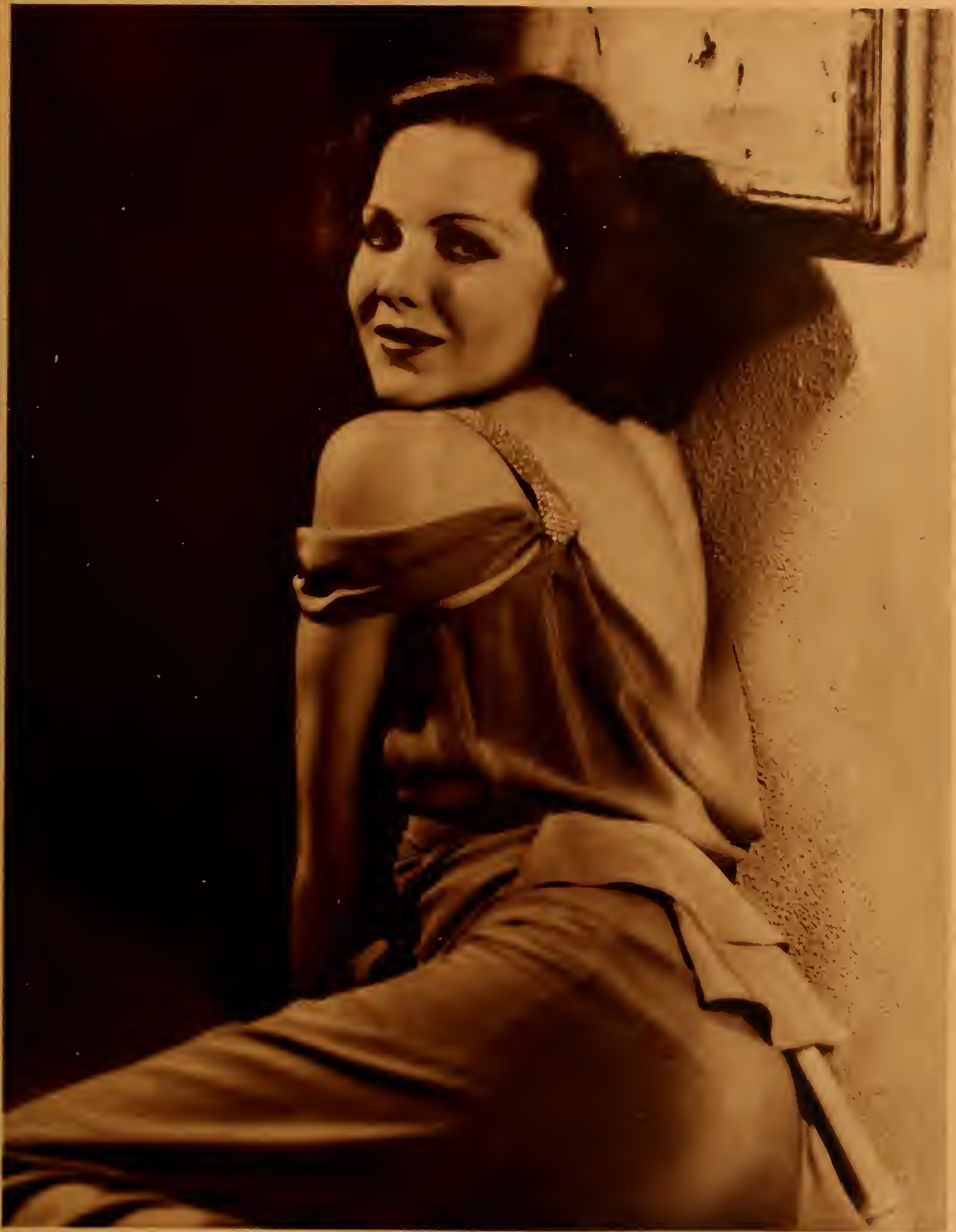
There's an old saying about the shoe's pinching on the other foot now—and Mary says it's certainly true in her case. She danced her way into the movies, but became dramatic overnight, and now she hardly dances at all, except for exercise. Her specialty is kicking the ceiling, providing it's a sloping one. For she is one of the littlest little girls in the movies—but, even so, she's going a long, long way, say the prophets. Remember her as the shy little bride in the lost scenes of "Grand Hotel"? That started the prophecies. She's now with Irene Rich in "Her Mad Night"

Milton Brown

Ray Jones

Every star has his hobby—but Lew has two. One of them is astronomy, and the other is clay-modeling. The Little Woman, Lola Lane, hinted that star-gazing kept him out too late at night—so now he spends his spare time in his workroom, engaged in play that is also work. Here he's creating a figure of challenge. Maybe a self-portrait? You'll next see Lew in the all-star "State Fair"

LEW AYRES

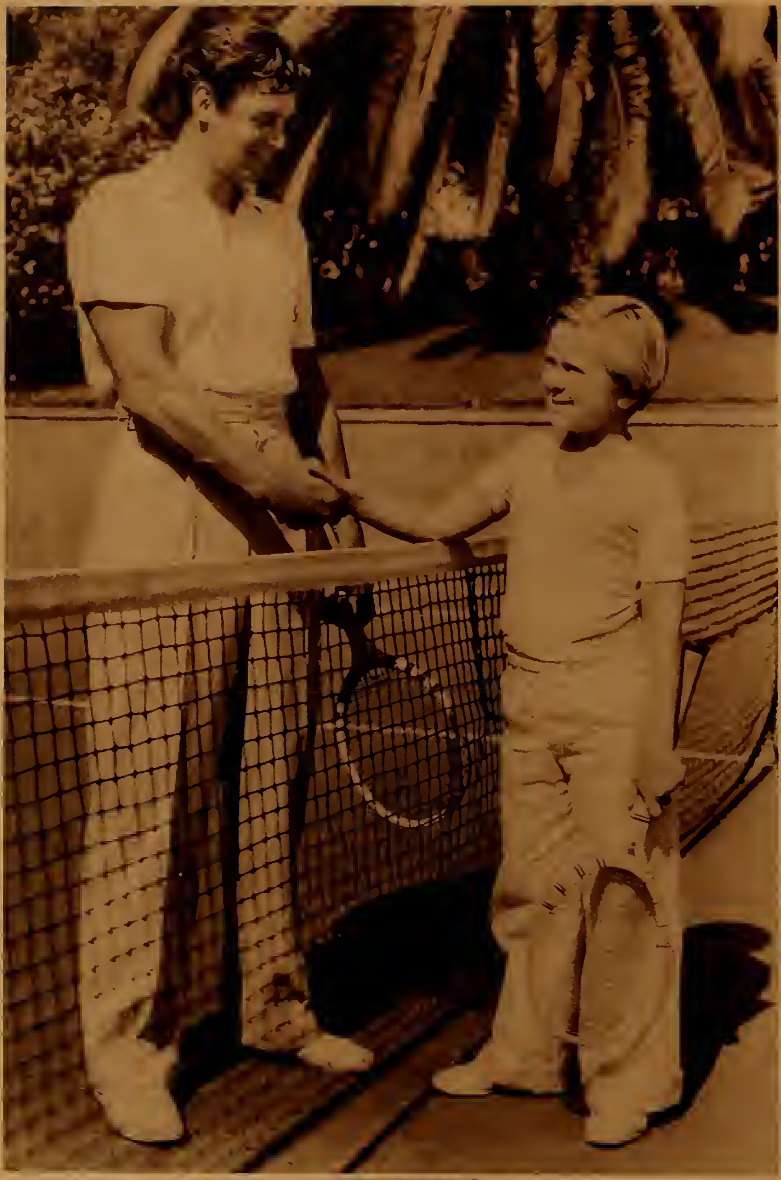


Hurrell

MARY BRIAN

Everyone thought Mary was in the corner, weeping, because she's now a free-lance player, instead of having a studio for a boss. And, lo and behold, Mary turns around and flashes the one and only Brian smile, the same as always. She enjoys independence. If she doesn't like a rôle, she doesn't have to take it. She happens to like the one opposite James Cagney in "Hard to Handle"!

JACKIE AND JOHNNY ARE BUDDIES

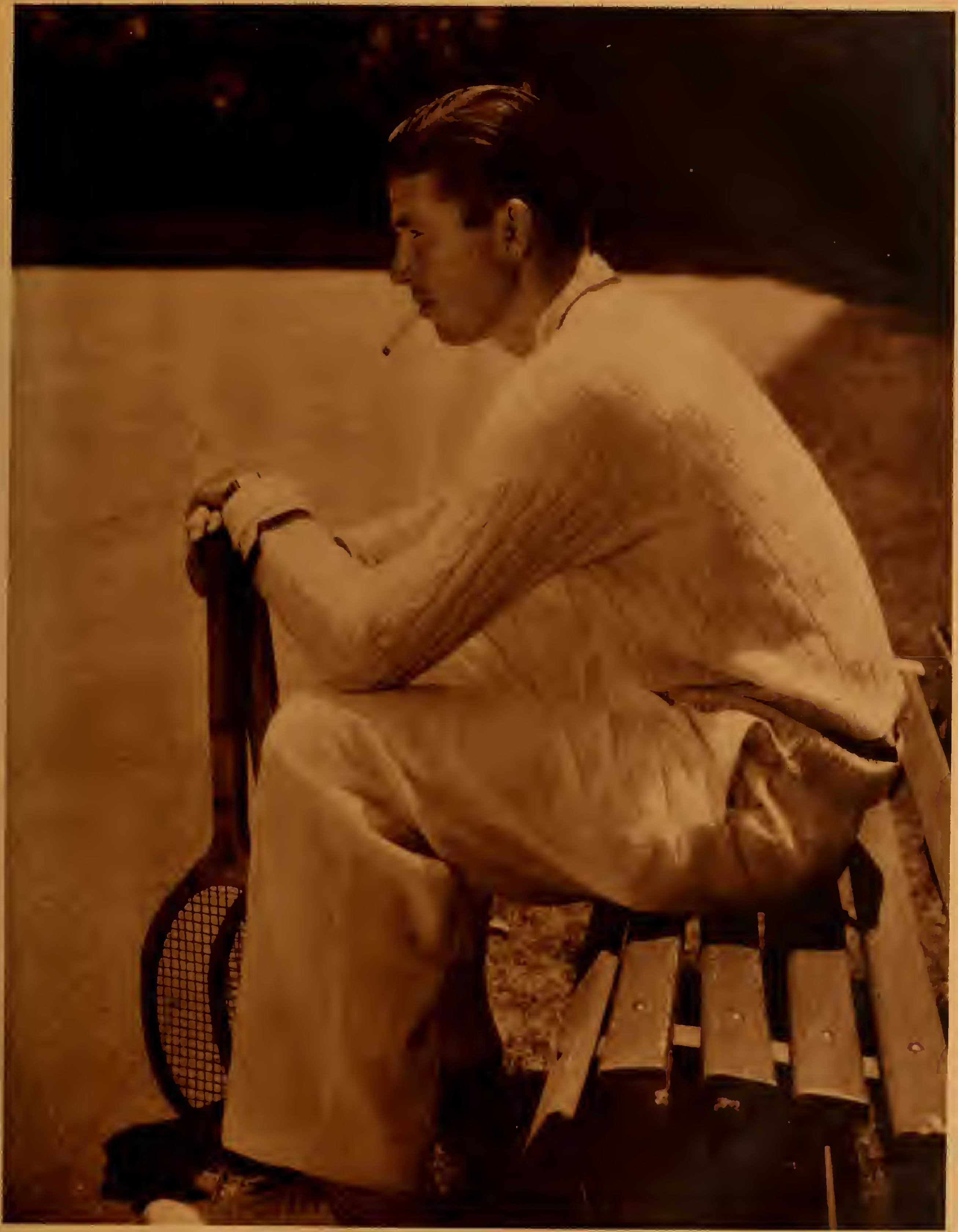


Jackie Cooper has a new idol—Johnny Weissmuller. (Wally Beery kindly take a back seat, now!) And the big "Tarzan" man thinks Jackie's a great little guy!

Photos by Wm. Grimes

"No hard feelin's, remember," Jackie warns Johnny before a battle

It's Johnny that Jackie wants to be like now when he grows up. So what Johnny does, Jackie does — including horseback riding



Longet

BRUCE CABOT

Let's give three long cheers—or shall we make it a locomotive yell?—for Bruce. He apparently hasn't gone the way of all flesh and taken up turtle-neck sweaters. And he's original in other ways, too—as you'll discover in "King Kong," in which RKO's big Gable threat plays the hero, with a huge ape for villain. Right now, he's resting on the sidelines, waiting for some more he-man adventure

Preston Duncan

THREE JOAN BENNETTS

Most people have dual personalities—but Joan is three girls merged into one: a serious girl who takes life seriously; a dreamer, whose dreams are tinged with wistfulness and a happy-go-lucky, carefree creature. Here she gives you half an idea, but in "Me and My Gal" you'll see the whole three Joans

Now that the election's over, Eddie is trying to look aloof from politics. At top, with the six girls in his life—Mrs. Cantor, and the five little Cantors

Miehle

EDDIE CANTOR Would Rather Be "*Papa*" Than President

Eddie beat both Roosevelt and Hoover to the radio to tell America what he would do "when I'm the Pres-i-dent." But, as usual, he was only kidding. Seriously, his ambition is to be elected a great big family man. If you didn't know Eddie has a serious side, just listen to what he says about the six girls in his life—all of them named Cantor

By HELEN LOUISE WALKER

EDDIE CANTOR is back. Broadway's own Eddie. Star of a dozen Ziegfeld shows, master of ceremonies at a thousand benefits, shrewd and salty commentator on modern life—friendly, sentimental, beloved singing clown. Eddie Cantor.

He has just finished the last retake on "The Kid from Spain," Samuel Goldwyn's million-dollar musical extravaganza. The Wise Boys were amazed at Sam's temerity in risking so much money on such a picture at such a time. "This is the time to give the public something *good*," retorted the shrewd Goldwyn. "After all, I have Eddie Cantor in the piece. . . . " And he dug into his jeans for another couple of hundred thousand for some addition to the picture that had just occurred to him. The little dynamo of laughter named Cantor was security for his million. Well, Sam has made few mistakes in the show business. He is probably right again.

A few days ago, Eddie went bustling off to New York to fulfill a twenty-seven weeks' contract on the radio. He was busy, the last time I saw him, writing the first of his radio acts. Each one, you see, must have a Message. Eddie believes in Messages. "Not soupy, Pollyanna stuff," he assures you. "Just a little note of human sympathy—that little touch of something that nudges people gently near the heart!"

For this little, wisecracking, Broadway entertainer with the bulging, tired eyes and the Puck-ish, heart-shaped

(*Continued on page 70*)

Wide World

Stars aren't missing this year's big Mayfair parties, if they can possibly get there. For instance, here is Lilyan Tashman, just recovered from an appendicitis operation, gamely attending one with husband Edmund Lowe

Wide World

All four of the stars above—Clark Gable, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.—sort of have the habit of giving small, intimate parties, themselves, but they like to attend the big ones, too. They're all registering pleasure at being at the opening Mayfair ball

The Stars Are At It Again—Giving Bigger and Better Parties

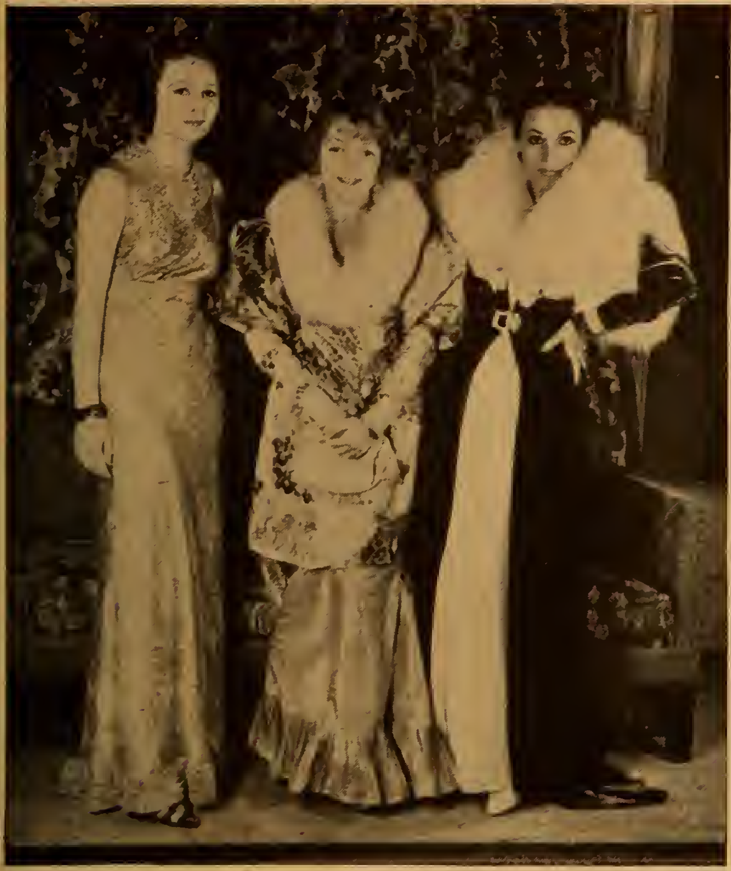
By

CAROL MAYNARD

Marion Davies had 105,000 guests—count 'em—at her Electrical Pageant. Mary Pickford gave a bridge party for 1,000 at Pickfair. Everybody in town has taken up Bessie Love's big luncheon idea. The Fredric Marches made over their home for a "Gay Nineties" party. Elissa Landi made over hers for a Wild West dance. After two bleak social seasons, the stars are entertaining in a big way!

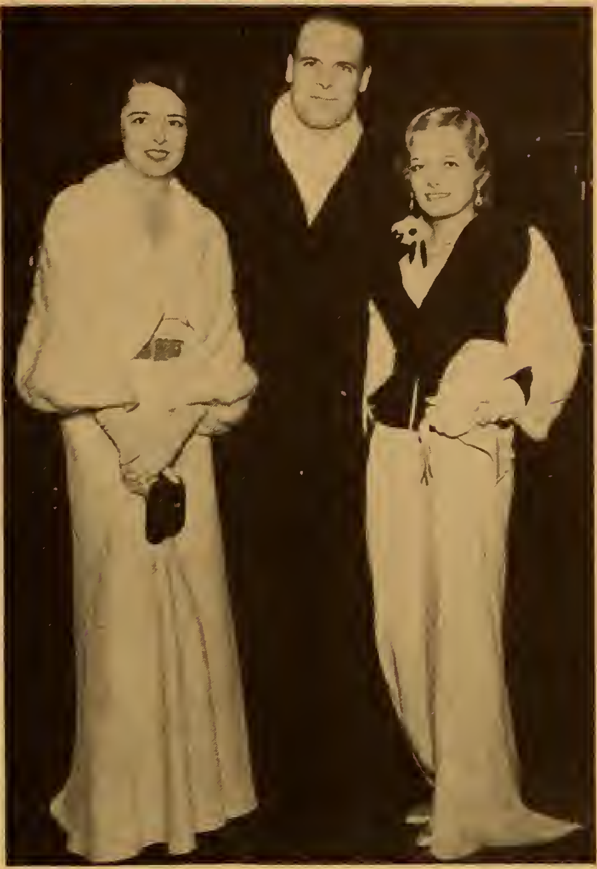
HOLLYWOOD is giving parties again, as only Hollywood knows how to give them! Maybe the Presidential campaign had something to do with it, what with the promise from one party for "a new deal for the American people," and the statement from the other that "the crisis is past—we are on the road to recovery." Or maybe the cessation of the Sino-Japanese conflict had something to do with it (Hollywood has such quaint reasons for the things she does). Or it might be (and probably is) that merriment and hospitality are part of the Hollywood scene and that the old town didn't feel natural with the WELCOME mat missing from the front steps.

The social ball started rolling with the highly successful summer of Olympic Games in Los Angeles and kept right on rolling through the autumn season of opera, football



Wide World

While their husbands duck out of camera range, three of the girls are snapped in their newest finery at a Mayfair dance. Left to right, they are Sharon Lynn (Mrs. Barney Glazer), Helen Hayes (Mrs. Charles MacArthur) and Dolores Del Rio (Mrs. Cedric Gibbons)



Wide World

It seems like old times, seeing Hollywood give big parties again—and seeing Colleen Moore attending them once more. Here she is, at one of the weekly Mayfair dances, with Ralph Graves and Marian Nixon (right)

All the stars belong to the Mayfair Club—and, from the look of things, a quorum is present every week. Spot some of your favorites?

International

and Mayfair parties not to mention two large and elaborate private functions given by the Fredric Marchs and Elissa Landi, respectively.

Charity has, of course, prompted its usual quota of Hollywood festivities and entertainments—the largest charity affair being sponsored by Marion Davies with an Electrical Pageant of Hollywood on Parade, given at the Olympic stadium. 105,000 people turned out to this event, the proceeds going to the Marion Davies Foundation, a charity for children. Stars from every studio gladly consented to ride in the parade and this party of Marion's is beginning to be an annual, and looked-for, social event.

Also, in the name of charity, Mary Pickford threw wide the gates of Pickfair to one thousand bridge players! In other words, for the price of a ticket, Miss Flapper and Mrs. Housewife could stroll about the exclusive Pickfair grounds, just like the visiting royalty! It is said that the Mary Pickford tea party raised $50,000 for the Motion Picture Relief Fund, which aids destitute Hollywood families. This is the favorite charity of the movie stars—because they are helping Their Own People.

(*Continued on page 73*)

LOOKING THEM

Gossip From The West Coast

For films, you have to have all the poise of an artists' model. And that's what Judith Barrie (above) used to be. You'll see her with Tom Mix in "Hidden Gold"

THOUGH John Gilbert announced that his trip to Europe with his bride, Virginia Bruce, was just a delayed honeymoon, Hollywood won't be downed on her favorite latest rumor that the Gilberts are expecting the stork.

With Virginia now definitely retired from a career, their close friends say nothing would make the Gilberts happier than to have a child—or several of them.

Leatrice Joy (Jack's second wife, and mother of his daughter) once explained that Jack's paternal feelings were slightly indifferent—but that was the excitable, restless Jack Gilbert of old, and not this newly settled and domesticated John Gilbert, who married Virginia Bruce.

Once these temperamental gentlemen do decide to settle down, they make wonderful husbands and fathers. Witness the formerly devil-may-care John Barrymore, who did a complete right-about-face after he married Dolores Costello and became the very proud papa of a baby girl—and boy!

IT was option time! The kindly executive was trying to make the actor understand why he couldn't expect the raise on his contract that was coming to him. "You aren't worth any more money to us," explained the Exec. "You're a good actor, sure, but you haven't got sex-appeal." He decided to elaborate on this idea. For a solid hour he explained to the actor that women just didn't go for him. His final stroke of financial genius was this: "Put you in the same room with So-and-So (naming another star under contract to the same company) "and the women wouldn't even know you were alive—see what I mean?"

All this time the actor had said nothing. He had merely sat and listened. Not once had he lost his temper. With this final crack, he smiled, "Well, if that's the case, I think it only fair that So-and-So should get the raise that was coming to me! I'll tell him you think he's such hot stuff!"

"No!" screamed the Exec, "don't give *him* any silly ideas!"

P. S. The actor got the raise on his contract!

Randolph Scott is roping in Sally Blane (above) without benefit of a lasso, for "Wild Horse Mesa." Randy, a Virginian who looks like a combination of Chevalier and Gary Cooper, is Paramount's new Western star

After the downpour he went through in "Rain," William Gargan can't get enough of sunshine. He's warming up now for "The Animal Kingdom"

OVER

By

DOROTHY MANNERS

Acme

Jeanette MacDonald's sheep dog is trying to pull her back to Hollywood—but Jeanette likes Europe so well she may do a film over there!

LILY PONS pulled a cute one. Invited out to M-G-M to lunch with Ramon Novarro, Joan Crawford and Robert Montgomery, the sensational little French opera singer brought along her autograph book! Were Joan and Ramon and Bob surprised? They had their books all ready to ask Lily for hers!

HOLLYWOOD, as well as the rest of the world, is beginning to get a brand-new slant on Clara Bow. There's no getting away from it—for years her fellow-players took something of a patronizing air toward Clara. They readily admitted the redhead's dynamic screen personality and her acting talent, but for Clara, the girl herself, they assumed a "Poor-little-thing-she-has-such-tough-luck-doesn't-she?" attitude. Clara's outlandish clothes and her outlandish publicity never made her real competition to the local success sirens.

But *now!* . . .

Longworth

From the way the dancing girls cluster around him between scenes of "42nd Street," you'd never suspect that Warner Baxter plays a hard-hearted dance director. Which proves that when Warner steps outside for a breath of fresh air, he steps out of his rôle, too!

What would you do if a Panther Woman (like Kathleen Burke) took a liking to you? Richard Arlen wonders in "Island of Lost Souls," in which animals turn into humans!

The other evening Clara attended a very swanky party, which was also attended by several of Hollywood's swankiest lady stars. And Clara's gown, and Clara's deportment, completely stole the show! The Bow was very quiet and reserved and completely drawing-room but, oh, that gown she wore! A slinky, slithery silver-cloth, cut in the most daring décolleté, and her vivid red hair, worn in a long bob, made Clara the most startling-looking woman in the room. Said one very generous lady star: "She's the most fascinating-looking thing I ever saw." No longer are Hollywood ladies dismissing Clara as "a poor little thing."

AFTER long debates *pro* and *con*, it has been decided by the Warner Brothers not to co-star Ruth Chatterton and George Brent in more than one or two pictures a year—if that many. Ruth had expressed the desire to have her brand-new husband opposite her, and at the time their romance was dotting newspaper front pages, the studio liked the idea.

Now that the excitement of the Forbes-Chatterton-Brent triangle has died down, Ruth and George are just another movie married couple, and married couples have never been sure-fire at the box-office.

IF you can believe all you hear:

Gwili Andre and Willis Goldbeck (scenario writer) are headed altar-ward with "sometime next Spring" set as the time for wedding bells.

Boris Karloff has been advised not to be so friendly, congenial and kindly to fans he greets in private. Boris is one of the most amiable and agreeable gents in Hollywood, and his advisers have decided it is bad business. The claim is that the fans expect him to be mysterious—and dangerous.

Irene Rich keeps young by going places with her daughters, Frances and Jane. Here they are aboard the freighter *S. S. Fella*

NEVER has any actress received the friendly demonstrations that greeted every screen appearance of Jean Harlow in "Red Dust." And best news of all, according to the management of the Pantages Theatre in Hollywood, it was the matinée audiences, comprised chiefly of women, that were the loudest and most enthusiastic about "giving Jean a hand."

Certainly this girl is on her way to one grand career! In two pictures she takes her place along with Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer as one of the oustanding feminine attractions of the M-G-M program.

What's this—Gwili Andre a bathing beauty? You'll probably stay to see "No Other Woman" twice!

NOW that Mary Pickford's niece, Gwen Pickford (daughter of Lottie), is blossoming into such a very pretty young Hollywood débutante, we hear that several young actors have cast an interested eye in her direction. And we also hear that Gwen withers them all with a very frigid response to their dining and dancing overtures.

Sighed one young man, who had come out on the icy end of an invitation to Gwen: " . . . and they call Garbo *cold!*"

ESTELLE TAYLOR and Lyle Talbot have apparently called quits to their torrid romance of a couple of months. It seems that Lyle had matrimony in mind—and Estelle didn't. When Lyle became too insistent on wedding bells, Estelle stepped out of the picture and now is lunching with John Warburton.

In the meantime Lyle has met Sandra Rambeau . . .

Freulich

The most popular actor in Hollywood—that's Russell Hopton. Now in "Destination Unknown," he holds the year's record for The Most Rôles

WILLIAM HAINES' newest idea for interior decoration is gingham-covered picture frames! Try that on your old bureau . . . .

But all joking aside, it is a pretty cute trick, and such ladies as Constance Bennett, Joan Crawford and Tallulah Bankhead are among the gingham devotées.

SALLY EILERS will probably win the palm as The Most Disappointed Gal in Hollywood. Sally, you remember was just crazy to do "The First Year" on the screen, and you know how *that* came out!

Just recently Sally had her heart set on "Walking Down Broadway" when along came Boots Mallory and walked off with that one! This Mallory girl, by the way, looks like a sensation.

Another local girl makes good, by being "discovered" on Broadway—Marion Burns. You'll glimpse her in "Man Eater"

WHAT a month this has been for new romance combinations in Hollywood!

Phillips Holmes is taking Frances Dee to tea.

Ivan Lebedeff seems to have lost everybody's

(*Continued on page 55*)

Blondes PARTICULARLY MUST FIGHT SKIN DRYNESS

Woodbury's COLD CREAM
FACIAL CREAM

New vitamin ingredient (Element 576) in Woodbury's Cold Cream feeds dry skins, guards against lines

"Blondes fade early," they say . . . usually their fine skin fades from dryness. And many women with dark hair also have this same quality of sensitive skin.

Do you have that tendency to dryness? Then care for your skin with Woodbury's COLD Cream. For Woodbury's is the only cream which contains Element 576 . . . a new ingredient never before used in a face cream. For months, Woodbury skin specialists have been experimenting to apply the new science of vitamin-nourishing-oils to the making of Woodbury's Creams. Thousands of tests on skins of every type show that Woodbury's COLD Cream (with the new Element 576) *does more for the skin than other creams.* It penetrates deeper . . . cleanses deeper to prevent blackheads . . . lubricates deeper to quench dryness. And Woodbury's COLD Cream does more than cleanse and lubricate . . . it *enriches* the tissues . . . supplies the youth-element for which the skin hungers and without which it fades.

Use Woodbury's COLD Cream on YOUR skin . . . morning and night, and after exposure. You will SEE its effect in a few days. Your skin will be softer and smoother; will have that velvety bloom that thrills the touch . . . Use Woodbury's FACIAL Cream (as powder base) to protect your skin from drying dust and exposure.

Go to your favorite drug store or department store today and ask for Woodbury's COLD Cream and Woodbury's FACIAL Cream. Big jars, 50¢. Handy tubes, 25¢.

Woodbury's Creams

OTHER WOODBURY'S SCIENTIFIC AIDS TO LOVELINESS

WOODBURY'S CLEANSING CREAM . . . The lightest and "meltiest" of creams. Penetrates deep into the pores—flushes the dirt to the surface. 50¢ in jars—25¢ in tubes.

WOODBURY'S TISSUE CREAM . . . A luxurious emollient cream. Use it to prevent and correct lines and wrinkles and for excessively dry skin. 50¢ and $1 the jar.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL FRESHENER . . . Refreshing—stimulating—refines texture. For normal or dry skins. 75¢ a bottle.

WOODBURY'S FACIAL POWDER . . . Spreads evenly. Does not clog the pores. Comes in several carefully blended shades. Exquisitely perfumed. 50¢ and $1 the box.

FREE SAMPLE Send this coupon now for a trial tube of Woodbury's Cold Cream free—enough for several treatments. Or send 10 cents (to partly cover cost of mailing) and receive charming week-end kit containing generous samples of Woodbury's Creams, new Face Powder and Facial Soap.

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Is LON CHANEY'S Son Fated to Suffer for Films, Too?

When Creighton Chaney got his movie chance, they wanted him to be "Lon Chaney, Jr.," but he refused—because he didn't want anyone to expect him to be like his famous father. Already he has had to perform some dangerous stunts, and has been injured—but he won't use a double, even if he has to risk his life. His father felt the same way!

By NANCY PRYOR

CREIGHTON CHANEY, son of the beloved Lon, has made but three pictures for the screen, and yet Hollywood is asking: "Is the son slated for the same career of physical suffering that glorified the father—and at the same time contributed to his untimely end?"

In the first picture Creighton made under the terms of his RKO contract, he was called upon to leap from a tree onto the back of a supposed-to-be runaway horse. He is only a passable horseman, but the son of Lon did that perilous stunt—*and dislocated his hip, fractured a thumb and broke a rib!* To many who worked on the picture with him, this will be the first news they have of the injury the boy did himself. Creighton didn't mention it—he didn't even ask for the services of a doctor.

In another chapter of the same serial, "The Last Frontier," Creighton, who is only a fair swimmer, leaped into some charging rapids and performed a swimming stunt that would have been difficult for Johnny Weissmuller—*at the cost of a dislocated shoulder!*

He has been in pictures eight months, and in that time, in order to bring down his weight to the rigid requirements of the camera, he has lost thirty-five pounds on a self-sacrificing diet that cannot have helped but weaken him. For young Chaney lost not one ounce of fat in that reduction! There wasn't any fat on him. His entire two hundred and fifteen pounds were solid muscle. A gruelling five-mile daily run and a diet of fruit juices were his offerings upon the altar of his Dad's profession.

Willing to Do "Anything"

IT makes you stop and wonder about this six-feet-two overgrown boy of Lon Chaney's, who is so crazy to do something worth while on the screen that he is willing to do "anything.". . .

He has been heralded as a possible successor to Clark Gable. But he isn't like Clark. He isn't like any other actor. He isn't quite sure, himself, if he is an actor at all. But he swears to all and sundry that he is going to be! He is going to study and learn and hope for the breaks and do what they tell him until he has that Ol' Devil Camera mastered! He is sincere and terribly serious about himself and the movies. His almost-*Merton*ish viewpoints about a Hollywood career might be kidded—in anyone but Lon's son. You have only to talk to Creighton an hour to learn that he is admittedly a babe in the movie woods. He is tall and dark with nice eyes, particularly nice when he smiles, which he doesn't often do.

"I'm so green at this Hollywood game I don't even know many other actors," he says seriously. "My pals at the studio are the fellows in the publicity department and others like that about the lot. When my father was here—well, he wasn't any too keen about having me hang around the studios. I only visited his sets once or twice in all the years he was a movie star. I don't think my Dad wanted me to be an actor. But I guess that is natural. A lawyer seldom wants his son to be a lawyer, and doctors have all sorts of reasons why they don't want their boys to follow in their footsteps."

Because I had heard of all these physically

(*Continued on page 69*)

Acme

Creighton Chaney says, "My Dad would feel disgraced at the idea of a double for a Chaney"

Looking Them Over

(*Continued from page 52*)

telephone number except Catherine Hardie's.

Lupe Velez went night-clubbing with Charlie Morton, who is supposed to be semi-engaged to Eleanor Hunt.

Buddy Rogers is back in town, giving Mary Brian an awful rush, and is Dick Powell upset? We hear that's nothing to the way Russell Gleason felt when he got in from Europe.

Dorothy Lee has been known to cast very sweet smiles in the direction of her dancing partner, Billy Taft, whenever she gets peeved with Marshall Duffield (which is quite often).

MONA MARIS and Gilbert Roland are going places together, though Hollywood has a hunch that Roland is still carrying the torch for Norma Talmadge. For that matter, we hear that Mona's heart has never entirely healed since the time she and Clarence Brown were that way about each other.

These consolation romances can be very dangerous, so don't be surprised if this one becomes a real romance!

UNLESS the movie fans in Los Angeles start behaving themselves at local "preview" showings of big pictures, the movie producers are going to stop showing their masterpieces to the home-town audiences. In other words, the professional preview audiences are beginning to be very "smarty" and "kidding" about the new pictures so generously dished up to them.

In view of the giggles and razzings that have greeted some excellent pictures lately, "preview night" has come to be something of a real hardship to the stars and producers. Often it has led to unnecessary expense when the producer, judging from the "audience" reaction, has remade certain scenes and sequences.

The latest tip is that the new pictures will be taken to San Francisco or San Diego for their tryouts.

HERE'S a hot one for you: Eddie Cantor very definitely and very unhumorously refuses to have his name listed among the board of directors of the super-ultra Mayfair Club. Considering that Hollywood has always bestowed these "directorships" as a mark of honor (this year Fredric March is President, Norma Shearer vice-president, and Irving Thalberg, Winfield Sheehan, Joseph Schenck, Mary Pickford and other high-lights are among the directors), Cantor's refusal to be "honored" has Hollywood guessing.

We hear it rumored that Cantor and one of the other directors are enjoying one of those puzzling Hollywood feuds, and Eddie won't even be "listed" with his antagonist.

OVER the New York-to-Hollywood "grapevine" we hear that Norma Talmadge was one of the first in line to see Norma Shearer's interpretation of her (Norma Talmadge's) greatest screen success, "Smilin' Through." And, what's more, they say the original Norma wept copiously at successor Norma's charming portrayal. This should be a greater tribute to Norma Shearer than all the critics' enthusiasms tied in a bundle. Surely, there is no greater criticism of any player's work than from the actress who created the rôle for the screen.

Wonder what Gloria Swanson thought of Joan Crawford in "Rain"?

(*Continued on page 59*)

RADIANTLY *Alive!*

HEALTH—Life's no fun when you're only half-awake. If you want to feel fine, sweep away the poisons—and your clean blood will give you a new pep.

BEAUTY—Bright eyes, a clear skin, come when you are *internally clean!* You have sparkle, charm. Note: Sal Hepatica is a great help in the reducing diet.

SHE FOLLOWS THE SAL HEPATICA ROAD TO INTERNAL CLEANLINESS!

TO be wide-awake, fresh, healthy, lovely to look at—you must keep your system free of impurities and poisons.

Sal Hepatica keeps you internally cleansed the *saline* way. It first flushes away the wastes and poisons which clog the digestive tract. But because it is not an ordinary laxative, but a saline—it rids your blood-stream, too, of poisons! It cleanses and purifies your system!

It is for this reason that Sal Hepatica combats colds, headaches, rheumatism, and skin-blemishes. It contains the same salines as do the health springs of Wiesbaden and Aix. It is *America's* great saline!

Tomorrow morning—start with Sal Hepatica. In a short time you'll feel better. Then—your eyes will brighten, your skin will freshen, there'll be new lightness in your step. Your whole point of view will brighten up because your system has been purified!

CONSTIPATION

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RHEUMATISM

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Movie Classic's Letter Page

Each month, Movie Classic gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters published on this page

Become a Critic—Give Your Opinion—Win a Prize

Here's your chance to tell the movie world—through Movie Classic—what phase of the movies most interests you. Advance your ideas, your appreciations, your criticisms of the pictures and players. Try to keep within 200 words. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, Movie Classic, 1501 Broadway, New York City

$20.00 Letter

Jungle Films

JUST a few hours ago I sat through "Kongo" and now I am ready to swear by all the ring-nosed savages in South Africa that I saw the identical picture many, many moons ago in the distant past, long before the talkies uttered their first unmelodious squawk. According to my befuddled memory, Lon Chaney portrayed the same sordid character that was so capably enacted by Walter Huston in this new version. And if I can still depend upon my memory, the name of the old silent production was "West of Zanzibar." In the immortal words of Jimmy Durante, I ask you: "Am I right or am I right?"

All of which brings up the question of just why does Hollywood waste valuable talent, time and money, in producing such highly artificial pictures of African jungle life as this? Surely, it is not to appease the appetite of a movie-hungry public whose taste must demand at least a little hint of reality. Tonight, during some of the most gruesome and morbid sequences, more than one chuckle was heard to ripple throughout the audience. Showing, of course, that the public does not take pictures of this caliber in a serious frame of mind, but, judging from the crowded house, does not hesitate to pay the admission price to see them. This, I suppose, is the chief answer as to why they are produced, but I am still a bit hazy, trying to figure out why people go and sit through them. There must be nothing else to do.

To my way of thinking, it is a shame for actors who possess great ability to partake in productions of this type. And I am referring to Walter Huston and Conrad Nagel specifically. Their acting, previous to this travesty, has always been highly acceptable to my standards of quality, but after tonight it has suffered a humpty-dumpty in my estimation.

I wish that "Trader Horn" had never been born and, furthermore, the next time a jungle picture appears in our town I intend to lock the door to my room and throw the key away and spend an enjoyable evening listening to the radio. If I didn't lock myself in, I know that I would weaken and follow the throng to witness the latest extravaganza that is always bally-hooed as "Greater than Trader Horn."

Miller P. Phillips, Olean, N. Y.

$10.00 Letter

The Real Garbo

MUCH has been said and written about the Garbo walk. Critics have varied in the intensity of their comments, but all are agreed on one point: that Garbo is not Tuesday's child, "full of grace." Garbo strides. Garbo is gawky. Garbo has no style in a drawing-room.

Garbo's walk is as essentially a part of her as her voice, her dramatic talent, her reticence. Close your eyes; try to visualize Garbo mincing or gliding or skipping. Can you? Not if you will see the real Garbo.

It is true that she strides, that she is uneasy in a drawing-room: a lioness in a cage moves restlessly, with long, silent, co-ordinated steps, dreaming of a vastness and grandeur beyond this puny space. She is not happy in captivity; she does not like these civilized bars through which the curious stare at her. She is lonely and frightened, and cannot adjust her free gait to littleness.

That is Garbo. That is Garbo's walk.

A. T., Winchendon, Mass.

In case you've wondered, this is how players receive their fan mail. Like Adrienne Ames, they all have nice, big boxes at the studio "post offices"

$5.00 Letter

A Bouquet for Norma

I HAVE always believed that Norma Shearer was not limited to pictures in which she portrayed a shady lady or a superficial sophisticate. And, now, to prove my point, along comes "Smilin' Through!"

Now, I'm not an old lady or a crank or even a bit old-fashioned. In fact, I'm twenty-one and quite modern, and I say there isn't a girl I know who isn't thrilled over a bit of lovely romance such as we find in "Smilin' Through." We may get a kick out of seeing sophisticated love-making once in a while, but when it comes down to brass tacks, the thing we want to see portrayed on the screen is a sweet bit of Romance with a capital letter. We don't care if it isn't so-called "realism"—it's our ideal, no matter what. We know that there is plenty of superficiality and sordidness ahead for us anyway.

So I'm handing my bouquet of roses to Norma Shearer who, even though she was a hit as a glamourous lady, recognizes the fact that underneath we all love real romance. And we feel more like smilin' through for having that picture!

Lucille Schwartz, Menasha, Wis.

Another Exposure

WARNERS' recent picture, "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang," with Paul Muni, is truly everything that it was forecast—shocking and thrilling. It is another sensational exposure to the credit of the motion picture industry.

It paints a vivid picture of the prison camp and I believe it will do enormous good and that it will serve two major purposes: First, it will discourage persons who contemplate petty acts, as well as criminal ones, and make them realize that each one is equally as dangerous. Secondly, it will make juries realize what they are doing when they sentence a man to ten years' hard labor, purely on circumstantial evidence.

With this exposure, and the recent one in Florida, it would not surprise me if Congress would appoint a committee to investigate our prison camps.

J. A. M., Houston, Tex.

Grateful to Joe E.

I'VE got a little piece to speak about Joe E. Brown. When I see that Zeppelin-hangar he uses for a mouth stuck on a billboard, I feel a thrill of anticipation. I immediately begin seeking ways and means for obtaining the price of another show ticket. You say he is Warners' greatest cash magnet? I say, why shouldn't he be? This depression got my job, my money, and my self-confidence. I think if it hadn't been for Joe it would have got my good humor, too. But he saved me that much and I am very grateful to him for it.

Really, Joe's mouth makes you notice him; then his acting makes you almost forget his mouth. A mere male, he could not possess the Garbo glamour or the Bow "ittishness"; he cannot even hope for good looks with a mouth like the Mississippi. But that doesn't faze our Joey. He has plenty of that thing they call ability. If his numeral isn't seven, he should change his name to make it that for he surely is a natural!

Luther Clark, Livingston, Ala.

Boots Mallory—She's a Star After One Picture!

(*Continued from page 22*)

"When Mother remarried, I went to live with my grandmother, who believed that a child should never live with a stepfather. She was very much mistaken, I think. My stepfather was even sweeter to me than a real one could have been—he was so anxious to make up to me for my loss and to show no favoritism to his own children.

"My stepfather is exactly like a father to me—even nicer. I adore him, and I don't like to refer to him as a stepfather, for fear it might hurt his feelings. He's just the same as my real father, and most people think he is. I use his name. And he was the one who nicknamed me 'Boots,' because Patricia was too dignified."

How She Reached Broadway

ANYWAY, Boots dwelt on with her grandmother, and occasionally went to visit her mother and cried herself to sleep with homesickness. And in the meantime she proceeded to mature early and to learn to play the guitar, the uke and the banjo. Sort of a female Buddy Rogers, one gathers. With nothing but these talents and her premature sex-appeal to start with, she organized a girls' band that played around at local dances, and eventually enlarged it into a little troupe that gave theatrical entertainments at lodge meetings and things.

Boots, who already had the sweet mouth, the ash-blonde hair and the big gray eyes working for her, got along pretty well. An agent saw her and signed her and a few of her girls to tour the country with an act. When that was over, she went to New York with one of the girls whose home was just a stone's throw from Broadway.

That was four years ago. With her Southern ease, Boots immediately got a job not speaking lines, not dancing, and not singing alone, in "George White's Scandals." It was in that show that she met her husband, Charles Bennett, who played in the orchestra. Boots, being a Mallory, accomplished a wedding at once.

"We took an apartment and furnished it ourselves and bought a car, and were very happy," she related absently. "I posed for a lot of commercial artists, and worked in N. T. G.'s shows, and then got the job in 'Hot-Cha.' All the Ziegfeld girls get a lot of publicity, so I got it, too, and Fox asked me to make a test.

"Well, I had made tests before and nothing had ever come of them and I was too satisfied with my life to be interested. So I refused. Of course, they couldn't understand that. They kept insisting, so finally I thought I might as well go over and have it over with.

"Three weeks later I made the test, and much to my surprise, they asked me to go to Hollywood. I said, 'No, indeed,' and went home.

"After that Mr. Sheehan sent for me. He said, 'I never heard of anybody like you. Why did you come over here if you didn't want a picture contract?'

"I said, 'I just came over to make the test. I never dreamed they'd want me to do anything else. Why should I leave? My husband has a job here, and I have my apartment and my car and my own work, and I'm happy, and I see no reason to leave. Especially as I have no reason to think I'd succeed when I got to Hollywood. I'd probably be a flop, and be put into little unimportant parts, and then I'd die if I had to go back to New York a failure.'"

Winfield Sheehan took another look at the test and another look at Boots in per-

(*Continued on page 59*)

"LIFE SAVERS help you lose weight *faster*"

SAYS SYLVIA

World's Foremost Authority on the Care of the Feminine Figure

Name almost any stage or screen star and you've named a Sylvia client. $100 per half hour is her figure for keeping million-dollar figures svelte and slender. She talks straight, fast, and frankly. Listen to her:

●

Nine times out of ten when a new client comes to me she starts to tell me her ideas on reducing. I end that quick. I tell her she's paying me $100 a half hour not to talk to me . . . but to listen!

One of my pet annoyances is the woman who tells me what a martyr she is in denying her appetite for sweets when she's on a diet. There's nothing heroic about that! It's plain ignorance. The body always needs enough sugar. But in reducing . . . it's vital! It's Number Three on my list of reducing rules . . . last, but not least!

FIRST: Exercise sanely. Walk at least a couple of miles a day in the open air. SECOND: Cut out fat, rich foods, gravies, sauces, and liquor, absolutely! THIRD: Eat enough sugar. Don't starve yourself on sweets. The right sweet at the right time helps you lose weight faster!

The latest dietetic findings show that sugar is the best "fire" to burn away the body fats completely, safely. Fat is like a fuel. Sugar is like flame. Without a reasonable amount of sugar, you slow down the loss of that excess poundage.

LORETTA YOUNG, *now appearing in "They Call It Sin," a First National Picture.*

The Right Sweet . . . at the Right Time

Life Savers are my idea of the "right sweet." They give you quickly assimilated fat-fighting sugar energy without fat-creating bulk. They are hard. You let them dissolve slowly upon your tongue. Each Life Saver means 8 to 10 minutes' gratification of your natural appetite for sweets.

I Like Action . . . Let's Get Started!

If you are really in earnest about reducing, mail coupon below with two genuine Life Savers wrappers. I'll send my booklet of diet and exercise instructions to you immediately.

Mme Sylvia

CRYST-O-MINT
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PEP-O-MINT
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THE CANDY MINT WITH THE HOLE

IF YOU MEAN BUSINESS SEND THIS COUPON; IF YOU DON'T . . . *Don't!*

MADAME SYLVIA, c/o Life Savers, Inc.
Dept. MC-1 Port Chester, N. Y.

Certainly I mean business. Here are two Life Savers wrappers. Please mail booklet of diet and exercise instructions. (Outside the U. S. A., include 10¢ to cover mailing.) This offer expires Dec. 31, 1933.

*Name*____________________

*Address*____________________

*City*__________ *State*__________

All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc.

CLARK GABLE'S New Year Resolutions

(*Continued from page 13*)

There is nothing I know about, in any way, that I could ask for or wish for. And do happy and perfectly contented people think about making resolutions? I wonder!

Makes a "Daring Statement"

"I *LEAD 'the Perfect Life.'* A daring statement, which I dare to make. Wait, now I have it—here is my resolution, the big one, covering all the others: *I resolve to continue to lead the life that is perfect for me, and to allow nothing in heaven or hell to interfere with it.*

"I realize that I am one of about four people in the world who can say what I've just said—that I lead the perfect life. I resolve not to forget those millions of others who must cry while I laugh.

"I do believe, though, that there are a great many people who are leading nearly perfect lives and *are unaware of it.* They don't realize their own good fortune or they won't admit it to themselves. There is such a disease as chronic dissatisfaction, and it's about the most insidious and fatal disease any man or woman can have So many people do not know until it's too late how splendid things have been for them.

"It's like the story of the man who traveled the globe 'round and 'round in search of the most beautiful thing in the world. After many years of searching and after great hardships and long after age had settled upon him, he found the most beautiful thing right in his own front yard—his daughter's eyes. He hadn't thought to look right under his nose, you see. He hadn't realized until it was almost too late—

"I resolve never to be blind to the fine and precious things that are mine *right now.*

"I resolve to keep my eyes open, and my heart, to the things that are with me here and now, to-day.

"I resolve to pass this particular resolution on to all who will listen to me: *Look in your own front yard for beauty and for happiness.*

"I resolve to let Tomorrow take care of itself. *It always has.*

Won't Forget He Had a Break

"I RESOLVE never to forget that Yesterday I once told you about—when I was unwanted, when doors were closed in my face, when I was hungry and friendless and alone. I resolve never to forget that the man I was then is also the man I am now.

"I resolve never to let the little, petty things annoy me; never to destroy the whole because of the pin-pricks.

"I resolve to continue to be grateful for the break I have had, never to allow myself to forget that it *was* a break and might have happened to any one of thousands of fellows and just happened to happen to me. I am no Valentino, despite the ridiculous comparison that was attempted when I first started on the screen. If I can be compared to any type at all it would be much more to—let's see, I haven't thought about it before—but it might be to the late Milton Sills or Charlie Bickford or George Bancroft or—"

(It was ridiculous that he should be compared to anybody, and I said so.)

"I resolve," Clark went on firmly, his attention evenly divided between resolutions and a large piece of apple pie and cheese, "I resolve never to cease being grateful to the people all over the world who have liked me and have manifested that liking.

"I resolve never to whimper, whine or kick when I begin to take the long toboggan into oblivion. It has, perhaps, begun for me. I know that I am not what I was, or perhaps I should say *where* I was a year ago. That's all right. I don't expect to be. There are those who say that I should never have played the minister rôle in 'Polly of the Circus,' or the white-haired, conversational man in 'Strange Interlude'—but who knows? It's all experience. Some of it good, some of it not so good, perhaps. Here and now I am concerned only with my resolution—which is to continue to be grateful for what I have had and still have and never to show the white feather about what is to be.

Part of Clark Gable's idea of "the perfect life" is horseback-riding. Because his employers didn't want him to risk injury, he has had to forego polo—but otherwise he can ride hard and fast

Defines "the Perfect Life"

"BEFORE I go on resolving, I think I'll stop right here and tell what this perfect life I've been talking about really means to me.

"First and foremost comes good health. No one can lead the perfect life unless he is sound of body. And right now I am more fit, in better condition, than I ever was in my life before. I certainly resolve to keep that way—and to keep that way means plenty of good food and sleep and exercise, no worry over trifles, a decent amount of pleasure and social activity, and there you have it.

"Next in a man's scheme of the perfect life comes his work. If a man is not happy at the thing he is doing, the whole system of his life is basically wrong. The work a man does is the foundation upon which rest his home and his family. It must come first. And I am perfectly happy in my work. I wouldn't leave the screen for all the theatre calls the world might have to offer. It's easy for me to say here that I resolve never to leave the screen. Not, certainly, for the term of my contract.

"I have no patience with those in the profession who profess to look down on what they are doing. I have no patience with those who say that they are in the movies only for the money there is in them and would not be here an hour if it were not for just that. I think it's fun. I think it's satisfying. And more than that, it can lead to the third factor in the perfect life which is—

"*A normal life.* No man can be happy if his life does not run along normal lines. He may be happy for a few weeks or for a few months if he lives in hotels, works all night, sleeps all day, that sort of thing. But not for long—not if the man, himself, is normal, which I trust I am. As my work is now, I leave my home in the mornings and return to it in the evenings after the day's work is done, as any business man does. That satisfies me. I prefer to think of myself as a business man, rather than as an actor.

"I can take vacations now and then, go hunting or fishing. I can play contract in the evenings, entertain a few friends, go out with my family. I can be *normal*—and I resolve to stay that way.

Will Not Act Off the Screen

"I NEVER want to be an actor off the screen. There are some splendid people here in Hollywood—some of the best in the world. There are also some who make me feel ashamed for them when I watch them. Men, for instance, who are regular fellows when you are off with them somewhere alone—unaffected, honest-to-goodness guys until some other actor or actress or some member of the press comes along. And then it's amazing and sickening to watch them put on the greasepaint, strike an attitude, take out their little bag of tricks, *change completely.*

"The fourth essential to the perfect life is, of course, perfect contentment with one's home and family. I am perfectly contented with mine. I wouldn't change my home for Buckingham Palace and I wouldn't change my wife for all the Scheherezades rolled into one. As I have resolved to continue to be grateful for the break I have had in my work, so I resolve to continue to be grateful for the break I have had in my personal life.

"There are so few changes I could wish for, so few resolutions I can make along lines of change. Naturally, there are the purely personal ones. The resolution to work harder than I have ever worked before, to give more, to think more deeply, to build more securely. I would like to be able to resolve to have something to say about the stories I do and the way I do them during 1933. Not that I have any complaint to make about the past. I couldn't have asked for a voice in choosing my own stories then. I was new to it all. I was raw. I was green. Now I have learned something and have had experience and attained to a knowledge of myself, and I should like to be able to have some say in the choice of my stories and the way I play them.

"When my contract—a seven-year contract—is at an end, I resolve to change my life and my mode of living completely. What I am doing now is perfect for me at this time. It may not be so then. I believe I shall be through with the screen. I believe I shall go back East to live and the work I choose to do will be entirely apart from anything I am doing now or have ever done before.

"But that is Tomorrow—a good many Tomorrows away—and my resolution was to let Tomorrow take care of itself. I shall not break that resolution nor any of the others I have made."

Boots Mallory—She's a Star After One Picture!

(*Continued from page 57*)

son, and then and there he promised her she wouldn't have to worry about her fate in Hollywood. And he has made good on it. Though Boots had never even been a chorus girl, the first part he gave her was the lead in "Walking Down Broadway"—a very dramatic, Gish-like part with Director Von Stroheim sneering and snarling and scolding her into the proper emotional frenzy. And Boots made good, too. She astonished everyone by giving a performance that would be a credit to someone whose previous accomplishments were based on something sounder than a pretty face and a ukulele. I guess there isn't anything much sounder, after all. Now she has a seven year contract, with options every six months, and the leading rôle in "Handle With Care."

"My husband is here with me," she said. "I wouldn't have come without him. I have to have someone to baby me. We stored our furniture and left the car in New York, and now we have an apartment and a Ford. Charlie didn't want to come at all. There's nothing for him to do here. He can't work in any orchestra for six months, on account of the labor laws to protect the local musicians, and he's bored to death. But I would be terribly lonely here without him."

Drinking her favorite grapefruit juice right to the bottom of the glass with the abstracted air of a good child, Boots seemed like anything but a veteran of the stage and a matron of four years' standing. She is perpetually smiling and good-natured in a vague, obedient sort of way, but her curious, undefined personality puzzles people, and they feel ill at ease with her. On the set, she sits by herself and does very little talking.

Is she shy or is she cagy? Whatever she is, she has found the secret of how to make a show-girl into a movie star overnight.

Looking Them Over

(*Continued from page 55*)

SINCE the amazing success of Norma Shearer in "Smilin' Through," other sophisticated ladies of the screen are beginning to look around for a suitable "tear-jerker" or some such sentimental ballad in which they will attempt to be as lovely and poignant (not to mention successful at the box-office) as Mrs. Irving Thalberg.

Katharine Hepburn, than whom there is no whomer when it comes to sophistication, will do *Jo* in "Little Women," than whom there is no less sophisticated!

From Universal comes the hint that the glamourous Tala Birell will go sorrowful in an original screen story now in preparation.

HOLLYWOOD went very, very operatic this season, and beautiful Lily Pons was dined all through Beverly Hills. In fact, the entire season was a howling success (no pun intended). The night of Lily's first local appearance in concert, the colony turned out in all its glory.

Jeanette MacDonald almost walked away with Lily's honors by appearing in a daring yellow satin evening gown that was described by an excited stylist the next morning as "the final gasp." With this creation Jeanette wore "jules" and ermine.

Ruth Chatterton, in an amazing orange evening gown, rated second attention from the fashion reporters. Ruth's gown was extreme in carrying out the "old-fashioned"

(*Continued on page 65*)

IVORY
SNOW
for silks and woolens
dissolves instantly

"PERFECT SOAP FOR WOOLS"

INSTANT PURE SUDS WITHOUT USING DANGEROUS HOT WATER

One of the worst things you can do to lovely woolen fabrics is to get them by mistake into *too hot* suds. IVORY SNOW is perfect for washing wools. *It dissolves instantly in* LUKEWARM WATER!

Ivory Snow is not cut into flat flakes, but BLOWN fine as snow. As quick-dissolving as snow!—yet each tiny particle is chock full of rich suds that take up the dirt without the harsh rubbing that stiffens wools.

Melts completely . . . no soap spots!

Ivory Snow has no flat particles which can stick to fabrics and cause soap spots. Your sweater, baby's little woolen shirts, blankets—all come out of lukewarm Ivory Snow suds as evenly fluffy as when they were new.

Pure enough for a baby's skin

Ivory Snow is the same pure Ivory Soap doctors advise for bathing little babies. It is safe for the tenderest skin—extra safe for your finest silks, for woolens, rayons, delicate colors, nice cottons and linens. You'll like the beautiful suds it makes for dishwashing, too, and the fact that you can use this nice soap to protect your hands without being extravagant. *A big package of Ivory Snow costs only 15¢!*

99 44/100 % PURE

Copr. 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

"Tony," Tom Mix's Horse, Says Goodbye

(*Continued from page 40*)

Prince and Princess of Belgium; the Duke of Veraga, in Spain; Cardinal Merry del Val in Brussels and the Burgermeister of Amsterdam, who, by the way, was a brother of Lou Tellegen, the actor. I know almost as many Lords and Ladies as I do actors.

Not alone would these distinguished ladies and gentlemen sign my petition, but I'm quite certain every boy and girl in America, Europe, Australia, India and Japan would add their signatures. For years, I've entertained and provided thrills for them. The Boy Scouts would circulate the petition, for I am an honorary member of more than a score of their troops.

Not Retired by Talkies

AT first, Stumpy and I thought my retirement came, perhaps, on account of the "talkies"—you see, we started in the "silents." Stumpy knows a lot—he's a colored boy, only sixty-three and my groom for years, who sleeps in the same stall with me—but Stumpy pointed out that the "talkies" hadn't retired Chaplin. He doesn't say any more in the new pictures than I do—and he is a good actor, too. We don't believe, Stumpy and I, that Tom wanted to retire us—that isn't like Tom. We think it was the supervisor. Several years ago, I almost kicked one, but Stumpy stopped me. Now, we're both sorry.

Even if I am twenty-three, I'm physically fit. There isn't a corral fence in California that I can't jump. And no matter what some supervisor may tell you, there isn't a horse in Tom Mix's outfit that can get out to-day and catch me on the level prairie, over the desert, or up and down the hogbacks.

Never have I stumbled. Anyone who saw "Sky High" will remember how I dashed along that narrow trail on the rim of the Grand Canyon, in Arizona, where a stumble or misstep would have crashed Tom and me on the rocks below—more than fifteen hundred feet. Doesn't that prove I am sure-footed?

Afraid? I was never afraid. I've raced through forest fires, falling trees and clouds of smoke to rescue the girl—and I've crashed through roofs, leaped fron second-story windows, plunged from ocean piers and swum to ships half a mile away. In "Three Jumps Ahead," I carried Tom over a chasm, one hundred and twenty-five feet deep, with a leap of twenty-two feet in the clear to make it. Racing along the tops of swift-moving freight trains is only pastime for me, to say nothing of jumping through the open door of a baggage car, passing at twenty miles an hour; it's all in the day's work.

If the hapless maidens I've helped to rescue were to plead that I be reinstated, what could movie producers say? Could they refuse Clara Bow, Billie Dove, Marian Nixon, Helene Costello, Janet Gaynor, Dorothy Sebastian, Olive Borden, Sally Blane, Patsy Ruth Miller and Phyllis Haver? I've rescued them and nearly a hundred more. You see, it was my job to save 'em, so Tom could marry them—in the pictures.

Caught His Share of Villains

AND am I an upright citizen? Say, I've helped to run down, outwit and arrest more bandits, cattle rustlers, stagecoach and bank robbers than are in jail right now. One thing I could never understand, though—after we caught 'em, they always got out and came back and robbed again. There were Duke Lee, Fred Kohler and even George Bancroft—we caught 'em robbing trains again and again, kidnaping, rustling cattle. But they never stayed in jail, at least not for long, they'd be back in the next picture—still bad.

I've done my good deed a day, and now—just at a time when knowledge and experience should count for something—they are sending me away, good, old Stumpy and me, to live with our memories and dream of days that are past and gone.

Tucked away in some quiet pasture, I'll miss the excitement, the grinding cameras, the chases and the rescues. I loved them—the risks, the dangers. And all the dangers were not recorded by the camera. I once stomped a rattlesnake to death in the desert, within less than a dozen feet of Marian Nixon—saw it before Tom or the director, and it was all over before they knew it. Another time, back of Lebec, California, Tom and I chased a big mountain lion up a tree, where it was shot. Another time, in the dead of winter, Tom and I plunged into an ice-filled river in the Yosemite and rescued a girl who had accidentally slipped over the bank. I had to swim more than half a mile through the ice and rapids where the canoes were afraid to follow, carrying Tom and the girl. Just another day's work.

Tom Mix and "Tony"

Some of my biographers say that Tom always guided me in my work. That is partially true. But may I invite their attention to "Just Tony"—a big box-office picture? There, as the leader of a wild horse herd, I worked alone—more than half a mile from the camera in most of the scenes. Not only did I play my part, but I "directed" the horses.

Never Had Any "Education"

I AM not an educated horse. I was never taught routine tricks. Tom and the director have always shown me what to do in each picture and explained it. I understood, made the scenes and promptly forgot them—leaving me fresh and open-minded for the next picture.

Naturally, I have likes and dislikes. Script writers annoy me—they found stories that sent us to the High Sierras in the winter and the middle of the desert in the summer. The other way around would have been more sensible. But I fooled one scenarist. In "North of Hudson Bay," the script called for me to wear snowshoes. He thought I couldn't do it, but I did—and just to be funny, I ran away and pitched Tom in a drift.

Many times I have been injured, cut by flying glass, bruised by falling timbers, burned in fire scenes. In one picture I was thrown twenty feet and knocked unconscious by a premature explosion. Tom took twenty stitches in my side, but I finished the picture. When bandages are put on by Tom or Stumpy, I don't pull them off as horses usually do—horse sense tells me they are there for a purpose. Traveling by steamer or train, it is customary to tie a horse. Stumpy never tied me. He knew I wouldn't jump from a moving train unless told it was to be a scene in a picture.

I regret to confess—but must admit—I am something of a roughneck. I hate petting. It annoys me to have my forehead rubbed or my muzzle stroked. I'm a cowpony—when I play, I play rough. Tom understands this. We push and shove—I've cracked him many times, knocked the wind out of him, but he snaps back with his fist or shoulder. That's the way it should be between pals like him and me.

Since my retirement, the newspapers have been kind enough to print a few stories about me, some with a wide variation of fact. May I tell the true story?

Getting the Record Straight

I WAS born in Los Angeles, twenty-three years ago. My mother, range-bred, had been shipped in from Arizona. We haven't any record of my father—my mother was rather careless about that—but he was supposed to be an Arizona cowpony. Horsemen believe I have a strain of "Steel Dust" on my sire's side. That's blue blood in horsedom.

An Italian vegetable peddler bought my mother. As a colt, I ran by her side until a yearling. When I was perhaps a week old, the Italian gave me to his boy, a lad of ten, who named me "Tony," for a favorite uncle.

One day, I was trotting along with my mother and the vegetable wagon, and Tom Mix and his ranch foreman, Pat Chrisman, saw me.

Mix offered to buy me, but the Italian told him I was the property of his boy. That night Tom and Pat bargained with the kid. At first the youngster refused to sell, but the mother reminded him the money would be needed for his schooling. The bargain was completed, and the boy, himself, drew the bill of sale. Tom still has it, and the paper called for the transfer "of one sorrel colt, named Tony—price $17.50." I might add, the little Italian bambino did go to school. To-day, he is a rising young attorney in Los Angeles.

As a yearling, I was turned into a corral in Edendale, then a suburb of Los Angeles, where a few pictures were made. Hollywood, as a studio center, was unknown. There I romped with other Mix horses, including "Old Blue," who carried Tom in his early pictures—two-reel Westerns. I succeeded Old Blue, when the latter died in 1917. I always admired Blue, an Oklahoma cowpony, and copied his ways. To my youthful mind, the Mix horses had a snap, for they didn't work when it rained.

As a colt, I was all legs, neck and head—awkward and gangly. From Tom and Pat, I learned that as a grown horse I was to be trained as a "cutting pony" and sent to the Mix ranch on the Hassayampa, in Arizona. But "Babe" Chrisman, pretty twelve-year-old daughter of the ranch foreman, liked me. The young girl understood horses, and when I was a two-year-old, she gentled me and became my first rider. She is the only woman I ever cared for—they don't appeal to me, although I took quite an interest in

Patsy Ruth Miller, Marian Nixon and Clara Bow. The other leading ladies were without appeal, so far as I was concerned. I rescued them and let it go at that.

The Life He Has Led

MY picture début was made as a four-year-old in the picture, "Cupid's Round-Up." Tom rode me occasionally before Old Blue died. Incidentally, Blue is buried in the corral over at Mixville and a pillar and tablet mark his grave.

Pictures occupied my time exclusively for a few years—I loved the work. Then Tom visited New York to see the Dempsey-Firpo fight and took me along. It was my first long train trip. I was greatly thrilled. My first European trip was made in 1925. I liked steamships—never got sick or missed a meal. I landed with Tom at Southampton.

While I was at Tattersalls, the Prince of Wales called. Looking me over, His Highness said: "Tony, I've admired you in the pictures—now, I'd like to own you." I thought if he really had been my master, his riding record would have been improved.

In Paris, I took Tom on the Bois and the Rue de la Paix. In Berlin, we had a canter in Unter der Linden and in the Tiergarten. Visited Brussels, Antwerp, Madrid and Amsterdam, traveling by truck and train. Returning to Paris, Tom and I made an appearance in the Grand Opera House—a benefit for a children's hospital. I was the only horse, so we were told, ever able to navigate the winding stairs leading to the stage.

Back in America, we made a tour of personal appearances. I traveled in my own private car, which, in view of my professional position, was proper and deserved. We appeared only in parks, charging no admission—a good-will tour. In Central Park, New York, we had one hundred thousand guests—ninety thousand in Buffalo and an average of fifty thousand in other cities.

Even Had a Manicure

THEN more pictures in Hollywood. My personal fan mail now averaged more than one hundred letters a day. Europe again in 1927 and in 1928, on a vaudeville tour. I often occupied a room in the leading hotel. In Toledo, my apartment opened on the lobby of the city's principal hostelry, and waiters brought my lunch hay and dinner oats on a silver platter. In Brooklyn, I was invited to an exclusive beauty shop, where one pretty miss gave my mane a "permanent" and another gave me a snappy manicure.

Another trip to Europe, a second vaudeville tour, three seasons with a circus, half a dozen more pictures and—retirement. I'd like, at this point, to warn Mickey Mouse to be careful, or they'll catch him in one of these retirement traps.

Naturally, I'll miss Tom—Tom will miss me and I'll miss Buster, Trigger and Nigger, my only horse chums. Never cared much for the other horses—sort of a lone wolf, perhaps.

Where I'm to spend my declining days hasn't been definitely settled. But I'm to have Stumpy with me. I must tell you about Stumpy. Get a copy of Goodwin's Turf Guide and read who won the great English Derby with Richard Croker's *Tammany;* who three times rode the winner in the Louisville Derby, who four times captured the Preakness, five times the Grand Sweepstakes at Saratoga, and five times was first under the wire in the Handicap at Sheepshead Bay—and you'll find the jockey's name was Willie Simms, in his day the premier racing boy of America—and—that's Stumpy.

Stumpy is sixty-three—I am twenty-three. Somewhere, some place, Stumpy and I will grow old and perhaps "go West" together.

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Pepsodent Antiseptic

WALTER HUSTON — The Actor No Moviegoer Really Knows

(*Continued from page 17*)

egotism or of losing his head. They seem to know Chevalier much as he is, a debonair Frenchman, an ace-high entertainer on the screen, a stable business man off-screen. They seem to know Robert Montgomery for the charming young sophisticate he is, both in the studio and around the house.

They know these men and most of the others. They do not know Walter Huston. *Do you?*

I said to Mr. Huston, "Of all these characters you have played, each one of which makes people believe you are like that, which one are you *really* like?"

He said, "Well, I suppose I'm *most* like the chap in 'American Madness,' though I might not be quite the humanitarian he was. He verged on the fanatical, and the chances are that if I ever behaved that way in real life, I'd be swept up with the dust on the bank's floor. Too much charitableness is a form of self-indulgence.

"But, on the whole, I figure I'm quite a bit the type of man he was, wanting from life the same things he wanted, with pretty much the same set of values and the same desire to meet my fellow-men and fellow-women with kindliness and belief.

"He didn't demand too much of life. Neither do I. He believed in people and expected the best of them. So do I. He didn't worry about things he couldn't help. Neither do I. He was roused to action when there was vital and imminent need—and I would be likewise. He wouldn't have given a thought to mistakes that are done and past. I wouldn't, either. He wouldn't have worried about what is to come when this life is ended. *I* don't. I am content to leave such matters to those who have control of them. I haven't."

He paused in his pacing up and down, hands in pockets, a thoughtful furrow in his brow, a smile bracketing his mouth. I said, "Don't stop, please. You are explaining the kind of man you really are for all those who ask, who are puzzled, who don't know. This will be our story—to try to tell them what you are like."

Never Worries About Things

"I DON'T know that I can," he said, laughing again. "I don't know that I've ever thought very much about it, ever charted myself out, or made a card-index of my actions and reactions. I'm a very normal sort of fellow, I'm afraid. I figure that I have my own course to steer and it behooves me to steer it straight. I once played a part on the stage where one of the characters said, 'We should never have let the damned women in—they have destroyed our happiness,' or words to that effect. And the character I played answered, 'No, that was not our mistake. We are men, and we should have steered our courses straight, by the tides and the winds. We have got off our course—'

"That's the mainspring of my philosophy, if I have one—never to get off my own course. It isn't very difficult. Most of us know, really, what is right and what is wrong. And I believe that those of us who do wrong, do so only because we have met the wrong influences before we were old enough to discriminate.

"I never worry about things; perhaps I'm too casual. I'm sometimes told so at home. When I was a boy, in Toronto, Canada, I knew in my heart of hearts that, by some weird freak of nature or the elements or something, I wanted to be an actor. Why, or by what means this desire had come to me, I'll never know. I lived in a stern climate among practical, hard-working, hard-fisted men and domestic, old-fashioned women. My father was a builder and it was assumed that I would follow in his footsteps when I grew up. To be an actor, in our family, was about as outlandish a notion as to be a gnome or a five-footed cow.

Walter Huston has found happiness in second marriage—and, above, you meet the new Mrs. Huston, attending a première with her husband and Neil Hamilton

"I didn't agonize over it. I didn't even give it much thought. Somewhere inside me was the obscure belief that if the other way of life was to come to me—well, it would come. In the meantime, I had the present moment and that was all right with me.

"I never read Shakespeare or poetry in those days. (I read very little now.) I never postured in front of mirrors as *Hamlet*. I wasn't unhappy, or frustrated or any of those modern things, ever.

Not "Raised" to Be an Actor

"I WAS best, in school, at such specific subjects as mathematics, history and technical studies. During vacations my brother Alec and I worked on our father's building projects and it didn't worry me for one minute to think that I was handling bricks and timbers instead of grease paint and scripts.

"I was about as far from the environment, the talk, the 'feel,' the atmosphere of an actor as any lad could very well be. I never discussed it. No one ever thought of mentioning such a thing to me. I do not recall that the name of an actor or an actress was ever mentioned in our home.

"Then, when my high-school days were coming to a close, I happened to meet a chap from one of the local stock companies. He offered to get me a job with one of the outfits. And he did get me one. Then, and then only, did I admit to myself and to anyone who was interested how much I wanted to act. My father was dumbfounded, as was everyone who had known me and had gone unsuspecting.

"I wasn't greatly surprised. I imagine I was pretty casual about that, too. These things work out if we steer our courses straight, don't get all tangled up and worried and confused. I went right along from there. For a time I was with that Toronto stock company, and then I was on the road. I traveled the major vaudeville circuits. I once played on a bill with Hobart Bosworth and with Grace La Rue. I finally got into New York and to such engagements as 'Desire Under The Elms,' 'The Barker,' 'Kongo,' 'Elmer the Great,' 'Mr. Pipp' and 'Commodore Morries.'

"New York was great—I still think the stage is rather more interesting than the screen. John Meehan, the playwright, was a buddy of mine back there. And when I signed my contract with Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, I found him here before me. We used to be members of a little crowd back there in New York and every night after the show we'd eat at different queer little places around Greenwich Village.

"Those were great days—but so are these. Which brings me, I think, to the second most important part of my scheme of living—my belief that we should live in the present moment, this day, this hour, *now*. So many of us waste our lives away by constant anticipation! We say, 'Well, things are not so good right now, but next week, or next year—' It is the present moment that is important. The present moment, right now, is all we have.

Lives a Very Private Life

"THESE are a few of my 'notions'—a sketchy bit of my life as a lad—my credo of being casual and of a man's steering his own course.

"For the rest of it—I was married when I was pretty young and I have one son. My first marriage did not survive and I am married a second time. I have said that I am the man nobody knows. Perhaps that is partly because I dislike to broadcast my very private affairs, either on the air or via the inkwell. I can say, however, and I do say—that I am perfectly and completely happy in my second marriage and that this marriage will go on for as long as we both shall live. At forty-eight, love wears a slightly different face to a man, I think, than the face it wore when he was twenty. No less lovely, even more so. But sex attraction is not the single thing it then was. At forty-eight, one demands more of love than that alone. There must be grace of living, and charm and kindred tastes and a communion of thought and taste that make argument impossible. I think I am afraid of only one thing in this world, and that is argument between two people who are close.

"We are building our home, Mrs. Huston and I, back of Lake Arrowhead. And of all the things I have done in my life I believe that this is the most *satisfying*. I've never had a home before, or the feel of my own earth under my feet, my own woods and bricks and storm windows and trees.

"We go to bed by eight and we're up at six-thirty or seven. A regular country-folks sort of a life. An out-of-doors life, swimming, fishing, hunting. We play a little bridge sometimes. Mrs. Huston occasionally reads aloud to me, while I nod appreciatively by the fire. We will have our friends up to visit us, not little snatches of an hour or two here and there, but three to four days at a stretch, and longer. We'll have good talk and good food and good sleep. This is the satisfying life to me—to be with the woman with whom I can plan and build a life of grace and charm and gentleness, in a home of our own, among the hills and lakes, the snow and the roaring of log fires in the winter. I can let the rest of life steer its own course—I am steering mine."

I think you should know, now, Mr. and Mrs. Public, what kind of man Walter Huston is. A MAN.

Any Girl Can Look Like Garbo—*Maybe!*

(*Continued from page 16*)

the adjustment of spotlights that will not erase those shadows.

"But we are talking about the ability of anyone to look like Garbo, not discussing Garbo, herself. There is no doubt that she has set a new standard of beauty that all the world and its sister have copied. Pick up any magazine devoted to fashion designs. Practically all original costumes are illustrated as worn by Garbo-like mannequins. Hairdressers specialize in her long bob, and lipstick-manufacturers' ads stress a fuller under-lip than heretofore. Eyelash preparations, which tend to make lashes longer and fuller, have never enjoyed such widespread use. All of which can be traced directly to Garbo's influence. Her slim figure has long been the mode.

Three Prove It Can Be Done

"NO, it is not difficult to look like Garbo. A large number of American women openly ape her, peering through half-closed eyes the while."

"It is your conviction then," we asked, "that anyone can resemble Garbo?"

"Practically anyone," Hurrell replied.

From the long row of framed pictures on the walls of Hurrell's studio, we chose, at random, three personalities.

"There are Peggy Shannon, Rita LaRoy and Claire Windsor, widely divergent types, red-haired, brunette and blonde. Can they look like Garbo?"

"It would be interesting to find out," Hurrell seemed willing to test the theory. "Shall we ask them to pose?"

The ladies in question were asked and graciously consented. The amazing results are reproduced with this article. What argument is left?

Nearly every motion picture studio has at least one actress who has been hailed as a rival of Garbo. Had the choice for this experiment involved Marlene Dietrich, Katharine Hepburn, Gwili Andre, Juliette Compton or anybody whose natural resemblance to Greta, the Great, has already been remarked upon, Hurrell's proof would have been less startling. With the subjects Peggy Shannon, Claire Windsor and Rita LaRoy, it can only be regarded as conclusive. *Anyone can look like Garbo.*

We later discovered that Rita LaRoy has once before impersonated Garbo. She played a character based upon the Swedish star in "Hollywood Speaks," even using a heavy accent and deep voice.

Marion Davies did a bit with Jimmy Durante in "Blondie of the Follies" that was an out-and-out burlesque of Garbo and John Barrymore in "Grand Hotel." Marion played the scene with an air of "if this be treason, make the most of it." Whatever Garbo may have thought of the satire, the critics and public enjoyed it.

Lupe Velez, also an excellent mimic, delights in "taking off" Garbo at Hollywood parties. Lyda Roberti used the "Ay tank ay go home now" line for comic effect in "Million-Dollar Legs." But it is Lili Damita who has topped them all in Garbo impersonations. The part she plays in "The Match King" is said to bear unmistakable similarity to Greta's own personality—so much so that Garbo, when offered the rôle, refused it.

Not to be outdone by the big studios that have observed the Garbo trend, the producer of the "Baby Burlesques" advertised for a child player who resembled the glamourous Swede and located more than six hundred miniature Garbos!

Apparently, there is no age limit for girls who can look like Garbo.

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Passes Thru 3 Stages

And It is Far Easier Relieved in the First than in the Second or Third Stages!

A COLD ordinarily progresses through three stages: The Dry Stage, the first 24 hours; the Watery Secretion Stage, from 1 to 3 days; and the Mucous Secretion Stage. Once a cold gets beyond the first stage it is far more difficult to relieve. In fact, to let a cold run beyond the first stage is frequently courting danger.

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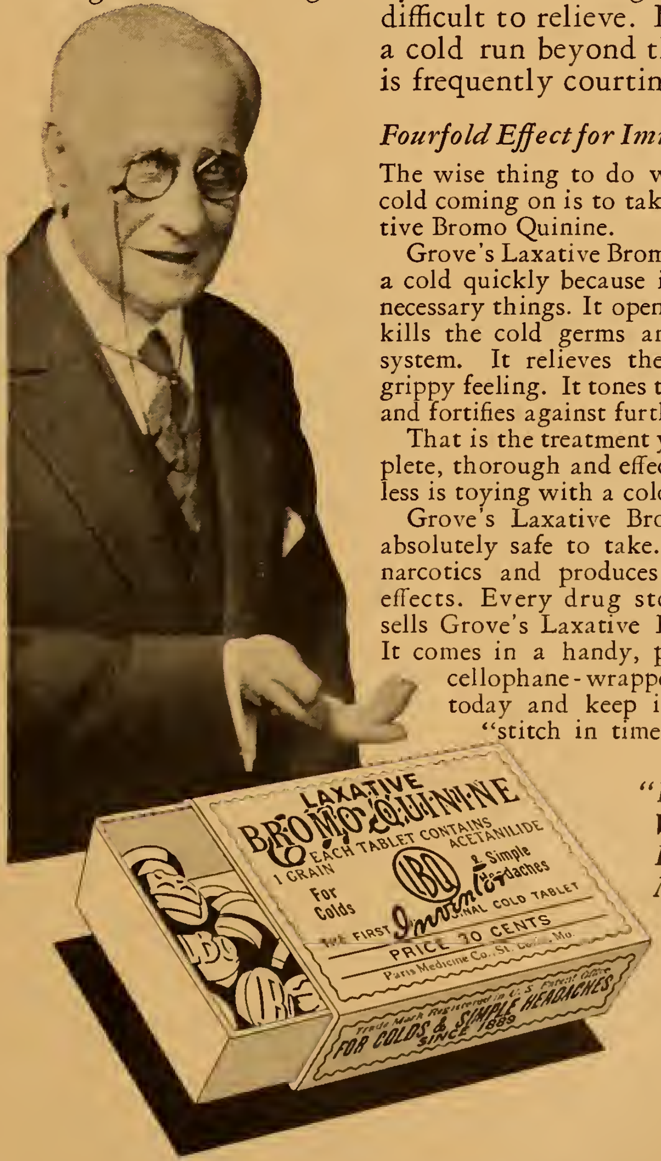
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GROVE'S LAXATIVE
BROMO QUININE

Stars Who Hold Records for 1932 in Hollywood

(Continued from page 19)

Bartlett (whom Hollywood suspects of being secretly married), and Lili Damita and Sidney Smith—the last being one of those on-again off-again affairs it's impossible to keep track of.

The *shortest engagement* honors belong to Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton, who eloped dramatically in an airplane just two and a half months after they met. Runners-up are the aforementioned John Gilbert and Virginia Bruce, who fell in love during "Downstairs" and were married soon after it was released.

Most mileage has been covered by Douglas Fairbanks, the elder, in his various trips in search of material for his "Modern Crusoe" pictures. Richard Barthelmess (who owns a yacht) and Charlie Chaplin (who made traveling Pay Big when he opened his pictures in most of Europe's capitals) can fight it out for second place.

The *best reputation* in the film colony is the proud possession of Conrad Nagel, whom the producers always select to address the Ladies' Clubs, and for women, Lois Wilson wins the record. Not a single scandal in all her years on the screen!

Strangely enough, the *most kissed* (on the screen, of course!) is the same Mr. Nagel, who has played opposite more attractive leading ladies than he can remember and achieved another record when he acted in thirty-two talking pictures in two short years. The *least kissed?* What about Boris Karloff? The gals just scream when he hugs 'em.

Mary Pickford still *entertains the most royalty* and in the last month or two has gone in for a bit of variety, with Shri Meher Baba, the Indian mystic who refused to speak and communicated with others by means of an alphabet board, as a dinner guest. Marion Davies, another brilliant hostess, comes second, and we might as well mention Marie Dressler, Charlie Chaplin, and Douglas Fairbanks, who are *on nodding terms with more kings* than the other stars are with casting directors. Will Rogers, of course, *shakes hands with the most Presidents.*

At One Studio the Longest

THE *longest starring contract* at one studio is locked in the safe of your friend, Ramon Novarro. He has been at M-G-M for more than ten years. And the star who has been *in pictures longest* is Wallace Berry, Mary Pickford, or Hobart Bosworth. They all started back in the old nickelodeon days and Hobart has a library of reels from every opus in which he has had a part.

Lupe Velez came in first as the *most natural actress*—with Polly Moran as runner-up. The *most natural actor* was Wallace Beery—with Guy Kibbee a smiling second.

The *most superstitious* is easily Mary Pickford (who seems to be running away with half the records in town!), who consults a numerologist or a soothsayer before making any important decisions and told an interviewer that she believes Pickfair is haunted.

The *best-dressed* star—*that's* something the gals are ready to battle over! We thought Lilyan Tashman would win without question, but some of the other ladies are willing to allow only that she changes her clothes *oftener* than anyone else, if that means anything. Other nominees for the position are Gloria Swanson and Kay Francis, with Marlene Dietrich and Constance Bennett both possessed of strong rooting sections. Robert Montgomery and George Raft can fight it out for the title of *best-dressed man.*

It does seem unfair, but Hollywood also chuckles over the nomination of Ann Harding, as the *worst-dressed* star off the screen, with Greta Garbo (who doesn't care *how* she looks) a runner-up. We hear the studio has fashioned a lot of new gowns for Ann, however, so maybe the other femmes are just jealous.

There isn't any rivalry about the *most grotesque characterizations* title. It falls to Boris Karloff, who has played nearly as many monsters as the late Lon Chaney. Hedda Hopper knows the most gossip and the Ladies' Clubs have nominated Lawrence Grant, the character actor, as the *most accomplished public speaker.*

Who Socks the Harder?

THE *hardest heroine-hitter* is a title bitterly contested between Clark Gable and James Cagney, and now that Jimmy is coming back to the screen you may be sure a few more ladies will take the count of ten. And Will Rogers, directors volunteer, is the *greatest prima donna* and the *hardest to manage.* We thought that would surprise you! It seems Will insists on getting the political ballyhoo onto the sound track whether it fits in with the picture or not. *Easiest to direct*, on the other hand, is Aline MacMahon, that wisecracking newcomer you've been hearing so much about. Constance Bennett, by the way, comes in as runner-up for both the temperamental and the placid titles—it all depends on which director you're talking to!

Banjo-eyed Eddie Cantor is the proud father of five children, which gives him *that* record, but the way the other stars are having babies lately he'll soon have some keen competition. Tom Mix, the Western star, has been the *most wounded.* We've forgotten just how many bullet holes have been shot through Tom, but anyway it's a record. For the ladies, Bebe Daniels' daredevil rôles have won her the injured-in-the-line-of-duty prize.

The *smallest waist* on the screen belongs to Bette Davis, whose middle measures twenty-one inches. And to list a few more records in rapid succession, Douglas Fairbanks is elected by his fellow-players as owning the *best disposition* and Lionel Barrymore the *worst.* Lew Ayres has played the *most varied rôles* on the screen, ranging all the way from football hero to columnist (*that's* a drop!) and from the soldier lad of "All Quiet" to a bullfighter, in his next.

The *quickest rise* to prominence on the screen was accomplished by your ol' friend, Clark Gable, though Boris Karloff has advanced to the high spots in the past year, too; and Tom Mix has the *most hats.* Also the *biggest*—and is *that* a distinction! Tom also boasts the most colorful dress suits.

Guess Who's the Most Intellectual!

THE *most intellectual* honors will surprise you, since they go to Edward G. Robinson, of "Little Caesar" fame, with Lionel Barrymore coming second. There has been a lot of publicity about Ruth Chatterton's education, too. The *least sophisticated* jibe falls to two lads, Johnny Weissmuller and Joel McCrea. And since every blonde West of the Mississippi has tried to teach 'em different, the boys must strain pretty hard to retain that boyish blush.

As for girls, we're sorry to report that Hollywood couldn't find one unsophisticated damsel in town. Even Janet Gaynor (like it or not!) is a lot more grown-up than she appears on the screen. As for the others, a director whose opinion we sought demanded, "Do you mean unsophisticated, or just plain dumb?" There were, evidently, plenty of nominees for the latter!

Russell Hopton, with thirteen in six months, and Guy Kibbee, with eighteen in one year, contest the title of *most pictures*, though they do say Zasu Pitts makes so many she can't remember their titles from day to day. The *youngest* player in films was a ten-days-old baby whose name we couldn't discover, and the *oldest* is one John Dudgeon, who still acts before the camera even though he's 102. Maybe Mr. Dudgeon should get the title, but we do favor Richard Barthelmess as the *most durable.* Dick, you know, is still playing juveniles, and "Tol'able David," his greatest success, was 'way back in the pre-talkie days.

The *biggest salary* probably pops right into the bank account of Constance Bennett, and you know just as well as we do how much she earns every working week! The *lowest salary* ever paid a star was probably handed to young Richard Cromwell. He got something under $100 a week for his first screen work in "Tol'able David"—in the talkies, this time. But they tell me the boy does better nowadays, depression or no depression!

Guess Who's Least Talkative!

THE *least quoted* is another you don't have to be told. Greta Garbo, of course! And the *most quoted* is your political-minded friend, Will Rogers—and, what's more, Will gets plenty of cash for every word he drawls. The *most popular at the box office* is something you have decided, yourself. Janet Gaynor stands ahead, with Marie Dressler a close second. Marie also wins hands down for the player *best loved* by all Hollywood.

The *best body*—that's the property of Johnny Weissmuller, the great big "Tarzan" man. For girls, the cameramen around town hand the palm to Lili Damita or Dolores Del Rio, whose curves are exceedingly easy on the eyes.

Jimmy Durante, of course, holds the record for being the *roughest.* And did you know that Jimmy lives 'way over there in Pasadena—wit' de millionaires? Norma Shearer deserves applause for *combining two careers most successfully.* She has kept her home-life in order without sacrificing her career on the screen. (We used to hand this one to Ann Harding!)

As for the year, 1932 has seen the greatest advent of *all-star casts*, with "Grand Hotel" in the lead. "Rasputin," with three Barrymores, takes blushing credit for having started the *most fireworks*, and "Strange Interlude" took *longest to make.*

We've had thirty-four domestic split-ups among the stars already this year, with several weeks still untabulated, and such startling divorces as Ann Harding's and Maurice Chevalier's have been among them. We've also seen the advent of the new "friendly" divorces, which set a record for all time, and 1932 has also seen more prominent stars become mothers than any year since the moom pitchers began. More than thirty new babies in Hollywood!

These are only a few of the records they're waging verbal war about down at Malibu. There are hundreds of others, for, as we told you, almost every star has some superlative or other to his credit. Jimmy Durante, for instance, has the *biggest nose*, and . . . aw, you can name a few yourself!

Looking Them Over

(*Continued from page 59*)

note, with large puffed sleeves and a "pinch" waist line. Mrs. George Brent occupied a box with her husband and Helen Hayes.

John Boles and his wife, Marcelite, were among those present—Mrs. Boles wearing white, and probably the most exquisite diamond bracelet Hollywood has ever seen.

Little Mary Carlisle added an ingénue note in a pale blue taffeta gown with a large bow across the front.

Anita Page looked very grown-up and dignified in black velvet with her hair brushed back severely from her forehead.

Norma Shearer wore white satin with a large "hem" of sable fur. Norma's fur jacquette was sable to match.

IF there is one star in Hollywood you would think would be recognized on the streets, it is Jean Harlow. Yet the other day we saw Jean sauntering down Seventh Street in the heart of the Los Angeles shopping district without even a mildly curious glance being tossed in her direction. Apparently, Jean was enjoying her "window shopping" in such an undisturbed fashion.

FASHION notes gleaned at various luncheon places:

Joan Bennett, lunching at the *Beverly Hills Brown Derby* with Mrs. Gardner Sullivan, wore a stunning gray tailored suit with brown hat, bag and shoes. Gray and brown are a grand combination for blondes and are *tres* popular in Hollywood at the moment.

At a nearby table sat Virginia Cherrill with George Raft. Virginia looked more beautiful than ever in a black suit, silver fox scarf and a small black hat with a dotted nose veil.

It was a football day, and Jobyna Ralston Arlen, lunching with Mr. and Mrs. Norman McLeod (Dick was working), looked very collegiate and cute in a brown-and-yellow sports suit with a very sassy yellow quill in her brown hat.

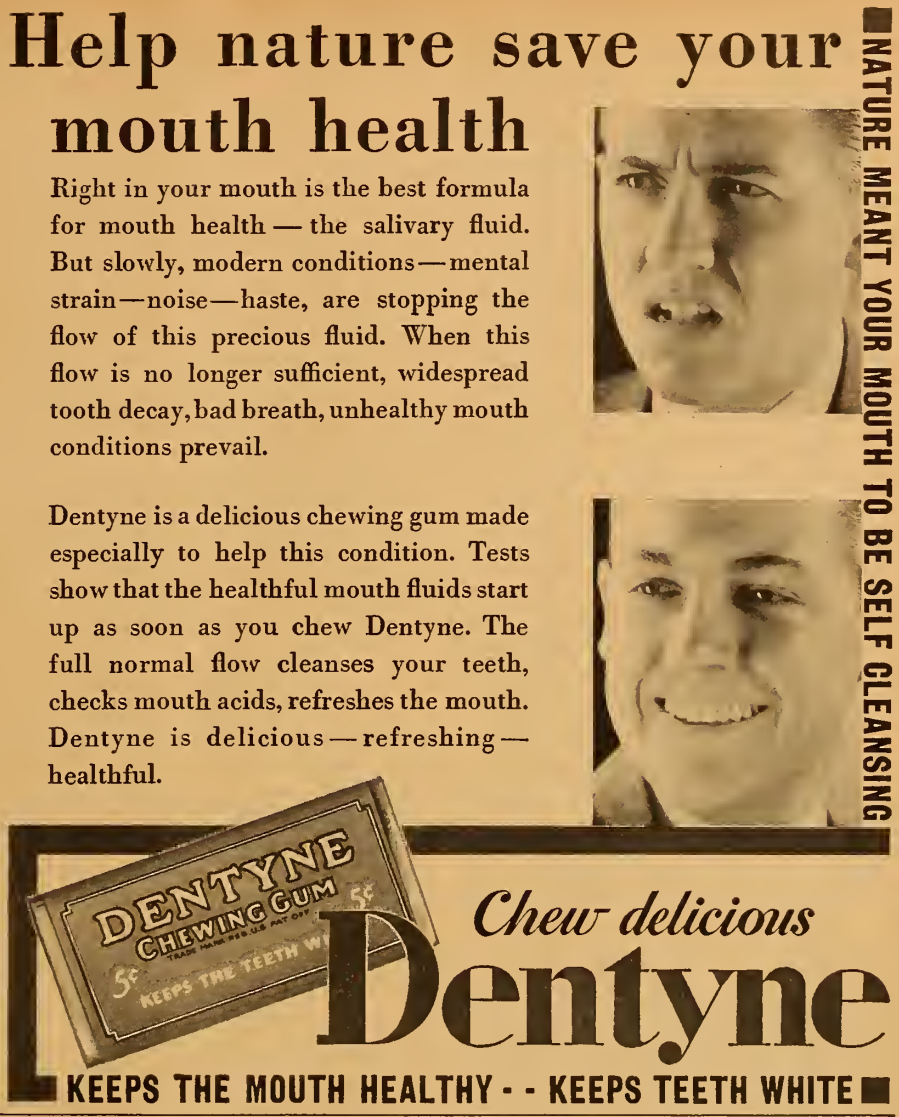
At the Assistance League, a couple of days later, Sally Eilers created no end of interest in a maroon-colored suit with a small hat to match. Most of the girls are contrasting their hats and gowns this year, but Sally proved that exceptions can be very interesting.

Just by way of proving what we mean, Dorothy Christy wore a maroon ensemble with a *blue* hat to the same café on the same day.

THERE is a strong possibility that two other great hits from the old silent-picture days will be revived. "Broken Blossoms" is one of them. Norma Talmadge's "The Lady" is another. So far no cast has been announced for either of these pictures, though it is not believed that Richard Barthelmess will consent to re-create his Oriental rôle in "Broken Blossoms." As for "The Lady," there are gusts of whispers that Paramount would like to own this story for a Marlene Dietrich vehicle!

LILIAN HARVEY, the English girl who became a star in German pictures, will have John Boles for her leading man in her first American-made Fox picture, "His Majesty's Car." Don't know what the story is, but somehow it sounds vaguely reminiscent of "Congress Dances," all about the Royal gentleman and the mischievous young peasant girl. But titles can be deceiving . . . it might be a railroad yarn!

(*Continued on page 74*)



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From Gossip to scandal is a short step, and heaven help the person or thing against whom the public mind is poisoned.

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You're In For Some New Kinds of Chills!

(*Continued from page 21*)

Yet, as the months rolled on, glimpses were obtained now and then of strange activities in odd corners of deserted sets. Men stood grouped around tables upon which stood tiny mammals—dinosaurs, pterodactyls and other creatures of a prehistoric day. Had it not been for the presence of a special process camera, the technicians engaged in animating these figures might have been mistaken for children at play with their toys. They were making the mystery picture, "Creation."

Then, as quietly as it all began, the filming stopped. Shortly afterwards, Merian C. Cooper and Ernest B. Schoedsack became associated with Radio. Famous as the directors of "Grass," "Chang" and similar pictures, the two men were asked to evolve a story that would allow the studio to use sequences so far completed for "Creation."

All of the material so painstakingly created for "Creation" was, however, discarded. It was Cooper's idea that a better screen play could be written around a single character, that of a giant ape twenty-seven feet high, a beast made more awe-inspiring by being brought into a civilized world.

Giant Ape Escapes in New York

THE thought, in rough outline, was to have a motion picture expedition discover the huge monster on an unknown island. The ape is captured and transported to New York. Having formed a strange attachment for a beautiful girl, *Kong*, as the giant is called, makes his escape to be by her side. He steals her from her bed and flees with her to the only sanctuary he can find—the top of the Empire State Building (102 stories high). There he is trapped and killed by a fleet of airplanes.

Does that sound thrilling? Take our word for it that your hair will stand on end. We won't break faith by revealing how the animation of this giant is accomplished. Suffice it to say that it is most ingenious.

If we did allow you to see one scene in the making, we would doubtless choose that super-thrilling sequence of the girl's abduction. The setting is a bedroom and Fay Wray lies asleep. Without warning, a tremendous face appears at the window and a long, hairy arm crashes through the sash. Fay is snatched from her bed as you might lift a doll from its cradle. It is surprising how quickly you forget the mechanics of the thing. You are conscious only of a shudder chilling your spine.

Now let's hike over to Paramount, where Charles Laughton plays a mad doctor in "The Island of Lost Souls." The plot was taken from a novel by H. G. Wells ("The Island of Dr. Moreau"), and tells a fantastic story of surgical operations that hasten the process of evolution. Our friend, the doctor, takes ordinary specimens of animal life and, under his skilled knife, they are transformed into things half-human.

Turns Animals into Men

THERE are a dozen ape-men, a bald-headed, snout-nosed creature who was once a hog, several wolf-men and the beautiful panther woman, who suggests her origin only by the claws on her hands. All of them triumphs of make-up, they will probably cause countless nightmares after the picture's release.

To this "Island of Lost Souls" come Richard Arlen and his fiancée, Leila Hyams. The doctor fails to welcome them until the ape and wolf-men begin quarreling over Leila and the Panther Woman shows a marked preference for Arlen. From this beginning, the madman concocts a horrible scheme of inter-breeding.

Choosing a scene to watch here, we should take one in the operating room, a dome-shaped building in which electrical energy from vivid tropical storms is harnessed to assist the doctor in speeding evolution. Speaking of operations? You have never seen the like. An animal under the knife, weird flashes of lightning, the surgeon's demoniacal face intent upon his work, transforming a beast into a man-like thing.

In case this suggestion fails to appeal to you, we shall come back in a few days and view the concluding sequence. Here the beasts turn upon their creator. The doctor has taught them a creed—"We shall walk upon two legs instead of four" and so on, ending with "We shall not kill." He causes them to violate this creed when he sends them to murder the no-longer-useful captain of his yacht. But he reckons without the beasts' lower order of intelligence. Their lust for blood once aroused, they run amuck.

Nice theme this. It would make a lovely bedtime story.

A Museum of Corpses

GHOULISH to an extreme is the pleasantry Warners-First National are engaged in putting on the screen under the title of "The Wax Museum." Lionel Atwill plays an attendant in a Parisian museum. Poor business causes the rascally proprietor to set fire to the building that he may realize on the insurance. Attempting to save the figure of Marie Antoinette, long his favorite character, Atwill is fearfully burned.

The locale changes to New York and the time is ten years later. Atwill is now the owner of his own wax works. By day he wears a mask to cover his hideously scarred face. By night he prowls in morgues and graveyards, stealing corpses. He wears no mask for his nocturnal forays and his visage is guaranteed to scare women and children. Well! Women and children first.

As perhaps you have guessed, the corpses he purloins are later preserved in wax for his museum. He chooses carefully for near-resemblances to characters of history and his collection is almost complete. All he lacks is a Marie Antoinette. But, search as he will, he cannot find her.

A living man becomes a mummy for a picture—in which a mummy will become a living man. You see the Universal make-up expert at his four-hour task of "making over" Karloff for "The Mummy"

One day on the street, he sees a girl who exactly fulfills all qualifications. The single difficulty is that she lives.

Let's peek through the keyhole of the chamber of horrors upon the occasion when Atwill, having trapped the girl, advises her of her fate. We hear her gasp of terror as the insane man paints a glowing picture of the "favor" he is about to bestow upon her. To pose forever as the glorious Marie, he will have you understand, is no mean fate. As he talks, he prepares the implements of murder.

If you must know whether or not the girl escapes, you will have to await the picture's release. (It's in color, by the way.)

A Mummy Rises from the Tomb

WE have no time to tarry, for over at Universal Boris Karloff is donning another of his painful make-ups to play the title rôle of "The Mummy." The achievement of putting on this make-up consumes four hours every day.

Im-ho-tep was a high priest of ancient Egypt who committed sacrilege in his love of a vestal virgin. The priestess died and *Im-ho-tep* stole the Holy Book of Thoth, the reading of which raised mortals from the dead. Discovered in his theft, he was condemned to be embalmed alive, with the Book in his tomb to prevent others from similar sacrilege.

It is thousands of years before Egyptologists find *Im-ho-tep's* tomb. A young explorer, without knowledge of its import, finds the scroll and reads it aloud.

Having hurried, we are in time for this scene. As Bramwell Fletcher reads, we see the lid of the mummy's sarcophagus slowly rise. A withered hand and arm stretch forth and steal the scroll. The shock of finding a living mummy drives Fletcher to stark, raving insanity.

We are told what happens to the mummy later in the story. Seeking his lost love, *Im-ho-tep* finds her soul reincarnated in the body of a modern girl. She falls under his hypnotic spell and he leads her to an embalming room, where he plans to kill her that he may bring her back to life in a form approximating his own. Only a miracle can save her and a miracle does.

The tale features a score of murders and is just the thing for a quiet winter evening.

Driven Insane by a Bell

DOUBTLESS, by now, you are familiar with the Oriental tortures depicted in "The Mask of Fu Manchu," with Karloff again in the spotlight. The bell torture is not an invention of Hollywood. Back in the dim ages, men were trussed up under huge bells and their eardrums burst by the continuous vibrations. Madness followed.

Too, you have probably seen on the screen ere this, the pure fantasy of bringing a dead man back to life in "Six Hours to Live." There are others on the way. Universal is planning to do "The Invisible Man"—another H. G. Wells thriller—with Boris Karloff, who is now a star, by the way. The rest of the studios also have a trick or two up their collective sleeves. Certainly, they are all concentrating upon the public's demand—"Scare us."

Reading departments are feverishly searching the classics for tales of horror, of mysticism, of fantasy, anything for thrills. Perhaps you know of one they missed. If so, why not drop them a line, telling them where it may be found?

After all, it is you who started the trend. You might as well help it along.

Hollywood's Own Slant on George Raft

(*Continued from page 37*)

After Night' I have heard many people say, 'That boy is a real actor.' Certainly, any player who has aroused the interest of the public as Mr. Raft has done is deserving of all the screen success he is attaining!"

Clark Gable: "I think he is swell! His performance in 'Scarface' was amazing. I wish him all the luck in the world."

Clara Bow: "Mr. Raft does not remind me of Rudy Valentino. I hope the comparison between them does not go too far. People who are 'second So-and-So's' on the screen never really have a fair chance. I think George Raft has his own place in the movies, just as Rudy had his."

William K. Howard (*director of "The First Year"*): "I think Raft is a better actor than even he suspects! From what I can judge by his work on the screen, he seems to have an instinctive, untrained sense of the right thing to do before the camera. In other words, a screen natural!"

Sally Eilers: "George Raft? Whoopee! Hey-hey! When I see George Raft on the screen, I'm not worrying about his technique in the fine art of acting. All I know is that he gives me plenty of entertainment for my fifty cents!"

Can't Figure Him Out

JACK GRANT (interviewer): "He's an off-screen puzzle, all right. I don't know whether he is kidding Hollywood or whether Hollywood is kidding him! One minute he talks out of the corner of his mouth about women, and the next minute he is putting them on a pedestal with a good, sound drawing-room phrase. I'll admit I can't figure him out as a *person*. But as a screen personality—he's there!"

Unnamed waiter at the *Brown Derby:* "Meester Raft? Sure, he's swell! Sometime he tip a dollar for a sandwich. Meester Raft, sure, he's fine actor!"

Arline Judge: "I'm just a movie fan at heart—not a critic. I like Mr. Raft fine. He reminds me a lot of Rudolph Valentino on the screen—the same sort of sexy menace!"

Gary Cooper's studio side-kick and pal: "Why talk about Raft, when there's Gary Cooper to engage your fond attention? I bet more women are interested in Gary, anyway. But don't quote me—unless it's *laughingly!*"

Mary Foster (housewife): "I rather resent these new screen sensations who crop up like George Raft, when there are so many fine actors whose work goes unrecognized year after year. The public and the press are always picking out some new idol (last year it was Clark Gable) and singing his praises to the sky. Now that Mr. Raft has come along, Mr. Gable isn't nearly the sensation he used to be. Wonder who it will be who will steal the spotlight from George Raft? It's sure to happen."

Edmund Lowe: "My favorite actor-enthusiasm always has been and always will be—John Barrymore!"

He's No Accident, Says Barbara

BARBARA STANWYCK: "What difference does it make what anybody in Hollywood thinks about George Raft? The public has singled him out as a star with only a few pictures to his credit. That certainly speaks well for his chances. And don't let anybody tell you that the public is easily fooled. They know what they want—and right now they apparently want George Raft! He should worry about Hollywood!"

Juliette (marcel-waver at the Mary Elizabeth Shop): "We girls in beauty parlors are supposed to be crazy about the actors with plenty of sex-appeal like Gable and George Raft. Yet almost every girl I know would rather see Fredric March on the screen. I don't think girls are as sex-crazy as the press makes out. Personally, I don't care for the type of rôles Raft plays. Gangsters and speakeasy proprietors don't interest me. Give me the sort of rôles March and Clive Brook play!"

Bing Crosby: "George Raft certainly has plenty of what it takes to stir up discussion. Have you ever noticed that only outstanding and colorful people have this ability to inspire controversy? I think he is a very fine actor. 'Night After Night' was one of the most enjoyable pictures I have ever seen."

Janet Gaynor: "I don't know Mr. Raft personally, but I like him very much on the screen. I like dangerous men in the movies . . . the Gables . . . the Rafts."

Newsboy (corner of Vine Street and Hollywood Boulevard): "George Raft? Now there's a real guy for you! He knows how to joke and kid with the fellows and he don't take himself too serious. Every time I see Mr. Raft, I get lonesome for Noo York. He's a Broadway gentleman, all right. I think he's the best-dressed actor in Hollywood. His clothes ain't too conservative. Why actors spend half their life trying to be actors and then go around dressed like real estate salesmen, I don't know. But Mr. Raft is different . . . "

Reveals His "Sane" Habits

STUDIO publicity girl: "George Raft is one of the sanest living men I have ever known. It's true he doesn't go in for lots of exercise and The Great Outdoors—but, nevertheless, he takes wonderful care of his body. He smokes very little, and he never touches a thing to drink."

Billie Dove (who is supposed to have initiated George into studio ways): "I'm one of those very un-critically-minded people who judge many of my on-screen favorites by my off-screen favorites. In other words, I enjoy actors I know on the screen better than those I don't. I know George Raft and like him immensely. Naturally, his work, to me, is fascinating!"

Mervyn LeRoy (*director of "Little Caesar"*): "Right now, George Raft is just about the hottest male personality on the screen. And I don't necessarily mean sex-appeal *hot*. I mean box-office hot, as well."

Charles Farrell: "Say, this fellow Raft is going like a hot cake, isn't he? I'm sorry to say I missed 'Scarface' but I certainly want to see 'Night After Night.' Until I see George Raft on the screen I can't be very explicit in my opinions. But it seems to me that any actor who can go so far in such a short time must have plenty to offer."

Jimmy Starr (Los Angeles dramatic critic): "This Raft boy has plenty of what it takes! What's more, he is a swell guy personally. I have a sneaking hunch that this is going to be a Raft Year. I don't want to get in this Gable-Raft argument, but I don't think anyone can deny that George has at least temporarily usurped the spotlight from Clark."

Every time George Raft goes out with a new girl, everyone wonders if romance and marriage will be the sequel. But there are several stars, besides George, who dodge marriage rumors. Why? In next month's MOVIE CLASSIC (out January 10), you will find the answer: "Ten Stars Tell Why They Don't Marry"

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Joan Crawford, the Star Who Never Rests

(*Continued from page 39*)

want to speak French as perfectly as it can be spoken. I want to train my voice to its fullest capacity. I want to know the technique, the *art* of dancing. I want to play a crack game of tennis. I want to be as well-read as I possibly have time and appreciation to be.

Wants to "Keep on Growing"

"I *WANT to grow and to keep on growing. I want to develop.* I want the Joan Crawford I am this year to be only a building block for the Joan Crawford I shall be next year. I hope to be able to go on acting long after youth is gone. If that is impossible, I want to have so many riches, so many appreciations within myself, that I shall never know the meaning of futility. I want to be prepared for those years that come after youth is gone. If you are prepared for them, they never catch up to you. If you are not prepared—you are left by the saddest and dreariest wayside in the world. The wayside of nothing-to-do and nothing-to-be.

"Of *course*, I am ambitious. I am passionately ambitious. But not, I think, for the more obvious things. Not for money. I put mine into Government bonds and forget about it. Nor am I ambitious for fame in the sense of applause and my name in electric lights. I want the kind of fame that is won hard and lasts long.

"I am ambitious—I want Fame because it does something nice to you inside. I want Fame because it makes me feel that I have *mattered* a little, to other people, to myself. Because it makes me feel that all I have consumed of life and love and material things have not been given to me for nothing.

"I want fame and then more fame. I want never to be second-best. *But I haven't even begun yet to be what I want to be. I haven't done anything yet,* not one single thing, of which I am proud or with which I am content. I never see myself in a picture that I don't cover my eyes with my hands. I am often repulsive to myself on the screen. I can only say when a job is done, 'Well, that's that—*now what?*' I don't like to feel I'm static.

Ambitious at Home, Too

"I HAVE to be ambitious in two ways, you know—in my work and in my home. I believe that it is perfectly possible to be both if you can have enough *humility*. If your ego does not grow in you like some evil-smelling weed, making you intolerable to those about you. If you can talk and think about your husband's work more than you talk and think about your own. When I go home from the studio at night, I talk to Douglas about what *he* is doing, how his scenes went during the day, what he plans for his next picture. I refrain from talking about myself or my own work *unless I am asked.*

"If I make a picture that is anything of a triumph, I see to it that I am the same person at the end of that picture that I was at the beginning. If you can have ambition and the fruits of ambition and be the same humble person you were—then you are nearing something fine and really great. Egotism never makes friends—or keeps them.

"I believe that we are born with ambition or without it. I must always have been ruled by it. I remember, when I was a child of five, dancing in the barn at home, dragging in all the neighbor children to watch me perform. And do you suppose I would go on dancing if one of them so much as spoke or made a noise? No, ma'am! I stopped and waited until there was perfect silence and perfect attention again. Exhibitionism, of course. The craving for the center of the spotlight. All people ruled by ambition are exhibitionists in one form or another. Consciously or sub-consciously, they are actors.

"Ambition is apt to be a tiring thing, of course. It wears you out as any force does. But that can be handled, too. When I go home from the studio, awfully tired, feeling like yelling at anybody who speaks to me, I go straight to my room, have a massage, a light supper in bed, take a book and stay there. I simply do not inflict myself upon Douglas or anyone else. Or if I notice that Douglas is tired—has had a bad day—I remain out of his way and out of his sight. If, in your ambition, you can still be sensitive to other people, then you can make ambition a fit companion to live with.

"Last year I was frightfully tired and depressed. In fact, recently, a well-known writer had an assignment to do a story with me. She refused the assignment, saying, 'I can't talk to her. She depresses me. She is so morbid.'

Would Give Up Ambition If—

"WELL, I was. All of last year, and all during the time I was making 'Rain' I—well, I had a great many things that needed forgetting. Then we went to Europe. We played a lot and sat up late and saw all the sights—Napoleon's Tomb in Paris, and Versailles and the Tower of London and everything that every tourist sees. I didn't feel that it was doing me one bit of good. I had had insomnia and I still had it. Then, coming back on the boat, I slept like a streak. I slept fifteen and sixteen hours at a stretch. When I got home, the reaction set in. I realized what good the trip had done me. I was myself again. Now, I am so happy I am positively giddy. Nothing annoys me. Nothing worries me. Whatever is wrong with my life seems right, or rightable, now. I want to make a gay, amusing picture next to fit the mood I am in.

"You ask me whether there is anything in the world for which I would sacrifice my ambition. Yes, two things. And one is this: If anyone near and dear to me should say, 'Your ambition makes me unhappy,' *I would give it up*, though by doing so I, too, would be finished. But unhappiness is too dear a price to pay for anything—the unhappiness of those you love. To cause or inflict unhappiness is *never worth while.* I know, because I have been unhappy.

"The other thing for which I would sacrifice my ambition is—*a baby. For two years now I have been hoping and hoping that I would have a baby.*

"Of course, I would not have to give up my work or my ambition if I should have a baby. Norma Shearer has demonstrated that, beautifully. But for the sake of an argument, if some hypothetical Mr. Thalberg or Mr. Mayer should say to me, 'Joan, if you have a baby, you are through in pictures,' I would say, 'Then I am through, but—I shall have my baby.'

"Perhaps I know in my heart of hearts that I'd not really be sacrificing my ambition. I would have a life-work, born again. And motherhood alone would satisfy my ambition—would satisfy *me*. . . .

"That is, if satisfaction could ever be possible for me. I think not—for a million lashes of fire drive me and I have never yet come to or even imagined a stopping-place, a way-station, a terminus. *I never want to!*"

Is Lon Chaney's Son Fated To Suffer For Films, Too?

(*Continued from page 54*)

dangerous "stunts" he had been performing in his brief career, I asked him: "Do you think your father would have approved of all the risky, dangerous things you have been doing so far? You know the results of the suffering he underwent to make his rôles realistic?"

"Don't Compare Me with Dad"

CREIGHTON flushed. (I suppose he was wondering how I had found out about those confounded stunts.) He poked nervously at his Brown Derby salad, and said:

"Do me a favor, will you? If you are going to write me up in a story, don't say anything comparing me with my father? There isn't any comparison between us. Dad was an artist—a *real* actor. I'm just a fellow trying to get along in the movies. I'd rather be compared to anybody else but my Dad, because I know I'm not worthy of that comparison. When the first publicity I earned was a story to the effect that I was 'another Clark Gable,' *maybe*, I was glad because I figured that if I was being compared to Mr. Gable, it would sidetrack other comparisons to my Dad.

"I will say this, though—I know the sacrifices and great physical suffering my father went through for his screen rôles; I know, perhaps, better than anybody, except my little, excitable, Italian mother. I know that that suffering did not stop with the completion of a rôle, either. My father was afflicted with almost chronic headaches, his eyesight was strained, his body was weakened under the gruelling make-ups he created for the camera.

"I would never be big enough, or enough of an artist to make the sacrifices my Dad did. In the first place, I haven't his great talent for make-up and characterization—so I couldn't if I wanted to. But I also know this: *I'm not going to ask for a double for just ordinary athletic stunts any fellow my size and build should be able to do—even if I break my neck attempting to do them!*

"My Dad would feel disgraced at the idea of a double for a Chaney in any rôle that requires only the physical ability any man should have!"

Not Sure of Himself Yet

AND that is Creighton's own answer to Hollywood's persistent musings over his dislocated shoulder . . . his broken rib . . . his rigid dieting. . . .

"I don't exactly know my true screen place, yet," he philosophized. "I sometimes think I would like to do Westerns. Maybe that is because I'm not quite sure of myself as an actor," he smiled, one of those rare occasions, "and not an awful lot of acting ability is required for Westerns.

"I'm still scared stiff in front of the camera. In spite of my three pictures (the serial and 'bits' in 'Bird of Paradise' and 'The Most Dangerous Game'), I shake and shiver with nervousness when the camera is trained on me. A lot of people seem to have the idea that I have had previous screen or stage experience. They figure that because I come of a theatrical family I must have been trained in that sort of work. But it isn't true.

"Before I was lucky enough to get a contract with RKO, I had been with the gas company here in Los Angeles. Believe it or not, but one of my last jobs was putting a meter in this same Beverly Hills café where we're lunching now. That sort of job is all right for a fellow in his late teens, or early twenties, but when you get around twenty-three or four, you begin to realize the necessity for some sort of future in what you are doing. There isn't much of a future in gas meters!

"After my father's death, I began thinking more and more about pictures. I had always had a sneaking hunch I'd like to try them—but Dad had been firm against the idea. However, when I decided to give up my job with the gas company, all my friends suggested I should at least try my luck on the screen.

Won Chance on His Own

"I HAD had a couple of film bids after Dad's death—from studios that wanted to bill me as 'Lon Chaney, Jr.' I refused them. Then one day a friend took me over to the RKO studio and introduced me to the casting director. He explained that I was willing to do anything at first—that I would be glad to accept 'extra' work at seven-fifty a day. The casting director asked me the usual questions and seemed interested. I wasn't fooled about that interest though—I knew the fact that I was Lon Chaney's son had a lot to do with any impression I might have made.

"He told me to come back the next day. I thought there would probably be an 'extra' job. You can imagine my surprise when I was presented with a contract and asked again to change my name to *Lon Chaney, Jr.* I was just about floored with joy over the contract—but I flatly refused to change my name, even though that refusal might lose me the chance I so wanted. They begged me to reconsider. That night I told my mother all about it. Incidentally, my mother knows more about the workings and inner-workings of the movies than anybody I have ever met. She knew why they had offered me a contract. She knew why they wanted to change my name. Her advice was 'Don't do it.'

"When I told them, the next day, that I couldn't accept the contract if it meant changing my name to my father's for exploitation purposes, I was all set to have that contract offer withdrawn. I thought it was pretty fine when they said it was all right—if I didn't want to agree to the changed name, the contract offer went, anyway.

"I'm honestly grateful to them for giving me a chance to make good under my own steam as Creighton Chaney. I figure they must think I have something to offer on my own. I'm putting my movie fate in their hands, and if one of my jobs is to jump out of a tree onto the back of a horse—well, I'm going to do it!"

Creighton Chaney and his studio didn't quarrel when he refused to be "Lon Chaney, Jr.," but stars and studios do have their bitter battles. James Cagney and Warner Brothers just had a big dispute—about salary. But they didn't tell it to a judge—they told it to the Motion Picture Academy, and now they're friends again. In next month's MOVIE CLASSIC, you'll read the "inside" story of "The New Court That Settles Hollywood's Quarrels," by that well-known "insider," Dorothy Manners, of "Looking Them Over" fame.

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Eddie Cantor Would Rather Be "Papa" Than President

(*Continued from page 47*)

face is a family man. He has a nice, plump, cheerful wife and five—count 'em—five pretty little daughters. And he is as sentimentally devoted to them, as genuinely proud of them as any bearded patriarch in the Ghetto where he started life. Watch Eddie in a group of men—any group of men. The wink, the shrug, the sidewise glance, the naughty innuendo which starts the guffaws. Then get him aside and ask him about his family—and watch his face change. Watch him drop that sophisticated mask and the smart entertainer's manner. Watch him expand and beam. Watch him become, in a trice, a family man!

Clowning Is a Habit Now

"EDDIE, don't you get *tired* of being funny?" I asked him. "Doesn't it get to be sort of horrible, knowing that everyone expects a wisecrack every time you open your mouth—that everyone is waiting for 'Eddie's latest' every time you mention the weather?"

"Being funny is like riding a bicycle," he said. "If you learn young enough, it gets to be automatic or reflex or something. It's never any effort—and you never forget, if you live to be a hundred and eight. I'm used to it."

But his face, in repose, has a tired look. Think of the work the man turns out! He has just finished a strenuous picture, he has taken time to dart here and there for benefits, he has snatched time to write a series of articles about Hollywood for one of the big, Eastern magazines. And he is preparing his radio programs for the months ahead. Any one of those things would be a man-sized job for just one individual. His vitality and his capacity for work are amazing.

A long time ago, when I first met him, he told me, earnestly "I think the most important thing about me is that I was a little Jewish boy, born in the Ghetto, orphaned and left alone at the age of two. I grew up on the streets of New York, worked as a bootblack, as a newsboy, as a singing waiter—and I had made a million dollars by the time I was twenty-seven!"

Well, I don't know how important that is, but it is darned interesting. Success is important to Eddie, more important than anything else in the world. He gives every ounce of his energy to whatever he is doing at the moment—and then turns, with unwearied enthusiasm, to the next thing. He plays no games, is interested in few sports. I can't imagine Eddie Cantor amusing himself or relaxing or letting down in any way—except to frolic briefly, with that family of his.

Gives His Wife the Credit

HE neither smokes nor drinks. "I have no *small* vices!" he excuses himself, with that familiar, sly smile. You'll find, however, that the smart Broadway showmen *don't* do those things. They leave the carousing to the audiences who pay to see them. The smart boys are busy gathering in the shekels. Eddie's throat is delicate and he must save his voice for singing. He must conserve his energy to work at the show business—to make fun for other people at a good, fat price.

"You can't be a success at anything if you have to divide your energies," he will tell you. "That's why I am so grateful to Mrs. Cantor. She has made it possible for me to give my undivided attention to my work. She has made it her job to be a wife and mother, and I have never had to give time and thought to domestic problems. I have never had to pause to wonder what she was doing, whether or not she was contented, whether or not the children were receiving the proper care. She has spent her life in making me comfortable, making things easy for me. Otherwise, I could not have accomplished what I have."

Eddie, one gathers, disapproves of most modern wives. "They think of nothing except what they can *get* for themselves. They don't co-operate. Then they blame their men for being failures. No man can do his best at anything if he has domestic worries—if he must fret for fear his wife is unfaithful or discontented or restless. How *can* he?"

She's His Silent Partner

THREE years ago, the Cantors started to build a home in the East—it would be the first "real" one they had ever had and Eddie was willing to do it pretty spectacularly. A half-million, he planned to spend on it. (That, he explains, was before the market crash!) Mrs. Cantor supervised every inch of the thing, herself—selected every door-knob and bit of tile that went into it, shopped for months for the right furnishings and drapes. It was finished, finally—almost ready for occupancy. Mrs. Cantor was ecstatic.

"And then I came home one day," Eddie recounts, "and said, 'Ida, it looks as if we were going to have to live in California for several years to come!' Just like that. No warning. Nothing. And all she said—then or at any other time—was, 'Well, maybe that will be better for us!' She packed, calmly and with no flurry, and we came here to live. She has never mentioned that it caused her the least pain or disappointment to give up that home, her friends and her relatives. 'Maybe it will be better . . .'"

So far as Eddie is concerned, it has been better. He has seen more of his family, had more time to get acquainted with them, than he ever had before. The oldest daughter is attending the University here. The others are in preparatory and grammar schools—down to Janet, who is in kindergarten.

"You oughta get a little fun out of life," Eddie says, quoting one of his current songs. "And the most fun a fellow like me has, he gets out of his children. They aren't little very long. Pretty soon they grow up and go away. . . ."

Couldn't Do as Will Does

HE was talking with Will Rogers the other day. (The two are old and close friends.) Will's three youngsters are scattered about the country at schools and camps. "How *can* you, Will?" Eddie wanted to know. "How can you let them all be away at once?"

Will tugged at his forelock. "We-ell," he drawled. "It's tough, all right. But it's better for them—and that makes us do it."

"He's probably right," Eddie sighs. "But," apologetically "—I couldn't do it—yet!"

A family man.

Eddie believes in the primitive virtues. He believes that people are fundamentally good and kind. He proved it to me almost tearfully with the anecdote of the crew on "The Kid from Spain" who begged for a Sunday off (when they might have been earning overtime pay by working) so that they could go and build a house for a man who was ill, had a wife and three children and was living in a tent. The studio furnished the lumber and so on. "They worked three times as hard as they would have had to work here," Eddie said. "People *are* kind!"

He tries to impress the people around him with the necessity for being pretty good boys, keeping "fit" and attending to business. Last year, when he and George Jessel were appearing together at the Palace Theatre in New York, Eddie gave George a little pep-talk. "Now, we have a tough engagement, it's going to take the best we have. We must agree to get enough rest, watch our health and keep in shape." George agreed, solemnly, that that was, indeed, the thing for two ambitious boys to do!

A Couple of Jokes on Eddie

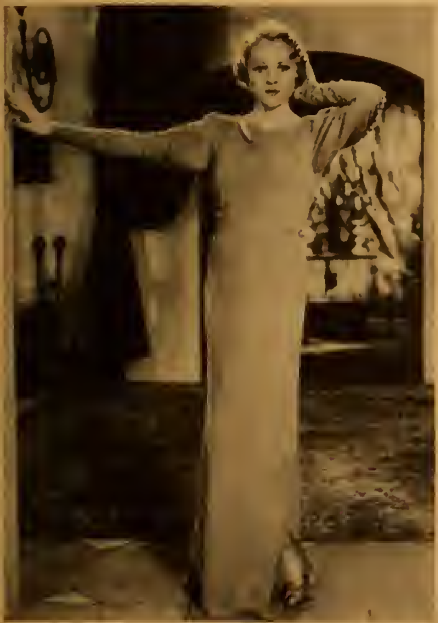
EDDIE and George used to leave the theatre together, Eddie would drop George at his hotel, proceed to his own and then telephone his partner. "Ready for bed, George?" he would inquire, brightly. "Practically in the hay!" would come back the reassuring answer.

Eddie never found out until months later that George used to sit there, night after night, in his evening clothes, top hat and overcoat and stick beside him, waiting for Eddie's 'phone call—so that he could depart on his round of New York's gay spots! Eddie thinks it's funny—now. He might not have thought so, then, if he had known it.

Eddie introduced me to Sidney Franklin, the Brooklyn lad who became one of Spain's greatest bull-fighters. He came to Hollywood to work in Eddie's picture. Sidney had some caricatures he had made of himself and Eddie, working with the bulls. He showed us the ones of himself, but was coy about the ones he had made of Eddie. "You might not like them—I've made you funny!" he apologized.

"Well, so you should make me funny!" Eddie told him. "*It's my business, isn't it?*"

Which remark sums up Eddie Cantor pretty well, it seems to me. Being funny is his business. He works at it as energetically, as thoughtfully, with as much concentration, as does any important banker at his financial affairs. Eddie's capital consists of gags, wisecracks and the showmanship to sell them. Away from the theatre, or the movie set or the banquet, he can relax and be himself. A quiet, sentimental, devoted *family man.*



You'd better give up hope that dresses will soon be shorter. Look at the gown Sally Eilers wears in "Second-Hand Wife." Besides an 1890-length skirt, it features puffed sleeves. The old styles are the newest!

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Our Hollywood Neighbors

(*Continued from page 11*)

up his coat collar and put on a swell imitation of the ague.

If you noticed carefully, Joan Crawford, all dressed up in a gown trimmed with leopard fur, divided her dancing between Gene Raymond and Clark Gable. Oh, dear, yes, of course she danced with Doug, Jr., too.

SIGN over movie theatre—
"Man Wanted"—Also Ken Maynard.

And if you collect those things, this is a pippin—
Marian Nixon in "Rebecca of S. B. Farm."

THOSE three intrepid young travelers, William Bakewell, Russell Gleason and Benny Alexander, have all returned from their first trips to Europe. Being the best of pals in Hollywood they had decided that it would be just the thing to take in the Old World together. As it turned out it wasn't such a bright thought after all. Relations are just a bit strained right now, although they don't say much about it.

As it was reported to us, Billy Bakewell, being a thorough-going tourist at heart, wanted to see everything from the Mona Lisa at the Louvre to a sausage factory in Germany. He wanted to visit the battlefields, the chateaux, the galleries and the cathedrals—and he did. The other boys had gone to Europe to have *fun*, but by the time they had followed Billy to all of the points specified in Baedecker's rather comprehensive guide, they were too exhausted to find out what night life on the continent was like.

Apparently no one had much fun but Billy. However, in the soothing atmosphere of uncultured Hollywood (there aren't any art galleries, battlefields and cathedrals) the friendship will soon be patched. But there probably won't be any more threesomes to Europe.

YOU might just as well prepare yourself for it. After going through their courtship and marriage, and the quarrels and divorce which followed, it looks as if Greta Nissen and Weldon Heyburn would visit the parson again. Greta and Weldon showed up at the same night club not long ago, and Weldon provided a lot of excitement by socking Greta's escort on the jaw. Not very many evenings after that Greta and Weldon visited the same battlefield together. They sat very close, danced very close, and looked hearts and flowers.

But, to even things up, a divorce is said to be brewing in the home of a very famous movie couple. The wife is just *that* interested in a certain handsome leading man. Don't say *we* told you.

PEOPLE returning from Paris report that Maurice Chevalier has lost a great deal of popularity with his countrymen. They criticize him for not spending more of his American-earned shekels in dear, old Paree. Now, the Americans might get just as peeved because Mawruss doesn't spend more of his money on this side of the Atlantic. Zat *homme*, Chevalier, has all of the characteristics of the thrifty French race, and he isn't scattering much *dinero* any place. He even used to carry his lunch to the studio. The Parisians also took exception to the fact that when "Love Me Tonight" was shown in the French capital, the star sang his songs in English. Well, if Marie Antoinette were still alive and kicking she'd settle the whole problem by asking—"Why don't they learn English?"

Americans might get just as peeved over the fact that when Maurice sings those naughty French songs (and does it oh, so innocently!), he sings them in French.

Chevalier is returning to Hollywood a divorced man, and you should see the film beauties setting their caps for him. Wonder if that Marlene Dietrich-Chevalier story will be revived?

And Mae West, who says she's too busy to bother with romance, comes right out in meeting and admits that if she wasn't wedded to her art, Chevalier would be the guy she'd go after.

ANOTHER "blessed event" in Cinema-land. Lotus, the trained hippopotamus, had to leave the cast of "King of the Jungle" to await the stork's call. Lotus's kid brother, Ludwig, went into the rôle so the paycheck was kept in the same family, anyway.

There, Mr. Winchell, is a blessed event you missed.

THERE was a time when Hollywood folks went to bed at nine o'clock for the pretty good reason that there was nowhere else to go. They rolled up the sidewalks when the curfew rang the knell of parting day. But all of that belongs to the dead past. Night clubs have been sprouting out like measles during an epidemic in a boarding school. No one ever goes to bed anymore, and the gay life is proving a bit too much for some of the "bloods" in the movie colony.

There's such a funny story about the male star who thought he was considerably overcharged at one of the night spots. He retaliated by trying to take the table home with him. The bouncers took care of him, and he *didn't* get the table. At another midnight whoopee place, the ladies' "Powder Room" is decorated with unpublished, and reputedly, a bit daring, Peter Arno drawings. One young player, of the wrong sex to be going into a Powder Room, made four unsuccessful attempts to get by the maid in charge. Finally he was gently but efficiently ejected into the street.

"I didn't mean any harm," he sobbed, "I just wanted to see those Peter Arno drawings."

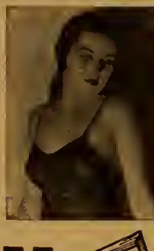
At still another night spot a female impersonator holds forth with his impression of Joan Crawford in "Rain." Joan went around to see the show the other night, but she didn't say what she really *thought*.

WHEN you see the fight between Clara Bow and Thelma Todd in "Call Her Savage" you'll see Nature going raw. When it came time for the heavy stuff there were no pulling of punches. Thelma got a black eye, they say, and Clara had some awfully pretty scratches. Everyone is being so-o quiet about it, but when you see the picture take a good *look*.

After the picture is completed somebody should match Clara with Jack Sharkey. The script called for the Brooklyn redhead to horsewhip Gilbert Roland, heave a chair at Monroe Owsley, throw a plate at Mischa Auer, and beat up a gigolo.

No wonder Clara says that she wants to retire permanently after this picture.

But *what* is this talk about a rift in the Clara Bow-Rex Bell billing and cooing? "Say It Isn't So!"



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The Stars Are At It Again—Giving Bigger and Better Parties

(*Continued from page 49*)

Bessie's Bright Luncheon Idea

BUT perhaps little Bessie Love had the brightest and most original way of raising money for charity. Bessie started a "chain" of charity luncheons by inviting ten girls to her home. Each of these girls (the original group consisted of Bebe Daniels, Colleen Moore, Marian Nixon, Constance Talmadge, Shirley Mason, Harriett Parsons, May Sunday, and three others) was requested to bring a dollar to Bessie's luncheon—and they pledged themselves, in turn, to give a luncheon for *nine* other girls who would each bring a dollar. These nine were to give a luncheon for eight, and those eight for seven, and so on down to *one!*

Take nine girls, each inviting eight girls to a luncheon and so on down the list, and you'd be surprised at the amount of dollars that involves. If no one breaks Bessie's "chain," the Motion Picture Relief Fund will be $109,000 richer by the idea! This has proved to be one of the most amazing and unique "party ideas" ever put on by Hollywood. The only tough part is trying to find guests who aren't giving a party of their own for Bessie's charity!

But the private parties are the ones that have really been the indication of the turn of events in Hollywood. Apparently, nothing has been too much trouble or inconvenience to make private parties as effective and entertaining as possible.

The famous "Gay Nineties" party given by Fredric and Florence Eldridge March has been an outstanding highlight of the season, and well it might! At considerable cost of time, effort, research and money, the March Beverly Hills home was completely redecorated and refurnished to carry out the stiff, stilted effect of the pre-1900 era. Mrs. March spent days before the party visiting antique shops and interior decoration establishments, searching for and renting as many "uncomfortable chairs and lounges" of the period as she could find.

Brought Back the Gay Nineties

ONE of the most difficult feats of her search was locating an old-fashioned "Welcome" mat to adorn the front steps. Still another was a "hitching post" and, believe it or not, a horse and carriage were rented from a Beverly Hills riding academy just by way of carrying out the spirit of the "horse and buggy" era more effectively. A "bicycle rack" was accommodatingly near the hitching post, which was a practical, as well as an effective prop. Mary Pickford and a Miss Jans arrived in "Gay Nineties" style on a bicycle built for two.

The interior of the March home was even more of a triumph. It was as "stilted and gaudy as your grandmother's parlor," as Mrs. March described it. Red plush drapes were the crowning touch of a room "cluttered" with stiff little chairs, an old-fashioned love seat, photograph albums, hand-painted china vases, souvenir sea shells and a cylinder gramophone. From the garden could be heard the strains of the string orchestra, fiddling away at "Tell Me, Pretty Maiden" . . .

Dinner was served in the garden around tables that were set and served much after the manner of a lemonade sewing bee. Lanterns of all sizes, shapes and colors illuminated the garden and the dance "pavilion." But, according to the hosts, a great deal of the success of that party must be credited to the guests—a large and imposing list that more than got into the spirit of the thing.

Helen Hayes came as a kittenish soubrette; Norma Shearer in a feather boa; Nancy Carroll in puff sleeves; David Selznick as rough-riding Theodore Roosevelt; Kay Francis as a preacher's wife; Elissa Landi in short skirts and high shoes; Gene Markey as a deacon; and Mary Pickford on a bicycle—all these were as effective a part of the atmosphere as the little "God Bless Our Home" placard in the entrance hall. One hundred and fifty people were invited to the March party, which is a record, even for Hollywood.

Elissa Revived the Wild West

ELISSA LANDI had such a good time at the March party and liked the idea so well that she decided to entertain for her husband, John Lawrence (over from London for a brief visit) with an atmosphere party, also. Elissa decided to go "Old West" for her entertainment and, what's more, Elissa, like the Marchs, went all the way!

The carpets and rugs in her beautiful Beverly Hills living room were taken up and the hardwood floors covered ankle-deep with sawdust. Elissa's own exquisite things were removed to the attic, or maybe the basement, and an old-fashioned "Wild West" bar, with all the trappings of the Western saloon, including roulette tables, card tables, dice tables, beer mugs and photos of buxom showgirls was moved in to add the necessary "atmosphere." 'Tis said Elissa wanted her husband to see a "typical old-fashioned Wild West party" and what, pray, could be more typical than this? An orchestra of musicians, disguised as "miners," contributed such hits as "Turkey in the Straw," as well as the dance numbers that are popular to-day. Until the wee, small hours of the morning Elissa's party was enjoyed by Mr. and Mrs. Cecil De Mille; Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March; Kay Johnson; Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth MacKenna (Kay Francis); Winfield Sheehan; Mary Pickford; Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg (Norma Shearer); Janet Gaynor and Lydell Peck; Charles and Virginia Valli Farrell, and fifty other enthused and excited guests.

"Be different" had by now become the social cry of the successful hostess and, just by way of living up to it, Helen Hayes gave one of the cutest parties of the season. Helen didn't redecorate her home, and her guests wore their latest evening gowns instead of costumes; but in spite of conventional trappings, Helen's party was certainly a novelty to Hollywood. The catch was in the way the food was served and handled.

Helen's Guests Helped Themselves

GREAT services of food, such as lobsters, crabs, shrimp for salads, caviar and *pâté de foies gras* for *hors d'ouevres*, rich cheeses and celery for "stuffing," were set out in buffet style and the guest could prepare and cook his own meal right there if he, or she, were so minded! Of course, a minor raft of servants stood about Helen's board to do the actual work of preparation, but it was up to you to select your own food and mix a salad dressing. This was a swell way for the girls to show their respective beaux and husbands just what they could do if turned loose in the kitchen. And maybe you think the friends of the Charles MacArthurs didn't have a grand time. Even bridge was forgotten in the excitement of

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Not to be outdone in being "different" this season, Ruth Chatterton and George Brent had a small, but very novel dinner party in Ruth's large dressing-room suite at the studio. Adding to the novelty of this event, Mr. Ralph Forbes (the ex-husband of Ruth) was among the guests. A table set for ten before a blazing fire, a fried chicken "Southern" dinner, and a promise from all the guests that not one word about pictures would be mentioned made this one of those unique parties Hollywood is featuring this season. The guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Brent that evening were: Ruth's mother, Elsie Janis, Helen Hayes, Charles MacArthur, the already mentioned Mr. Forbes and Ruth's director. 'Tis said that one of the reasons La Chatterton chose her dressing-room for her first real party upon her return to Hollywood was for sentimental reasons. It is there that the Chatterton-Brent romance first bloomed into consciousness.

Buster's "Land Yacht" Cruises

PERHAPS the most amusing of Hollywood's eccentric parties are given by Buster Keaton on his "land yacht." Everybody knows about this big transportation bus of Buster's which is equipped with sleeping quarters, a kitchen and a parlor compartment. The favorite form of entertainment on the "land yacht" is a stag party. With great glee Buster rallies together Lew Cody, Buster Collier, his director, his publicity man, his favorite photographer and a couple of "other fellows" and invites them "aboard" for an evening of Dutch supper and bridge.

But what tricks that Buster pulls! One evening he invited two actors who had early "calls" for studio work the next morning. So engrossed did these gentlemen become in their bridge game that they did not realize Buster had put the "yacht" into motion and carted them almost to San Francisco! Or often Buster heads down in the direction of San Diego and Agua Caliente with his unsuspecting guests. This is considered great fun by all except the directors of the missing actors' productions. Most of them wish Buster had never heard of a land yacht!

It has always been a mistaken impression in Hollywood that Mr. and Mrs. Irving Thalberg (Norma Shearer) do not do much entertaining. As a matter of fact, Norma and her producer-husband entertain almost every night, but there are seldom more than eight dinner guests, and a party of twenty is a big event for the informal Thalbergs. Nor does Norma care for that old Hollywood stand-by, "the buffet supper." Because of this, she seldom entertains more than can be comfortably seated and served at her dining table.

The Thalberg guest list is notably devoid of actors' names, with a few exceptions, of course. John Gilbert is one of their oldest friends. But as a rule, you will find studio executives and their wives, Hollywood writers and visiting English novelists predominate among the guests at the Thalberg dinners and bridge evenings.

Bebe Daniels is a hostess who never relaxed her famed Sunday "at homes" even during the bleak social seasons of the past two years. Bebe's beach house is the mecca of a tennis, bridge and game loving crowd consisting of Constance Talmadge and Townsend Netcher, Sally Eilers and Hoot Gibson, Kathryn Carver Menjou, Louella Parsons and her husband, Lili Damita, and Mr. and Mrs. George Fitzmaurice. One of the most unusual features of Bebe's parties is hubby Ben Lyon's activities with his candid camera. Ben loves to photograph his guests, and particularly his infant daughter, Barbara Bebe Lyon. In fact, Ben took so many pictures of his own parties that the photographers about town started objecting that newspapers and magazines were using more of Ben's photos than they were of the professional type.

Even little Janet Gaynor has caught the party bug and recently gave a birthday party at her Beverly Hills home in honor of Lydell Peck, her husband. Janet's party featured Hawaiian music and food and among those present were Richard and Jobyna Ralston Arlen, Monte and Tove Blue, Mr. and Mrs. William K. Howard, Elissa Landi and Winfield Sheehan.

Wally's Guests Go Flying

WALLACE BEERY is another who is addicted to "moving" parties. Only Wally moves his guests, with their full consent, in his airplane up to his mountain cabin at Silver Lake, California. Sometimes Wally transports as many as twenty guests to his "outdoor" entertainments and has been known to make five or six air trips, loading and unloading his guests. Wally's parties are usually week-end affairs featured by hunting and fishing, and his guests include Mr. and Mrs. Phil Berg, Clark Gable, his current movie director, a couple of boys from the studio, and the three adopted Beery children.

This year, as usual, Hollywood's largest and perhaps most glittering parties are the famed Mayfair events given monthly in the Gold Room of the Biltmore Hotel. Here the most exclusive of the cinema lights wear their newest gowns, introduce their newest romantic conquests, and get a look at what their nearest rivals are doing, and wearing. Fredric March is President of the Mayfair board this year and Norma Shearer is vice-president. This is the first time an actor and actress have held these honorary positions (in former years they have been controlled by studio executives). Two hundred reservations were made for the first party of the season and some of those reservations included dinner parties for *fifty*. Showman Sid Grauman agreed to furnish the stage entertainment from among the dancers and singers appearing in one of his local prologues. Yes, both Norma Shearer and Fredric March were going to make speeches, and if you don't think *everybody* intended to be there, then you don't realize how thoroughly Hollywood has swung back into the social swim again!

Looking Them Over

(*Continued from page 65*)

DON'T be surprised to read very shortly that Madge Evans has become Mrs. Tom Gallery. Madge and Zasu Pitts' ex-husband have stopped insisting that they are "merely good friends." Though no definite date has been set, their friends say "soon after Tom's divorce becomes final."

THELMA TODD says there isn't any truth in the story that she and Clara Bow made their fight scene in "Call Her Savage" a little more savage than the script actually called for. Thelma says she and Clara agreed to make it a real tussle and if a couple of newspaper boys standing on the sidelines got the idea that it was a grudge battle—well, that's just another way of saying they're good actresses!

IN case you are curious (and Hollywood has been very curious), the gentleman Ann Harding has been dining and theatreing with lately is Edward Cronjager, her cameraman. "No romance—just friends," is the claim.

Things are apparently fair, but *cooler*, in that marathon romance between Mervyn LeRoy and Ginger Rogers. However, don't put any money on its being a definite break-up. Even the best of friends may temporarily disagree . . .

Still, at this writing, *hot and heavy* between George Raft and Constance Cummings. Flowers every day, 'n'everything!

And Johnny Weissmuller still looks awfully hurt because Lupe Velez won't answer the telephone when he calls up!

QUICK! Run and get the smelling salts! Is that Marlene Dietrich we see shopping in that exclusive Wilshire store, wearing those slightly-soiled beach pants and that beret on the back of her head? Can that be the Dietrich who is usually so fastidiously gowned? Yep, here comes Maria . . . it *is* Dietrich!

THE Fredric Marches don't care if certain people raise their eyebrows when told that Freddy and his wife have named their adopted daughter, "Penelope."

"We like it," says Freddy defiantly, "and so does the baby—so what?"

THIS *month's Hospital Report:* Billie Dove in the Santa Monica Hospital for an appendicitis operation . . . ditto for Bette Davis . . . Richard Bennett recuperating from pneumonia at Palm Springs . . . Mrs. Richard Bennett just out of the hospital after an operation . . . Fredric March unsuccessfully fighting off a slight attack of the flu . . . Dick Arlen a ptomaine victim . . . Conrad Nagel with scratches from a motor accident . . . Kathryn Carver Menjou at the Hollywood Hospital with "nerves."

ADRIENNE DORE, Warner Brothers blonde, has been secretly married to Bert Kelley for two months. Adrienne wanted to keep her marriage secret until she got a better start on the screen, but some meanie newspaper reporter ferreted it out!

BETTY KENDALL, daughter of a New York producer, and Ralph Forbes are being very nonchalant and amused at the rumors of a serious romance between themselves, but Hollywood has the idea firmly planted in mind and won't let go!

Certainly Betty and the British Mr. Forbes are constantly together and seem to find an awful lot to keep their heads bent close together over dining tables.

LILLIAN ROTH is back in Hollywood and may make a picture which she authored, by the way, for Universal. Lillian's story is called "Stage-Door Johnny" and talk is that the authoress will probably star in it.

Oh, yes, Junior Laemmle's interest in Lillian seems to be social, as well as studio.

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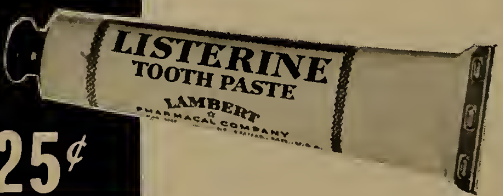

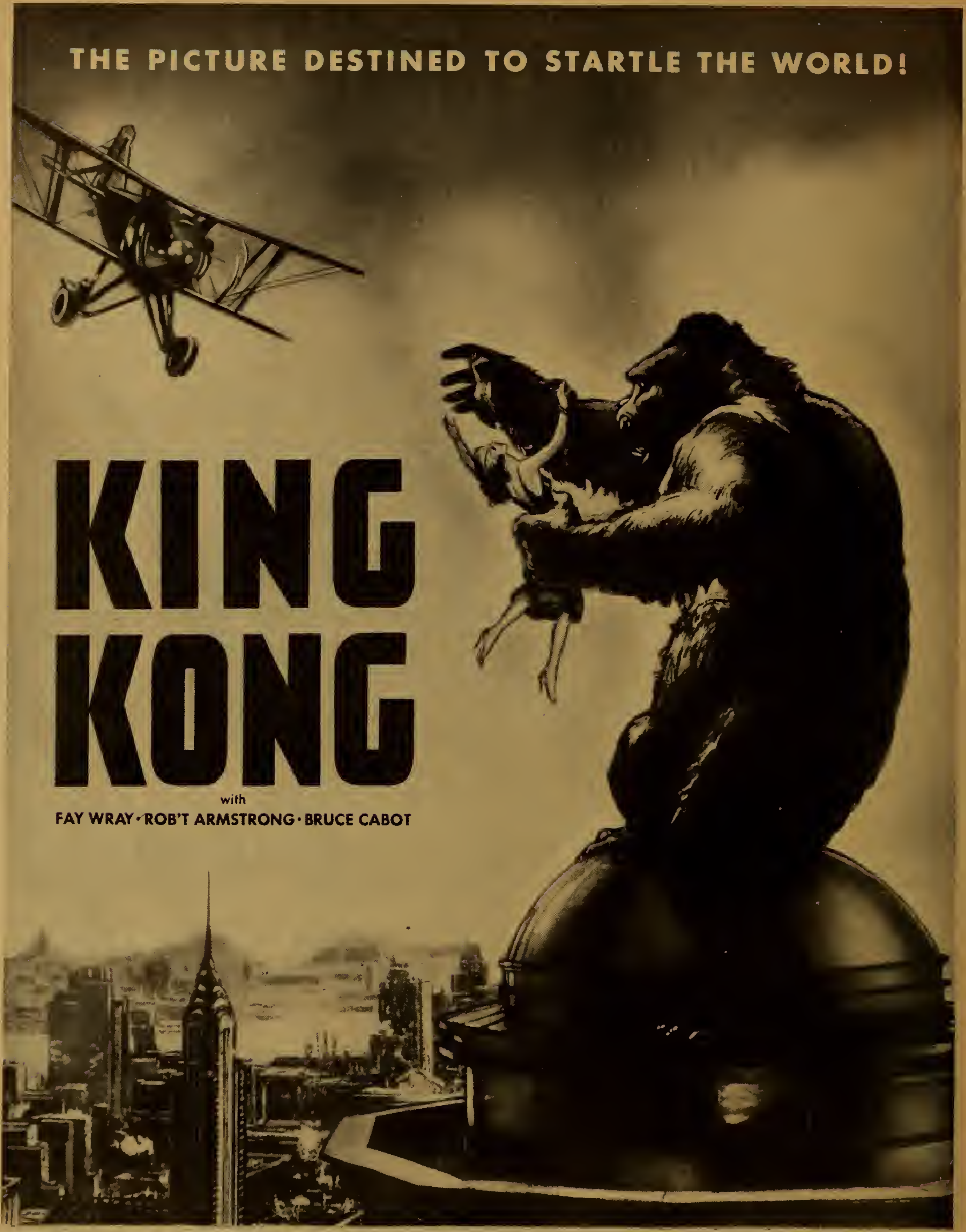

THE PICTURE DESTINED TO STARTLE THE WORLD!

KING KONG

with

FAY WRAY · ROB'T ARMSTRONG · BRUCE CABOT

A COOPER-SCHOEDSACK PRODUCTION—AN RKO RADIO PICTURE—of course!
From a Story by Edgar Wallace and Merian C. Cooper—David O. Selznick, Executive Producer

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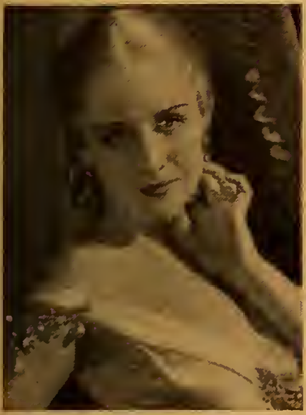
THE TABLOID MAGAZINE OF THE SCREEN

MOVIE CLASSIC

VOL. 3 No. 6 FEBRUARY, 1933



What Will NORMA SHEARER Do Next?

That becomes an increasingly big question with each new picture that Norma makes. For in her last two pictures (which were two of the most memorable of 1932), Norma proved herself capable of playing two widely different types of heroines.

In "Strange Interlude," she was semi-tragic, cheated of a great love by letting her mind dictate to her heart. She appealed to the sophisticated. In "Smilin' Through," both as a belle of the 1860's (as above) and as a girl of to-day, she made an even greater appeal to those who still believe in ideals and undying love.

Her next picture, unless her plans change suddenly, will be based on the play, "La Tendresse" which means "Love" or "Tenderness." So it sounds as if Norma is continuing along Romance Road!

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MOVIE CLASSIC is published monthly at 350 E. 22nd St., Chicago, Ill., by MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. Entered as second class matter July 29, 1931 at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879; printed in U. S. A. Editorial and Executive Offices, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y. Copyright 1933 by MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. Single copy 10c. Subscriptions for U. S., its possessions, and Mexico $1.00 a year, Canada $2.50, Foreign Countries, $2.50. European Agents, Atlas Publishing Company, 18 Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4. Stanley V. Gibson, President and Publisher, William S. Pettit, Vice President, Robert E. Canfield, Secretary-Treasurer.

MOVIE CLASSIC comes out on the 10th of every Month

If you can make him say: "Your eyes have told me so". . .

. . . then you will have achieved that glorious state in which each heart throb is a prediction of greater happiness to come.

It's easy to make your eyes say those wonderful things that only eyes can say.

Frame your eyes with dark, long-appearing, luxuriant lashes and this new kind of enchantment will instantly become yours.

Millions of women know that the New Maybelline Eyelash Darkener is the one thoroughly satisfactory and safe preparation to use. Not a dye. Perfectly harmless. Tear-proof, non-smarting, easy to apply, and actually stimulating to lash growth.

Insist upon genuine New Maybelline, to makes sure of obtaining a mascara that combines all these advantages. Black or Brown, 75c at toilet goods counters everywhere.

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Movie Classic's Letter Page

Each month, MOVIE CLASSIC gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters Published on this Page

$20.00 Letter

Movie Ads Smack of Burlesque

APPARENTLY the movies' advertising agents are slumping into a rut, utilizing obscene portrayals for billboard advertisements, placing the movies on a par with the "illegitimate" or burlesque shows.

Is it that they feel they must do this to attract an audience during this "economic depression"? Rather, I would say they are detracting from the screen its rightful dramatic classification. Those who desire burlesque will go where they can get it to their presatisfied tastes—those who do not want it, and these are the majority to be catered to, look to the movies for the satisfaction of theirs. And to these people sensuous advertising does more to keep them from attending a show that is really good without even a trace of the lewdness suggested by its billboard ad.

For instance, I might have gone to see John Gilbert in "Downstairs" were it not for a full billboard advertisement featuring him carrying the girl, dressed in a most disheveled and suggestive fashion, down a pair of stairs. Yet, someone who did see it tells me there was nothing in the picture that in any way referred to this scene.

We do not want to be deceived into thinking the movies are going burlesque.

MARY E. FARRELL, *Margate, N. J.*

$10.00 Letter

Muni Lives His Rôles

THE truly great actress or actor cannot be measured in greasepaint and grotesque make-up. Rather, it depends upon the degree that they succeed in submerging "self" for "rôle."

Take for example "I Am A Fugitive From A Chain Gang." In that excellent production, one does not consciously see Paul Muni, the actor, but *Allen*, the flesh-and-blood character of Mr. Burns' book! Why? Because Mr. Muni is a past master at understanding his characterizations—he seems actually to live the part he portrays—thus giving us powerfully real characters.

I also find that Helen Hayes' work is of the same high caliber. How much greater some of our stars would be if they could only appear upon the screen as the characters they are portraying rather than as their stereotyped selves. If certain of our big time stars will only realize the truth of this, it will be a big step forward for the entire industry.

LARS ANDERSON,
Los Angeles, Cal.

$5.00 Letter

We'll Do the Picking

IT has been the popular conception that producers, with the aid of their high-pressure publicity staffs, could so groom a young unknown with sensational advance notices that the public would accept him (or her), willy-nilly, as a "new star."

To this end, they coined exotic names for plain American girls, endowed them with 6-cylinder pasts, and foisted them on the public as the latest, foreign, dramatic find. But most of them couldn't live up to their high-blown publicity, and soon did a fade-out.

Therefore, it came as a shock that a girl unknown to most movie fans, very different from the average run of screen players, should become great with her appearance in one fine picture. The girl—Katharine Hepburn. The picture—"Bill of Divorcement."

The public "found" her, cheered her, and wants more of her—all without being prodded by publicity men. We *can* think for ourselves, and *do* know what we want, and no amount of persuasion or hysterics on the part of press-agents can move us against our will. Let producers adopt grocery-store tactics, insofar as "the customer is always right." Let us pick what we want. We have the right to do so!

S. S. JACOBS, *Kansas City, Mo.*

He's the Best Bet on the Screen

WHAT America needs is a five-cent stein of beer and what the "Movies" need is a series of Jimmy Cagney pictures with Joan Blondell being the reason for Jimmy's accelerated heart-beats.

I live in a small village which is utterly devoid of "Romance" and my only salvation is the movies. To me they are not just another amusement but a sanctuary wherein I discard my drab garments and become a modern Cinderella living in a glamourous setting, thrilling with the heroine and cordially hating the villain.

Jimmy Cagney is the best bet on the screen to-day and the Blondell femme his best sparring-partner. The medical profession might lose a capable physician in Cagney, but I truly believe he will bring more real happiness into this ailing world with his inimitable portrayals on the screen. And after all, what we need now is a well-placed sock from the one and only Cagney to lift us out of this mental depression and replace the old smile and Cheerio on the faces of millions.

DOROTHY WARSHAW, *Crawfordsville, Ark.*

Clara Better Than Ever

I HAVE never been a Clara Bow fan, but I should be glad if she decides to return permanently to the screen, now that I have seen "Call Her Savage." In this abominably constructed movie, her sincerity and her genuine acting ability stand out in clear relief.

As a native of Texas, I find great pleasure in seeing one movie actress mount and ride a horse as though she knew it for a jolly beast. But I am somewhat amazed, due to this same Texas influence, at the apparent

(*Continued on page 78*)

Become a Critic—Give Your Opinion—Win a Prize

Here's your chance to tell the movie world — through MOVIE CLASSIC—what phase of the movies most interests you. Advance your ideas, your appreciations, your criticisms of the pictures and players. Try to keep within 200 words. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

WHEN THE LION ROARS, THE WHOLE WORLD LISTENS!

Imagine! You're going to have a peek at the "inside production plans of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios. It's fun to look ahead to see what's coming from the producers of "Grand Hotel", "Smilin' Through", "Red Dust", "Strange Interlude", "Prosperity", "Flesh" and all those other fine screen entertainments. Here is just a rough idea of M-G-M pictures of interest now being shown, soon to come and others planned for production. Listen to the Lion ROAR! What a treat for the months to come!

NORMA SHEARER comes "Smilin' Through" with a new hit "La Tendresse" from the thrilling French play.

JOAN CRAWFORD in an exciting romance written especially for her by William Faulkner, noted author.

MARIE DRESSLER (beloved star!) with **WALLACE BEERY** in "Tugboat Annie."

MARION DAVIES has the role of her career in "Peg o' My Heart."

"CLEAR ALL WIRES" the Broadway stage hit has been captured by M-G-M!

HELEN HAYES, winner of the year's highest film award, will soon appear in "The White Sister." Right after her new success "Son-Daughter" in which she co-stars with **RAMON NOVARRO**.

RAMON NOVARRO will also be seen in the romance "Man on the Nile."

IRENE DUNN and **PHILLIPS HOLMES** are thrilling audiences with "The Lady."

"RASPUTIN" has brought new fame to the Barrymores, Ethel, John and Lionel.

JOHN BARRYMORE wins further film triumphs with the stage success "Reunion in Vienna."

LIONEL BARRYMORE has had a special story written for him, title soon to be announced.

"MEN MUST FIGHT" is another Broadway stage hit on the M-G-M list.

JEAN HARLOW'S next film after "Red Dust" is an original drama "Night Club Lady."

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER comes in his long awaited sequel "Tarzan and his Mate."

"HAPPILY UNMARRIED" is a delightful M-G-M original story soon to come to the screen.

JIMMY DURANTE and **BUSTER KEATON** and **JACKIE COOPER**. What a trio for "Buddies!"

"PIGBOATS" is a picture not to be missed! Robert Montgomery . . . Jimmy Durante...Walter Huston...Madge Evans! Swell cast in a grand picture!

Isn't it the truth? When the Lion ROARS you're sure of a happy hit!

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

BETWEEN OURSELVES

CLARA BOW told me the other day, just before she sailed off to Europe for a holiday with Rex Bell, that she is going to make three more pictures. Then she is going to retire from acting and direct her husband.

If Clara wants to direct, it's all right by me—BUT—is Clara just modest, or what is the matter? Doesn't the girl realize that she is one of the great personalities of our time—and that if she abdicates from the screen, there won't be anybody to take her place? Doesn't she realize how much the world loves her (or aren't the returns from "Call Her Savage" all in yet?) And doesn't she realize that in "Call Her Savage" she practically promised the world that this was just the beginning of a career of being a great actress, as well as a great personality?

To get right down to brass tacks, Clara, any good director could guide Rex Bell—or the three Barrymores, for that matter—through a picture, but nobody else could be a Clara Bow. We admire your ambition, and are sure you would make a good director—but we can't spare you. Not when you're only twenty-six or so, with your greatest acting years ahead.

EVERYBODY should give a rising vote of thanks to Warner Brothers-First National. The Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences ought to dust off another gold statue and give it to the Vitaphone clan for another "best performance" of 1932. Just as they beat all the other companies to the presentation of talkies, so now they seem to have the jump on other companies in presenting pictures that keep up with the topics of the day.

TO get what I'm driving at, look over some of the recent Warner pictures. "The Crash," for instance, came out in the midst of the Presidential campaign, when everybody was talking about the depression and its causes and effects; it was timely. A convict strangled to death in a sweat box in a prison camp—and the nation was shocked by the exposure of the brutality that can menace even the very lives of society's unfortunates. Presto! and Warners came out with "I Am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang"—one of the most powerful—and timely—films ever made.

And in contrast to the tortures of the chain gang, as everybody knows from reading the newspapers, is the humanity of life in Sing Sing, under the guidance of Warden Lawes. So what did the Warners do next but present a screen version of the Warden's autobiography, "Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing"—another powerful picture, not attacking brutality, but defending humanity. It met America's mood to see justice done.

BEFORE either party had even nominated candidates for President, for Governor, or for Mayor, the Warners came out with "The Dark Horse"—a clever, telling satire of dumb candidates and shrewd politicians. They were shrewd to feel the national pulse, to diagnose that Americans were painfully sick of the old political hokum, and to give them a tonic of satire. It jibed with the mood of the hour. Crash! half the world went off the gold standard and silver became a precious metal again. And what did Warners do? They gave us a "Silver Dollar"!

EVERYBODY is taking up contract bridge and Ely Culbertson is as much talked about as Clark Gable, so the Warners blossom forth with a drama woven around a bridge expert, called "Grand Slam." Last year, it might have been too previous; next year it might be too late; but to-day, right now, it's something Americans are talking about—and they'll stand in line to see it. The suicide of Ivar Kreuger, the Swedish match magnate, revealed how this man who talked in millions and ruined thousands had been a colossal bluffer; the whole world was mouthing the name of Kreuger. So, naturally, the Warners brought forth a fast-moving, bitter drama called "The Match King." America was itching to see just such an exposé.

EVERYBODY knows that the cotton-pickers of the South are looking at the future through dark glasses these days. Warners made a drama out of this social tragedy in "Cabin in the Cotton"—and even offered a part-cure for the ills of the poor whites. It was far from being a great picture, but people flocked to see it; they were interested in these "forgotten men." Everybody is aviation-conscious these days, too—but dramas about army, navy and air-mail fliers, while romantic and colorful, seem pretty far removed from most of us. So Warners are bringing passenger aviation into the movies in "Grand Central Airport." Giving you something, in other words, that adds a tonic to your daily conversation. Time and again they have done it.

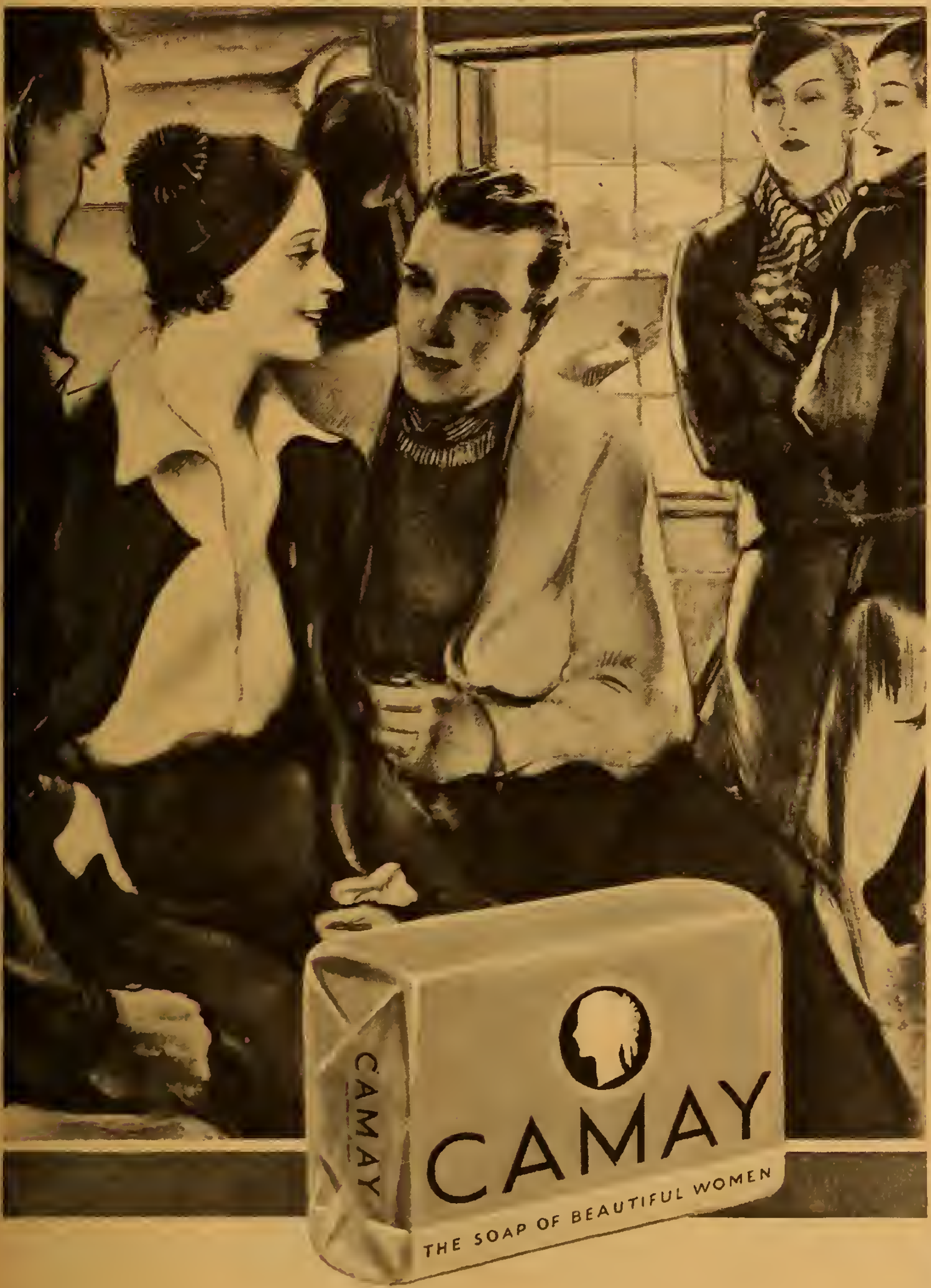
MAYBE you've heard some of those moans from the general direction of Hollywood, to the effect that novels and plays aren't what they used to be—and it looks as if the poor film companies will have to revive some of the old favorites (not to mention old chestnuts) to get the public interested in movies again. Some of them have been revived already, as you no doubt have noticed (with a gnash of the teeth). Only one of these revivals has amounted to anything, namely, "Smilin' Through." And since even revivals don't seem to pay, the producers don't seem to know where to turn next. And since acting talent is pretty well scattered among all the studios, the reason must be the stories. The boys and girls don't seem to be writing them these days—except when they keep up with the newspapers, and keep close to life.

AFTER seeing Helen Hayes in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," which won her the award for the best acting of last season, and after seeing her in "A Farewell to Arms," I'd say there's no other actress in sight who looks as if she can keep Helen from winning this season's award, too. Her acting is a sheer delight to watch.

Every gesture, even the slightest, means something; every gesture etches a little more sharply the character of the woman she is playing. She stops being Helen Hayes and becomes that other woman. She does not show emotion with exotic dramatics; she merely suggests the intensity of her inner turmoil—*but you feel it.* You are powerfully aware of it. She seldom raises her voice; sometimes she barely whispers—yet every word is crystal-clear, every word is vibrant with meaning. Her final scene—even if it doesn't keep faith with the tragic irony of the book—is a classic example of restrained acting. It will be a long time before I forget the tragedy expressed in her very fingertips, as they wander over the face of her lover for the last time.

Larry Reid

The Eyes of Men···The Eyes of Women Judge your Loveliness every day


CAMAY
CAMAY
THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

You can hardly glance out of the window, much less walk in town but that some inquiring eye searches you and your skin. This is the Beauty Contest of life in which all women must compete. Not even a queen escapes it. And a modest country girl can win it · · · if her skin is lovely.

- *Make a rich lather with Camay, a soft cloth and warm water, massaging it into your skin. Rinse with cold water. Then note how soft and fresh your skin feels.*

- *This is creamy-white Camay, the famous beauty soap that thousands of lovely women use for their complexions, for their hands and in their bath.*

You may be sprightly and sixteen; fair and forty; or serious and sixty. Yet you cannot deny that every pair of eyes that looks at you commends your beauty or regrets its lack. For life is a Beauty Contest for every woman. And she whose skin is soft and fresh has a wonderful advantage.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

To possess a lovely, clear complexion take infinite care in choosing your beauty soap!

Use gentle, creamy-white Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women! Its lather is rich as cream · · · luxuriant in any kind of water. It is made of pure, delicate oils, safe for the most delicate feminine skin.

NEW LOW PRICES

Never in all your lifetime have you known a soap of such exquisite quality to cost so little! The price of Camay is now so low you will want to buy a dozen cakes today!

Copr. 1933, Procter & Gamble Co

CAMAY

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

"MURINE'S JUST GREAT FOR TIRED, ACHING EYES!"

SAYS A NEW YORK STENOGRAPHER

"I'm a stenographer in a Wall Street office, where I have to work under artificial light all day long. Often, until I discovered *Murine*, I used to go home with eyes so tired and aching that my whole evening was spoiled.

"Now, however, I simply apply a few drops of *Murine* and in no time at all my eyes feel fresh and rested again. What's more, it makes them clearer, brighter and more attractive. *Murine's* just great for tired, aching eyes!"

Thus does another add her praise to that of millions who know there's nothing like *Murine* for quickly and safely relieving eye weariness. Formula of a veteran eye specialist, it contains 10 ingredients which act to invigorate the eyes and to make them clear and sparkling. Sold by all drug stores.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau

THE LURE OF LIVING LIPS

The new PHANTOM RED Permanent All-Day Lipstick with its natural color gives that appeal and charm to the lips and face that all modern women crave. It enhances your own loveliness and charm. You will fall in love with its smooth spreading qualities, its naturalness of color and the fact that it stays on all day. Ask for it at your favorite toilet goods counter. Lipstick $1.00 and 50c. Rouge 75c or

Send 20c for Phantom Red Rouge and Lipstick that will last you a month.—FREE—We will send with above a very dainty (Wafer Thin) Vanity case.

Carlyle Laboratories, 67 Fifth Ave., New York, Dept. 508

Phantom Red LIPSTICK

Mercolized Wax Keeps Skin Young

It peels off aged skin in fine particles until all defects such as tan, freckles, oiliness and liver spots disappear. Skin is then soft, clear, velvety and face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. **To remove wrinkles quickly** dissolve one ounce Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel and use daily. At all drug stores.

Our Hollywood NEIGHBORS

Goings-On Among the Players

By STACY KENT

AT the risk of being romped upon by the myriad of Marlene Dietrich worshipers we'll just have to burst out and opine that Mar-lay-na's taste in wardrobe is making her faintly ridiculous in the movie village.

Apparently the lovely German frau has no further use for feminine gewgaws. When she does a picture, a dress can be forced upon her, but the oldest Hollywood inhabitant can scarcely remember when Marlene appeared on the street in anything but men's clothes. Not *slacks*, mind you, but tailored suits, padded shoulders, trim waist, twenty-two inch "pants," shirt and tie, and topped off with a gent's cady.

Among the bejeweled and bedecked feminine stars at the première of "Maedchen in Uniform," Marlene stood out like Mt. Whitney on the Kansas prairie (wouldn't Mt. Whitney be surprised to find itself there?). The Dietrich lady, accompanied by the ever-present Herr von Sternberg, wore her dress-up, go-to-meetin' suit again.

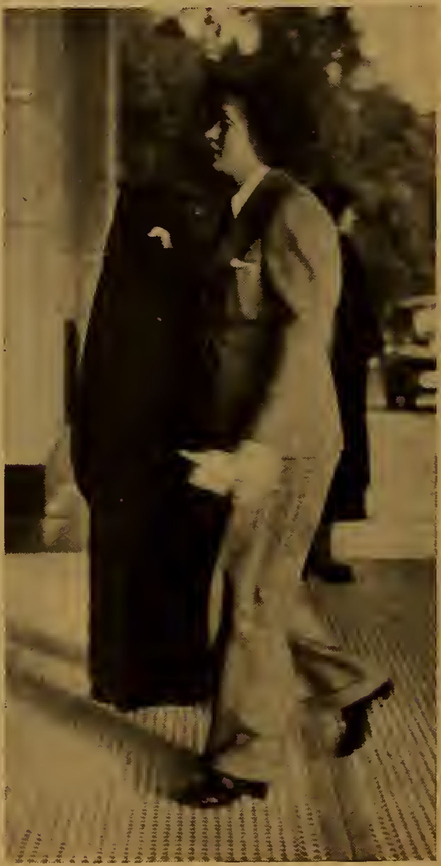
And you *should* see Katharine Hepburn tearing around, all Park Avenued up in blue denim overalls and a workman's blue shirt. And the overalls have a patch—just for effect—on the seat.

Ah, well, maybe we're getting old and can't keep up with things any more. What we are really curious about, however, is whether they keep valets or maids.

SOMEONE asked Buddy Rogers if he thought Hollywood had changed during the year he spent tooting his trumpet with his own New York orchestra.

"No," said Buddy, "the town hasn't changed, and the people haven't changed—but they're all married to somebody else."

Buddy, by the way, is dickering for some he-man screen rôles.



Acme

So you didn't believe all those yarns about Marlene Dietrich's off-screen attire? Just take a look at her suit and overcoat! Hollywood calls the trousers "cheaters" —hiding those famous legs as they do

EVERY year during December Hollywood Boulevard puts on holiday trimmings and changes its name to Santa Claus Lane. Maybe it's because the stars are really children at heart and have never lost faith in the old chap. In past years the street was decorated with lighted Christmas trees, and a pretty sight it was, too. This year, all up and down the main stem, were great artificial wreaths with pictures of stars in the center. Yeah, and hand-painted pictures, too, if you please.

Some of the pictures were pretty good—others even the mothers of the stars couldn't recognize. We thought the one of Clark Gable had a distinctly jaundiced appearance, and George O'Brien looked positively patriarchal. The fellow that hung the wreaths was probably a Joan Crawford fan, for there were at least three pictures of Mrs. Fairbanks, Jr. Even Peter, the Hermit, rated a picture, although lots of folks are still under

(*Continued on page 14*)

The story of a thousand MEN WITHOUT WOMEN ... and of their women who can't do without men!

Never such a sensationally novel spectacle! Condensing into one mighty film a thousand unfinished love stories—and ONE that ends in a soul-gripping thrill! Every scene a blazing highlight from the endless drama that parades before Sing Sing's famous warden. He knows enough inside stories of headline criminals to make 20 motion pictures . . . Instead he's packed it all into 1933's first great hit . . .

"20,000 YEARS IN SING SING"

FROM THE WORLD-ACCLAIMED BEST-SELLER BY
WARDEN LEWIS E. LAWES

With a huge cast including **SPENCER TRACY**
BETTE DAVIS
and Arthur Byron. Directed by Michael Curtiz. Ask your theatre now when they're going to play this amazing
FIRST NATIONAL PICTURE

The girl outside who couldn't wait.

The man doomed by her love.

Warden Lawes, who lives on a volcano of human passion.

TAKING IN THE TALKIES

LARRY REID'S SLANT ON THE LATEST FILMS

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS

Cecil B. De Mille's first talkie spectacle just misses greatness—and, strangely enough, it isn't the spectacular scenes that do make it impressive, but the acting of the four principal players, in this order: Charles Laughton, Claudette Colbert, Fredric March and Elissa Landi. The setting is the wildly pagan Rome of Nero's day, and the story traces the downfall of barbaric sensualism and the rise of Christian ideals. Laughton is priceless as the obese, effeminate, half-mad *Nero*, who is ruled by his Empress, the sensationally exotic *Poppaea* (Claudette Colbert as you've never seen her before); she has her eye on handsome, but honest Fredric March, a Prefect, who loves a tragic Christian girl (Elissa Landi). De Mille's mob scenes are still something to watch, but it's Laughton you will remember.

ME AND MY GAL

The "Me" of the title is a dumb, but honest cop-detective (Spencer Tracy); the "Gal" is a wisecracking quick-lunch waitress (Joan Bennett); the setting is a waterfront crowded with gangsters; the plot concerns her efforts to get her sister (Marion Burns) out of the gangsters' clutches; and the result, I'd say, is a lively, amusing comedy drama that won't change movie history much. The surprise of the proceedings is Joan, famed for her wistfulness, poise, and ability to wear clothes; here she flashes a sense of humor, a cheerful rowdiness, and a wicked wiggle. And, like most of the girls in gangster films these days, she uses all three to try to foil the numerous villains—with the boy-friend there to help when things get desperate, as, of course, they do. But why waste Spencer on comedies? George Walsh, making a film comeback, is the chief gangster.

A FAREWELL TO ARMS

When Ernest Hemingway wrote "A Farewell to Arms," he made his hero and heroine both world-wise and world-weary, with their weariness—more than love of each other or hatred of war—dictating their decision to Get Away From It All. The hero happens to be an American in the Italian Army—and he becomes a deserter; the heroine is an English nurse who has seen one romance crash and accepts his advances as perhaps her last chance to be loved—and deserts with him. On the screen, with Helen Hayes the nurse and Gary Cooper the deserter, their motives and their romance are a bit more idealized. Instead of being a subtle study of war emotions, it becomes another romance. But a great romance, endowed with great acting. The version I saw had a tragic ending. But a hokumish, not a Hemingway, ending.

THE MATCH KING

In "The Mouthpiece," Warren William laid bare the tricks of criminal lawyers; in "The Dark Horse," he showed how politics looks in its underwear; in "Skyscraper Souls," he illustrated how sharp financiers borrow from Peter to pay Paul. And in "The Match King" he hits the exposé trail again—enacting a smooth bluffer who tops all the others, since his fingers are dabbling in international pies. This biting, sharp-witted melodrama follows hard on the heels of the downfall of a real-life Match King—and may, or may not, explain how it all happened. In any event, it's colorful and packs a punch, even if it does move a bit jerkily from episode to episode and drags in a gangster or two. William is in top form. And Lili Damita, very glamourous as a Garbo-like actress who is the one sincere love of his life, has never been better.

FLESH

Having played a man of the ring in "The Champ" and a German in "Grand Hotel," Wallace Beery now combines the two performances in "Flesh." Except that this time he is a wrestler instead of a boxer. And let me inform you that if Wally keeps up his work, he'll soon be the American Jannings. For "Flesh" provides him with the kind of rôle that Jannings dotes on. As a huge hulk of a wrestling waiter in a Berlin *biergarten*, he is one of life's misfits—a man easily deceived, thinking he is loved by a stranded American dancer (Karen Morley), who marries him out of desperation. A baby is born, and he believes it his—until he comes to America to wrestle and falls into the clutches of her former lover (Ricardo Cortez), now a gangster. Bewildered, half-insane, he takes his revenge—and ends up a tragic figure. A powerful performance.

CYNARA

In his first picture since "Arrowsmith," Ronald Colman becomes an Englishman once more and outdoes even his performance in that well-remembered film; in fact, he gives the most emotional performance of his career. The drama was inspired by Ernest Dowson's famous line, "I have been faithful to thee, Cynara, in my fashion"—and tells the story of a rising English barrister who is contentedly married to a beautiful woman, but during her absence on a holiday is almost unwillingly drawn into a tragic love affair with a little shopgirl. Each woman learns about the other, and neither understands that he could possibly love both. The sequel is intensely emotional, with your sympathies torn between Colman, Kay Francis as his wife, and Phyllis Barry as the shopgirl. And when I say "torn," I mean TORN. I urge you not to miss it.

WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!

Her Hats are the Last Word
But She Neglects Her Teeth and Gums . . .
and she has "pink tooth brush"!

PEOPLE glance at her hat and think, "How smart!" Then—they glance at her face—and see her dingy-looking teeth. Are *your* teeth bright? Are *your* gums firm?

If your gums bleed easily—if you have "pink tooth brush"—the soundness of your gums, the brightness of your teeth, and the attractiveness of your smile are *all* in danger!

For "pink tooth brush" not only may lead to serious gum troubles—to gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea—but may be a threat to the polish of your teeth.

Ipana and Massage Defeat "Pink Tooth Brush"

Keep your gums firm and healthy—and your teeth clean and bright with Ipana and massage.

Restore to your gums the stimulation they need, and of which they are robbed by the soft, modern food that gives them so little natural work. Each time you clean your teeth with Ipana, rub a little more Ipana directly on your gums, massaging gently with your finger or the tooth brush.

Start it tomorrow. Buy a full-size tube. Follow the Ipana method and your teeth will shine brighter, your gums will be firmer than they've been since you were a child . . . "Pink Tooth Brush" will depart.

IPANA

GOOD FOR TENDER GUMS
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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a three-cent stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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In one minute corns, callouses and bunions stop hurting. That's how quick Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads banish pain! The softly padded edge cushions and shields the sore spot, soothing and healing it; prevents blisters; makes new or tight shoes easy on the feet; keeps you rid of corns. Sore toes heal overnight. No other method does this!

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BUNIONS

CORNS BETWEEN TOES

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads
Put one on—the pain is gone!

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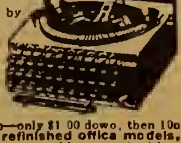


Our Hollywood Neighbors

(*Continued from page 10*)

the impression that he isn't *really* a star. And a nice feeling of romance was maintained by hanging the Douglas Fairbanks wreath directly opposite the one of Mary Pickford.

All in all, we thought the Mickey Mouse portrait was the most life-like. That was one picture we knew instantly, and didn't think it *might* be George Arliss instead of Mae West.

JUST to prove that some people can stay away from Reno, even if they do live in Hollywood, Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Torrence have just celebrated their thirtieth wedding anniversary. That's a long time in this day of quick turnovers in the matrimonial business. And what a swell party was given at the Torrence homestead! Guests arrived in costumes of the early 1900's, and Mrs. Torrence wore her wedding gown. There was a supper with Ronald Colman as toastmaster, announcing the wedding, just as if it were a surprise to everybody. All the guests had a grand time giving advice to the "newly married couple."

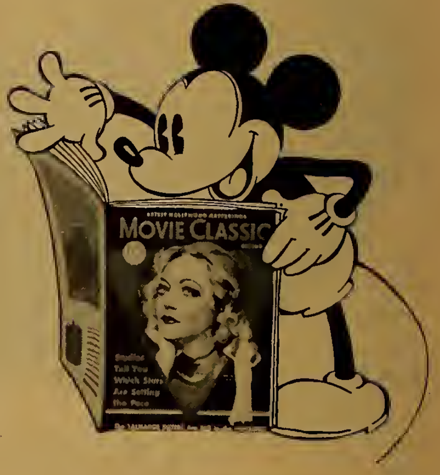
Ruth Chatterton appeared in a gown she wears in "Frisco Jenny," and Carole Lombard and Joan Blondell were pre-Minsky burlesque queens. George Brent wore a scarlet-coated uniform—but don't ask us what it represented. William Powell had a big chrysanthemum in his lapel—the dandy!

WELL, lovers *will* have tiffs. That's as sure as death and taxes. However, folks were a bit surprised to discover that the John Gilberts were spatting and pfft-ing so early in their married life. John, and the new missus, Virginia Bruce, picked the very tony atmosphere of Palm Springs for their first matrimonial battle.

Someone says that John exited precipitously from their hotel, hopped into his car and drove home. He has done that before. Once he staged that same act for Ina Claire. But he and Virginia made up quickly and they are as lovey-dovey as ever. The papers even say they're expecting a Blessed Event.

WHO says there are no true-blue pals in Hollywood? Sue Carol would tell you differently. Sue and Nick Stuart are out personal-appearing in Dixieland, and being very homesick for their Hollywood chateau and infant dotter. Their tour finally took them to New Orleans, where Nick made the Louisiana climate look pretty silly by taking sick.

Sue was unable to go on with the act alone, so she sent a frantic S. O. S. to friends. Arthur Lake, Dixie Lee and Ken Murray hopped a 'plane and met Sue in Louisville. They worked up an impromptu act that had the Kentucky colonels and colonelesses rolling in the aisles—moreover, they wouldn't take any money from Sue. Before the end of the engagement Nick was able to join the act—and Louisville had practically more movie people than it knew what to do with.


MOVIE CLASSIC
Studios Tell You Which Stars Are Setting the Pace

"Oh, Min-nie!" squeaks Mickey Mouse, as only Mickey can. "Come and see what I've got my nose in now! I've found out where we can learn *all* about Our Hollywood Neighbors!"

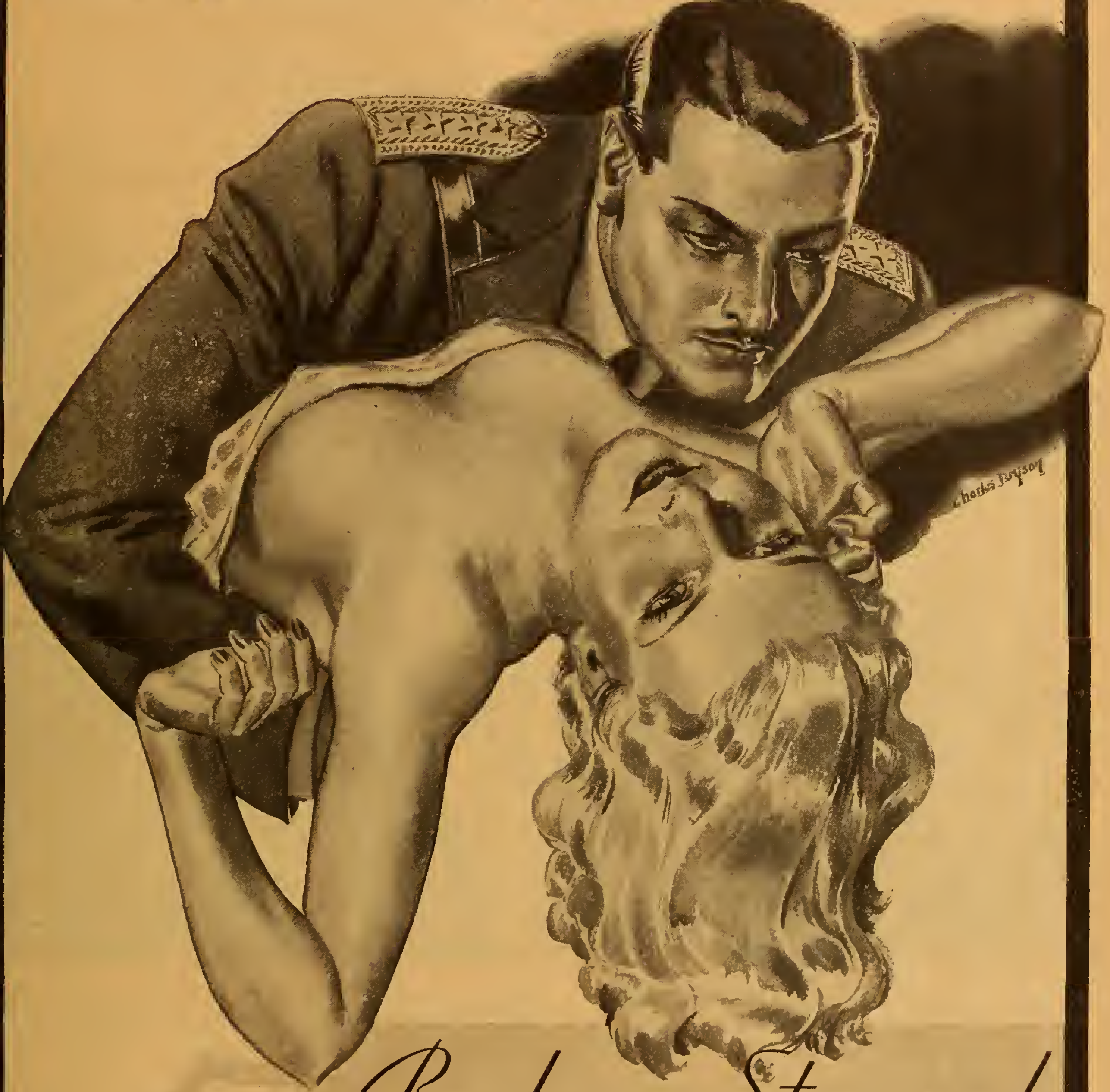
ANOTHER famous Hollywood tong war seems well on the way to being permanently and amicably (we hope) settled. Guests at the December Mayfair party were a bit surprised to see Norma Shearer in Joan Crawford's party. It has been no great secret in Filmania that the two gals weren't exactly bosom buddies. Joan, so they say, has felt that Norma was getting most of the gravy rôles at M-G-M. Norma, in the second place, wasn't pleased because Joan thought such a thing in the first place. Anyway the evening passed peacefully and neither Norma nor Joan threw the *pâté de foies gras* at one another. It's all too beeyoutiful. Hardly anyone is mad at anybody else these days.

Incidentally, Joan's coster in her next picture is Jack Gilbert. They haven't emoted together since the old silent days.

Next you'll probably hear that Gloria Swanson and Connie Bennett are arm-in-arming it.

(*Continued on page 79*)

◆ ◆ ◆ THEIR FORBIDDEN LOVE WRECKED AN EMPIRE



Drawn together by fate ...A man of the East... A woman of the West... They dared not share their one desire...They dared not cross the bridgeless chasm of forbidden race...In their blood the law was written: *East is East, West is West, and never the twain shall meet*

Barbara Stanwyck

in The

BITTER TEA
OF GENERAL YEN

NILS ASTHER • WALTER CONNOLLY

directed by

FRANK CAPRA

From the Novel by Grace Zaring Stone

THE BITTER TEA OF GENERAL YEN
GRACE ZARING STONE

A COLUMBIA PICTURE

"The two creams I praised *Eight years ago* I believe in *even more today*"

Mrs. Reginald Vanderbilt

In **1925** —"compellingly beautiful." Mrs. Vanderbilt cared for her skin with Pond's Two Creams.

Today —Even lovelier! This portrait is startlingly like the one taken eight years before. How can *anyone* remain so beautiful?

"Most women do too much to their skin . . . I believe the simplest kind of care is the most intelligent."

MRS. VANDERBILT has today the same dazzlingly white skin—the dark passionate eyes, full red lips and almost black hair as when she first came out.

"I believe I have the simplest and the wisest method of caring for my skin," she says.

"It's so simple you can keep it up faithfully day in and day out. And there's a great deal in that. Moreover, it's based on the few things the skin really needs."

And what are those few things?

"Cleansing—with an absolutely *pure* oil cream. And—protection.

"Twice a day I give my skin the thoroughest kind of a cleaning and toning up with Pond's Cold Cream. It leaves your skin feeling wonderfully fresh.

"Then I never go out without first putting on the finest softening and *protective* cream I know—Pond's Vanishing Cream.

"I always feel that Pond's Creams are absolutely reliable!"

• • •

Here are some special uses to which women put these two precious creams:—

The Nightly Cleansing—Pat Pond's Cold Cream liberally all over face and throat. Wipe off with Pond's Tissues.

The Perfect Powder Base—Pond's Vanishing Cream smooths the skin and holds the powder for hours.

To Heal Roughnesses—To Prevent Chapping—Pond's Vanishing Cream is *marvelous!* Use it all the time.

For Smooth, White Hands—Pond's Vanishing Cream always before going out in the cold.

Pond's Creams are praised and used by:
Lady Louis Mountbatten
Mrs. Nicholas Longworth *Lady Violet Astor*
Mrs. Pierpont Morgan Hamilton
Miss Anne Morgan *Mrs. Morgan Belmont*
Mrs. Alfred Victor du Pont

Send 10¢ (to cover cost of postage and packing) for choice of free samples

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Please send me (check choice): *Pond's New Face Powder* in attractive glass jar. Light Cream ☐, Rose Cream ☐, Brunette ☐, Naturelle ☐.
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Leo Reisman on Pond's program Friday, 9:30 P. M., E. S. T. Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, speaker. WEAF and NBC Network

Loretta is rumored to be broken-hearted because a certain movie romance didn't develop into a real romance. But is she? Without being a bit cynical, but just being honest, Loretta says Hollywood "romance" has a tendency to be just good publicity, and doesn't see how anybody can really take it seriously!

By
NANCY
PRYOR

LORETTA YOUNG Doesn't Want a Hollywood "Romance"

LORETTA YOUNG is *supposed* to be broken-hearted! Over whom, or because of what, is just another one of Hollywood's pet whispers. It wouldn't be fair to mention names, but anyway, it is a "sympathetic" and highly colored story to the effect that the twenty-year-old heroine of "Life Begins," the youthful divorcée of Grant Withers, the girl who was well on her way to stardom before she was seventeen, is "carrying a torch" for Someone. It is one of those secret-sorrow stories that Hollywood loves to believe.

"They say," says Hollywood, "that she will never fall in love again . . . or at least not in the same way . . . she's such a kid, too . . . hope it doesn't embitter her . . . or make her cynical. . . ." Good old sympathetic Hollywood. Good old *curious* Hollywood! They'd love to know, really. They'd love for Loretta to pour out her heart-break (?) on Hollywood's maudlin breast. The sob sisters would adore to color her phrases into "The Love Revelations of Loretta Young" or "What I Have Learned About Love At Twenty." After all, Clara Bow did it for them. So did Alice White. Even poor little Jean Harlow was forced to share her great sorrow in the spotlight.

But this much I do know: that even if the stories are true, that another romance has proved to be a disappointment in her life, the press will never get the details of the mournful passion from Loretta. Loretta directs your kind attention in the publicity line toward her career; toward her sisters, Sally Blane and Polly Ann Young, of whom she is very proud; her new home in Beverly Hills; her contemplated vacation trip to Honolulu. But as for anything as personal as a heart affair, that is strictly her business.

She'll Keep Her Secret

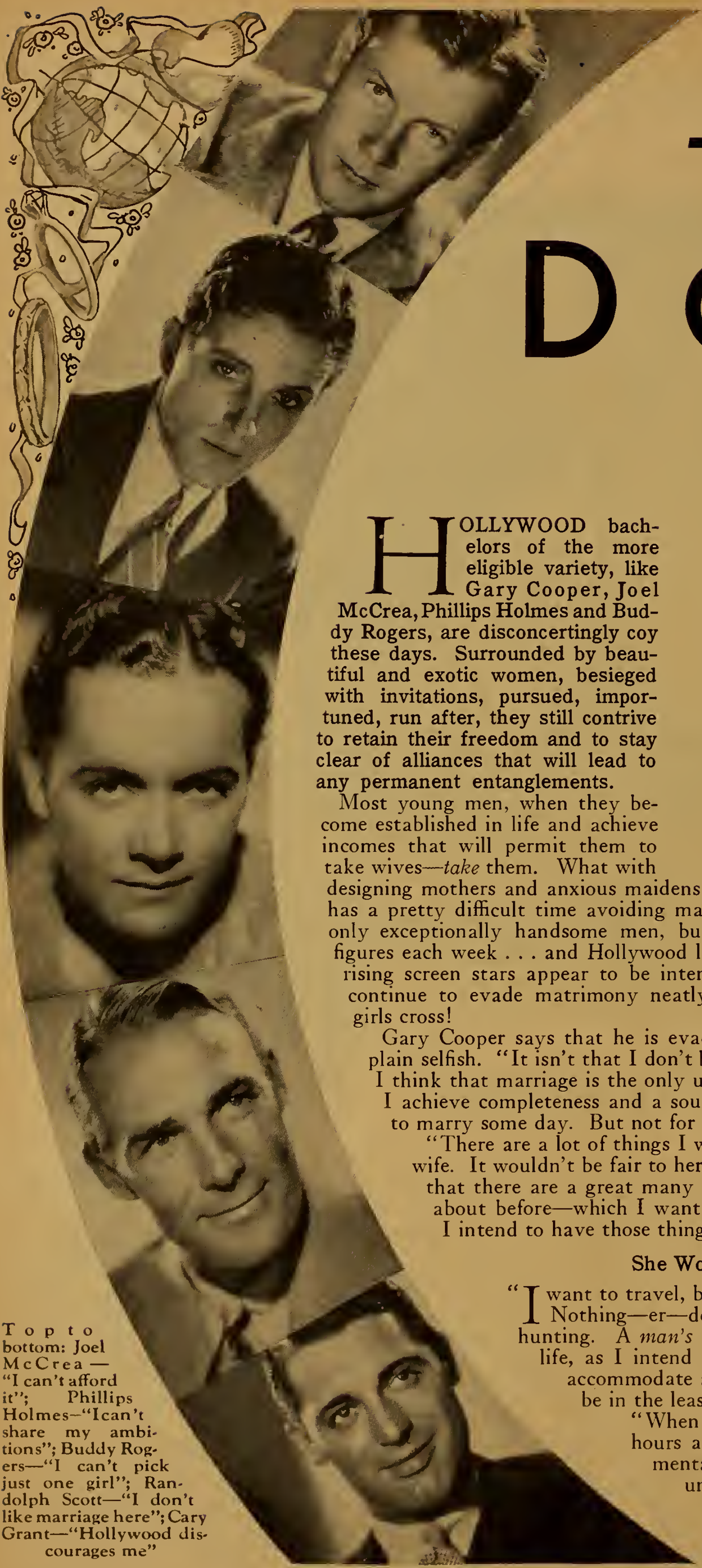
LORETTA'S appearance is deceiving. Her flower-like beauty in no way suggests the strength and determination that are the keynote of her personality. She has

(*Continued on page 74*)

TEN Tell Why DON'T

Gary Cooper has too many big
Joel McCrea says he can't afford
Holmes can't give up his freedom
Byron and Randolph Scott are
Eric Linden doesn't believe in
found the right girl. Gavin Gordon
romance. And Buddy Rogers

By HELEN



Top to bottom: Joel McCrea—"I can't afford it"; Phillips Holmes—"I can't share my ambitions"; Buddy Rogers—"I can't pick just one girl"; Randolph Scott—"I don't like marriage here"; Cary Grant—"Hollywood discourages me"

HOLLYWOOD bachelors of the more eligible variety, like Gary Cooper, Joel McCrea, Phillips Holmes and Buddy Rogers, are disconcertingly coy these days. Surrounded by beautiful and exotic women, besieged with invitations, pursued, importuned, run after, they still contrive to retain their freedom and to stay clear of alliances that will lead to any permanent entanglements.

Most young men, when they become established in life and achieve incomes that will permit them to take wives—*take* them. What with designing mothers and anxious maidens on all sides, a young man in that position has a pretty difficult time avoiding matrimony. And these young actors are not only exceptionally handsome men, but their salaries reach extremely desirable figures each week . . . and Hollywood ladies are famed for their allure. Yet these rising screen stars appear to be intent upon rising in solitary splendor. They continue to evade matrimony neatly and efficiently. And does it make the girls cross!

Gary Cooper says that he is evading it from motives that are mostly just plain selfish. "It isn't that I don't believe in marriage—because I distinctly do. I think that marriage is the only ultimate answer to the question, 'How shall I achieve completeness and a sound development and happiness?' I intend to marry some day. But not for years and years.

"There are a lot of things I want to *do*, which I could not do if I had a wife. It wouldn't be fair to her. I have discovered in the past year or two that there are a great many things in this world that I had not known about before—which I want to see, want to learn, want to experience. I intend to have those things.

She Wouldn't Like Gary's Plans

"I want to travel, but not in the way a woman likes to travel. Nothing—er—de luxe, you know! I want to do a lot of hunting. A *man's* kind of hunting. The whole set-up of my life, as I intend to live it for a while, would not possibly accommodate a wife in a manner that would please her or be in the least fair to her.

"When I am in Hollywood, I am working. My hours are long and I am submerged in a picture, mentally. I am not fit company for anyone until the thing is finished. That's the way we *have* to work—but it doesn't make us very satisfactory companions. Any spare moments I have I want to

STARS They MARRY

plans to risk being tied down.
marriage yet—and means it. Phillips
just yet. Cary Grant and Walter
afraid they might not stay married.
love. Ramon Novarro hasn't
cannot forget an earlier broken
—guess what Buddy says!

LOUISE WALKER

Top to bottom: Walter Byron—"I don't want a passing marriage"; Ramon Novarro—"I haven't found the girl"; Eric Linden—"I don't believe in love"; Gary Cooper—"I have too many other plans"; Gavin Gordon—"I have not found a *pal*"

spend outdoors somewhere—just wandering, maybe, with a gun under my arm. There aren't many women who would like *that*, either. It's not fair to marry unless you intend to make a good job of making someone happy. And I couldn't do that—for a while. All this outdoor stuff is partly a precaution about my health. I don't intend to be sick as I was a year or two ago!

"Besides, I want to be a free man for a while. I have plans about developing whatever individuality I have and I don't want any dominance in my life. *I won't have it.* You see? Maybe it's selfish. I don't expect or intend to stay in pictures, as an actor, for long after I am thirty-five. But while I am working like this, while I am living this way—there is no place in my life for matrimony!"

Most of these unattached young men approve of marriage in theory. But all of them have important personal reasons for avoiding it. Marriage, as they have observed it in Hollywood, seems to frighten them. Strangely enough, despite their excellent salaries, a good many of them are brought to cautious pause by the problem of finances!

Where Joel's Money Is Going

JOEL McCREA says that he simply *cannot afford* to be married. Maybe that sounds strange when you consider that men *are* marrying and bringing up families on the merest fraction of Joel's income. But Joel is not as illogical as he sounds.

In the first place, he has put every cent of his savings into a ranch that he considers a good investment. Also, his father died recently and Joel has assumed certain family obligations that cut into that weekly stipend considerably.

"There is no use trying to evade facts," he says. "Marriage in these circles is a little different from marriage in other ones. I feel, for instance, that marriage in Hollywood has not much hope of succeeding unless you can get away together once in a while for a real vacation. A vacation from the merry-go-round, the razzle-dazzle, the strenuous routine. I couldn't do that now. I couldn't *pay* for trips like that, even if my work would give me time for them. You should have two or three months out of every year, if you are to keep a perspective that will carry you through the rest of the time. . . .

"I couldn't afford the sort of establishment that you should have to make a

(*Continued on page 66*)

By

DOROTHY MANNERS

The New Court that Settles Hollywood Quarrels

ALL the Hollywood lawyers who used to make such good livings from the quarrels between stars and studios are going to be seriously disappointed from now on! Hollywood has found a private courtroom, with a set of movie Judges and a movie-understanding Board of Arbitration! In place of putting their contract troubles and studio arguments before an "outside" Court for settlement, the players and executives have hit on the idea of thrashing out their troubles behind the closed doors of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences—with the Academy perfectly willing!

For years, the organization of the Academy has been a *name* in Hollywood, but until just recently the Academy's sole duties seemed to be the selection of the prize-winners for the best acting, direction, and production of each season. The Academy gave parties and held meetings. Occasionally, a mild problem was submitted to it. But it wasn't until the long-standing battle between James Cagney and Warner Brothers was finally put before the Academy for settlement that Hollywood realized she had a perfect Court of Appeals right in her own front yard; where she could take her disputes and save both time and money!

Over cups and cups of black coffee, in an all-night session, an Academy arbitration committee, headed by director Frank Capra, sat in judgment of the adamant Mr. Cagney, who wanted more money, and the Warner Brothers, who did not want to pay it to him. This may be a little

In the center, five judges of Hollywood's new "private court"—Frank Woods, Reginald Barker, J. Theodore Reed, Lawrence Grant and William Sistrom. They have judged the case of Carole Lombard (top left), and now face the case of Lee Tracy (top center), with the case of Ann Dvorak (top right) ahead

Pauline Starke (top left) claimed that James Cruze, director, owed her $6,000—and the new "private court" heard both sides and passed judgment. It settled the salary dispute between James Cagney (top center) and Warner Brothers. And it decided which studio had first claim to Gloria Stuart (top right)

When stars and studios have their battles now, they don't "tell it to a judge." They save time, money and hard feelings by going straight to the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences—and asking their co-workers to referee the fight. James Cagney and Warner Brothers settled their salary dispute that way—and others are following suit, as Carole Lombard and Lee Tracy already have!

different from usual court procedure, but it's a lot more clubby and more in keeping with Hollywood's preference for the informal. In fact, a great many people claim that, if Cagney and the Warner Brothers had gone into a regular law court with their difficulties, the problem would remain unsolved to this day, since one side or the other would probably have appealed the decision.

How Cagney Case Was Settled

INSTEAD, James Cagney and producer Jack Warner walked into the Academy rooms at the Roosevelt Hotel one evening at midnight, and took their chairs at a long table, at which were also seated Chairman Frank Capra, Fredric March, Henry Herzbrun, O. H. P. Garrett, Ralph Block, Cedric Gibbons, Lewis Stone, J. I. Schnitzer, J. A. Ball and Lester Cowan—tried and true representatives of the acting, art, camera, writing, direction, and executive fields of the motion picture industry. (Different "judges" have heard different cases—but they're all representative of the whole industry.)

Mr. Cagney looked at Mr. Warner. Mr. Warner looked at Mr. Cagney. Suddenly both gentlemen grinned. "How about a cup of coffee?" asked the genial Mr. Warner. "Okay by me," replied the equally genial Mr. Cagney.

Of course, that didn't exactly settle their differences on the spot. It was not until dawn was seeping over the Hollywood foothills that the Academy Board (recently dubbed "the Supreme Court")

(Continued on page 62)

CAGNEY Answers 21 Big Questions

Again, MOVIE CLASSIC springs something new—a brand-new form of interview. It is a newsy cross-examination. You form your own impression of a star, without any suggestions from the interviewer. Moreover, no star can set up that famous old wail, "But no one knows the questions I was asked!" We have sought to make our questions franker and more news-inviting than the usual questions—with emphasis on the present and future, rather than the past—to encourage franker, more revealing answers. And Jimmy Cagney, the lead-off star in this new series, did not disappoint us a bit!—Editor.

MOVIE CLASSIC, through James Fidler, puts twenty-one "impertinent" questions to the recently rebellious redhead, and he makes twenty-one "pertinent" answers. It's something new in interviews!

JAMES CAGNEY, who has just returned to work after his "one-man uprising" and has just finished "Hard to Handle," submits to a cross-examination by James Fidler, who has guessed what everybody would like to ask Jimmy—and Jimmy tells the public all about his new outlook on movies, marriage, money and his future. Mr. Fidler's twenty-one "impertinent" questions are in italics; and Jimmy Cagney's "pertinent" answers are in heavy Roman type. They give a new slant on the fiery redhead:

1. *Originally, was it your idea or the studio's, that you strike women on the screen?*

Jimmy's answer: **"Neither; an author thought of it first. My initial act of the sort wasn't a slap—it was the situation in 'The Public Enemy' in which I smeared Mae Clarke's face with a grapefruit. That started it all."**

2. *Would you slap a woman in real life?*

"Certainly not. No man with a sense of decency or humor would do such a thing. The cad who will hit a woman will also kick a dog—and I don't kick dogs."

3. *What is the public reaction to your abuse of leading ladies?*

"Fans seem to like it. The response to the grapefruit sequence was so widespread that writers now spend days planning new abuses for me to heap on my leading ladies.

"Although the average man will not strike a woman, most men, at least once in their lives, have felt the urge to do so. It delights these men to see me enact on the screen a thing they've often wanted to do in real life.

"Robert Sherwood, the critic and motion picture authority, told me that when he visited a theatre to see 'The Public Enemy,' he was seated behind an elderly gentleman who had evidently seen the picture previously. When the grapefruit sequence reached the screen, this gentleman muttered, 'What a man!'"

4. *Are you completely satisfied with the settlement of your recent quarrel with Warner Brothers?*

"Yes, or I would not have returned to work."

5. *Are you now converted to the business methods of the motion picture industry, or do you intend to fight against any possible future situations that you may consider unjust?*

"I don't believe I am naturally combative. I had only one quarrel with my employers, and that was about money. With that argument now settled, I do not anticipate others. However, I will never permit anyone to override my just rights, regardless of the cost to me of fighting back."

6. *Were you requested to appear dejected when you posed for news photographs following the settlement of your quarrel, in order that it might appear the studio had won?*

"On the contrary, I've seen those news photographs, and Mr. Jack Warner and I both wear grins that reach around to our ears."

7. *What effect do you think your stand will have on other actors placed in similar circumstances?*

"None. It would be absurd for another man to be guided by my actions. No two people act the same in similar circumstances."

8. *What is your opinion of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences as an arbitrative board for the settlement of disputes between studios and players?*

"The arbitrative board of the Academy of Motion Pic-

By JAMES FIDLER AND JAMES CAGNEY

ture Arts and Sciences is composed of a body of fair-minded, impartial gentlemen. They, as a board, are doing excellent work in the settlement of inner-studio misunderstandings."

9. *Do you intend to pursue a medical career when your motion picture popularity wanes?*

"No. Years of study are vital to a successful medical career. I have always been ambitious to become a physician, but I realize that the time element now prevents fulfillment of my hopes.

"I was absolutely sincere when I declared, at the time of my disagreement with the studio, that I would pursue a medical career, rather than return to motion pictures under unhappy conditions."

10. *Do you expect your marriage to endure in Hollywood? If so, what are you doing to achieve that end?*

"Certainly. Why should success in Hollywood affect my private life? My wife and I are continuing to live exactly as we did before we came to Hollywood, and we expect to remain that way, and eventually to add children to our household."

11. *What is the truth about your motion picture salary?*

"I'd rather not talk about my salary, other than to say that the adjustment made by Warner Brothers is entirely satisfactory. The amount of money I am paid has no bearing on my prowess as an actor, or upon my reception by the public."

12. *Has wealth made any difference in your mode of living?*

"Absolutely none. I live quietly and modestly. The only difference that the bigger salary check is making is in my savings account. The important economic essential in life, in my opinion, is to achieve financial security. That is my present aim."

13. *Do you think you are, in real life, like the Jimmy Cagney of motion pictures?*

"No. Off the screen I am quieter and more orderly. I am certainly less inclined to go about slapping women and trying to knock off gentlemen's noses and ears."

14. *What outstanding knowledge did you gain from your recent tour of the United States?*

"On my tour, I learned that audiences have a Hell-of-a-time dissociating an actor from the parts he plays."

15. *What do you dislike most about the motion picture industry?*

"The gossip that immediately follows success. When I first arrived in Hollywood, I was amazed to hear of the horrible things done by every successful star. Soon I learned that most of the stories I heard were malicious gossip.

"Since I achieved a slight degree of success, there have come back to my ears a score of lies that have been broadcast about me. Why people I do not even know should take the trouble to repeat these malevolent stories is beyond my comprehension."

Jimmy Fidler (opposite) asks if the real Cagney is the same as the screen Cagney and he answers "No"—pointing out that off the screen he is "quieter and more orderly"

Longworth

16. *Is it true that you fear crowds?*

"Yes, I am a victim of crowd phobia. I am afraid to go places where there will be crowds. I deny myself the pleasure of going to the fights, for example, because I fear crowds.

"I am essentially an exhibitionist. Every actor is. Believe me, it is tormenting to be both an exhibitionist and a man afraid of crowds. It is like setting a woman

(*Continued on page 69*)

LOOKING THEM

Gossip From The West Coast

Busby Berkeley, who is directing all the dancing for "42nd Street," the big, inside drama of show life, has taken a cue from the football coaches. He has put his girl athletes on a training table! Here they are—wistfully waiting for their lamb chops and prunes, not to mention their vitamins and calories

WAS Fredric March's face red when he found out that a "national hook-up" had been tuned in on his acceptance speech at the Motion Picture Academy Award Dinner? Freddy, as you should know by now, won "best acting performance" honors, though Wallace Beery nearly tied him, and naturally he made a little speech when presented with the trophy his characterization in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" had earned him. And what a speech! Perhaps the wittiest and most subtle remarks ever made by any speechmaker must be checked off to Freddy. But he thought he was merely addressing his co-workers and pals gathered in the large banquet hall! Had he known the world was tuned in, he says, he would have been a little less subtle—and daring. Said the dignified Mr. March, in part:

"Very amusing, these Academy awards, when you really stop to think about them. Alfred Lunt (one of the three contenders for first place) is childless. In the past year Wally Beery and I have adopted little girls. And yet we find ourselves honored for the best 'performances' of the year!"

Freddy's "daughter," by the way, is named Penelope.

JOHNNY WEISSMULLER'S attentions to various lady friends have begun to make Hollywood yawn, just a little bit. The old town seldom gets very sentimental over a divorce, but Bobbe Arnst rated plenty of it in this particular separation. Since the legal rift Johnny seems to have a new "girl" every month.

JEAN HARLOW has attended but one social affair since the death of her husband, Paul Bern, and that was a very quiet little dinner party at the apartment of old friends. Though many of her friends and well wishers urge that Jean "get out a little," at least to theatres and dinner parties, the screen's newest sensation is spending most of her time alone. The death of her producer-husband has

Lippman

Now that you have a real good look at Ruby Keeler, who is Mrs. Al Jolson in private life, you'll wonder why the movies didn't capture her before—considering, too, that she danced in the Follies. For a little girl, she makes a big début in "42nd Street"

OVER

By

DOROTHY MANNERS

left an indelible mark upon the personality of this girl. Gone is all of Jean's old fearlessness and bravado. I think she has learned that Life can be a very bitter antagonist.

C. S. Bull

Martha Sleeper—the little girl whose name doesn't fit her—is back on the movie scene again, where brunettes are as rare as chances to support three Barrymores, which Martha does in "Rasputin and the Empress"

IT is too bad that the Eleanor Boardman-King Vidor divorce plans have been marked by such sensational charges. Both Eleanor and King are very popular members of the film colony and friends on both sides are sorry that it was necessary to name "another woman" in Eleanor's divorce plea against her director-husband.

Strangely enough, King's latest picture, "Cynara," starring Ronald Colman, is a domestic triangle involving a young married couple and another girl, which King has handled with great sympathy toward (guess ?) . . . the husband and the "other girl."

Even more strange, and remarked about by the preview audience of critics who saw the film at the studio, Phyllis Barry bears a startling resemblance to Eleanor Boardman.

If it's true that boys do like outdoor girls, they ought to go for Rosalie Roy in "Clancy of the Mounted"

KATHLEEN BURKE, Paramount's famed "Panther Woman," and studio directors and officials have been having a merry time (not to mention some pretty hot arguments) over how much time Kathleen's boy-friend, Glen A. Hardin, can spend on the set while the company is shooting. Kathleen says he can stay there all day if he so desires. But the studio seemed to feel Glen was wearing his welcome a little threadbare. According to the harassed "execs," Hardin, as the "Panther Woman's" self-appointed manager, was doing more directing than the director. According to Kathleen, Glen, as her adviser, had plenty of right to stay on hand and make sure she got her share of the close-ups and the spotlights.

Just by way of settling the argument, Hardin packed up his bag

Hurrell

When prosperity pops around that corner, Ralph Bellamy is right there to nab it. He gets another big he-man rôle in "Destination Unknown"

When Clark Gable went over to Paramount to play in "No Man of Her Own," he lunched with his newest rival, John Davis Lodge—and neither got nervous indigestion. This young Boston lawyer is Hollywood's latest "find"

Wide World

and caught a train for Chicago until his lady friend's "panthering" is completed, anyway.

JEANETTE LOFF is back in Hollywood after an absence of a year, or maybe it was two years. Jeanette had no sooner arrived in town than she received an offer from Buddy Rogers to add blondeness and curves (S.A. to you) to his personal appearances through West Coast theatres.

But, perhaps more important to Jeanette than the job of singing with Buddy's orchestra, is her brand-new romance with Gilbert Roland, former constant companion of Norma Talmadge. If this isn't a serious heart-throb between these two, then Hollywood is losing her guessing knack. The other evening they dined together at the Cocoanut Grove and were so completely lost in one another that they didn't even hear the numerous "Hello" greetings from friends.

If you don't think Katharine Hepburn has a personality that gets across, no matter what, gaze at the gibbon (baby ape, to you) that let Katharine be the first woman to pet him. As his reward, he'll appear with her and Joel McCrea in "Three Came Unarmed"

MAE WEST was the *piece de resistance* of the Emanuel Cohen "welcome to Hollywood" tea for Paramount's kingpin, Mr. Hertz, of Chicago and New York. Naturally, all the Paramount stars turned out in their best clothes and best behavior for this formal event and, as one stellar *femme* reported, the broad "a's" were ankle-deep. In fact, the entire affair was long on etiquette and ten-dollar words until the startling arrival of Mae West.

Evidently, Mae felt the party needed pepping up for she headed for the piano almost immediately after the formalities were over, and started in on some swell, snappy songs. At first the "dignifieds" didn't know just how to take it, but when the guest of honor and his wife seemed amused and entertained, the ice was broken.

As a climax, Mae invited a chosen few into an adjoining room to hear some extra verses of "Frankie and Johnnie."

Longworth

"I wish my pictures had been better," says Tallulah Bankhead—and steps out of the movies. But the smile must mean she intends to return, when the right rôle beckons

HO-HUM notes: Greta Nissen and Weldon Heyburn have made up, so they say . . . ditto for James Dunn and Maureen O'Sullivan . . . George Brent likes spinach better'n any other vegetable . . . George Raft can't stand anything pink . . . The *Brown Derby* restaurants have created a non-fattening lemon pie and is it popular! . . . Eric Linden wants more money for making RKO movies . . . so does Constance Cummings consider herself underpaid by Columbia . . .

Clarence Brown says he did *not* fly Alice Joyce to Reno for her divorce in his private airplane . . . Buster Keaton is still cutting capers with his land yacht . . . Boris Karloff's real name is William Pratt . . . the John Gilberts (Virginia Bruce) are back from Europe . . . the William K. Howards will be back soon . . . Mary Brian is looking for a lip rouge that won't get on her teeth . . . Loretta Young would like one that will stay on in spite of meals . . . Loretta, incidentally, is on her way to Honolulu for a well-earned vacation . . .

The Fredric Marches are looking for a new home . . . And the folks next door complained to the police about Jeanette MacDonald's sheep dog right after Jeanette had complained about their rooster . . . Ina Claire (they say) has fallen head over heels in love again . . . gentleman unnamed . . . Glenda Farrell, so they say, is being rushed quite off her feet by the dashing Danny Danker . . . Lupe Velez swears she is through being whoopee-Lupe . . . Clive Brook saw every football game played locally this past season . . . Kay Francis is simply dying in Hollywood without Kenneth MacKenna . . . Fredric March has become a contract bridge nut . . .

The Marx brothers are having their usual run of gambling luck . . . And Groucho and Chico are clicking merrily and wise-crackerly in their radio program . . . Barbara Stanwyck lunched alone at *Levy's* and nobody recognized her . . . Constance Bennett's new bangs are being copied on many stellar foreheads in Hollywood . . . Wonder if it's true that Connie had a police escort during her vacation in New York? . . . The Harold Lloyds

(*Continued on page 68*)

Freulich

Frank Buck may bring 'em back alive, but Clyde Beatty (above) tames 'em. You'll thrill at how he does it in "The Big Cage"—a story of his own life

MOVIE CLASSIC TABLOID NEWS SECTION

◆ THE NEWSREEL OF THE NEWSSTANDS ◆

Meet Wera Engels, RKO's new German "find." She's the girl whose Dad commanded the famous *Cruiser Emden* during the War

Wide World

Yes, girls, Buddy Rogers is back and, if you can believe the reports, all signed up for a new screen career. The little blonde is Jeanette Loff, who sings with his band, and is returning to films, too. Romance rumors link her with Gilbert Roland, not Buddy

Fifi Dorsay's new romance—with Jorge Bollini Santamaria—looks serious (above). See story on page 32

Acme

Eleanor Holm, pretty Olympic swimming champion, will make the movie plunge any day now. This Wampas baby star will be featured by Warners—but not as a swimmer

Wide World

Marilyn Miller and Don Alvarado, very much in love, went aboard the *S. S. Bremen* to attend a gay farewell party for friends—and didn't get off the boat in time. They were carried off to Europe, but denied the trip was a honeymoon. Or a publicity stunt, either!

Russell Ball

Lillian Roth, who has just turned author with "Stagedoor Johnny," is giving up her acting. Not to write, but to wed Justice Shalleck of New York City!

NO LAUGHS IN LAUREL HOME-LIFE, SO COMEDIAN AND WIFE SEPARATE

Thin Member Of Famous Laugh-Provoking Team Of Laurel And Hardy Says, "When My Wife And I Could No Longer Laugh Together, There Was Nothing Else To Do"

By ANN GLAZE

STANLEY LAUREL and Oliver Hardy are about the two funniest men on the screen to half of the world's moviegoers. Creating mirth is their stock in trade, and they have made nations rock with laughter. But Stan Laurel could not create laughs within the four walls of his own home!

That, at least, is the reason that Stan, himself, gives as the underlying cause of his recent separation from his actress-wife, Lois Neilson Laurel.

"When two people reach the place in married life where they can no longer share a laugh together, then it is practically impossible to share the same bed and board, as the legal phrasing has it," explains the famous comedian. "Laughter is not a trivial part of married life. To the contrary, it is very important.

"Neither my wife nor I considered the idea of divorce lightly. We have a little five-year-old daughter and for her sake, as well as our own, we both sincerely attempted to make a 'go' of our marriage. But it was just one of those things . . .

"We reached the point where we were continually getting on one another's nerves. I'm sure that nothing I did was very amusing to my wife. When we were first married, little annoying things that we both might do were 'laughed off' and forgotten. But in the past year we seem to have lost that saving grace of humor.

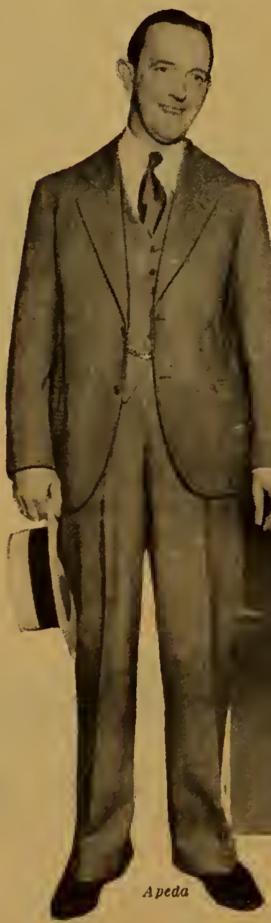
"I don't know whether my wife thought my pictures were funny or not. But even if she had been amused by my screen antics, remember that professional humor and 'private-life humor' are two entirely different things. Comedians, the fellows who make laughs for a living, are seldom funny men in private contacts. To the contrary, they are likely to be very serious-minded fellows. Maybe seriousness is a diversion to them after long days of painfully manufacturing 'spontaneous' laughter in front of a camera.

"When we realized that we had reached the point where we could no longer laugh together, then there was nothing else to do—difficult though it was for us both—but legally separate. That's really the whole story."

Laurel has made a very generous settlement, from a fortune founded on laughter, upon his wife and daughter. Their large home in Beverly Hills will be retained by Mrs. Laurel. She will also have the custody of their small daughter, Lois. Several years ago, Stan created two trust funds for his family amounting to more than $200,000. These two trust funds are also part of the settlement.

The news of the divorce plans came as a distinct surprise to Hollywood. For as recently as last autumn, when Laurel, accompanied by the American-born Hardy, revisited England and received a triumphant welcome everywhere, there was no hint of marital trouble. Also, no one had foreseen the divorce, since divorces are so rare in the English colony. And there have been no rumors of "another woman" or "another man."

But Hollywood, used to a series of part-then-make-up divorces, is wondering if, perhaps, a short marital vacation might not revive the lost humor between the Laurels and eventually see them reconciled, as the Adolphe Menjous (Kathryn Carver) recently were. A little bird whispers that Stan was recently seen at a movie première with a girl who looked suspiciously like Mrs. Stan, and that they were laughing heartily over *something!*



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Stax

Left, Stanley Laurel as he looks in private life, without his famous dazed look and undersized derby. Above, Lois Neilson Laurel and their five-year-old daughter, Lois, who will remain in her mother's custody

MRS. JESSEL'S ALIMONY GUARANTEED BY NORMA TALMADGE, SAYS LAWYER

New York Attorney Claims George's Wife Consented To Get A Divorce And Drop Plans For Alienation-Of-Affections Suit When His Famous Co-Star Backed Up His Promise To Pay—Norma Denies His Freedom Was Worth $100,000 To Her

By JOAN STANDISH

NORMA TALMADGE says the marital freedom of George Jessel from Florence Courtney Jessel (who divorced George last October) is not worth ten cents to her, much less $100,000, because she is *not* planning to marry George and she *is* the wife of Joseph Schenck.

"I am so bored by this story that I guaranteed the divorce settlement of $100,000 to the former Mrs. Jessel in return for silencing a million-dollar alienation-of-affections suit against me. I haven't any words to express it," said Norma, who interrupted her personal appearance tour with Jessel long enough to return to Hollywood for the holidays.

"In the first place, Mr. Jessel earns ten thousand dollars weekly, which should certainly take care of any divorce settlement he cared to make, without any additional financial help from me. In the second place, I am not planning to marry Mr. Jessel because I am very much married to Joseph Schenck."

The same day Norma made this statement, a New York attorney, Frank L. Ippolito, breaking with his law partner, revealed in court that the firm had handled the transactions between the Jessels—and claimed that his partner had given Mr. Jessel a reduced fee without consulting him (Ippolito).

He asserted in an affidavit: "At the time the negotiations for a settlement commenced, Mr. Jessel was not in a position to pay a sum satisfactory to his wife. Finally, an arrangement was consummated whereby Mrs. Florence Jessel agreed to accept from her husband, in full settlement of all her rights as his wife, the sum of $100,000, and upon Mrs. Jessel's releasing any claim she might have against Miss Talmadge for alienating Mr. Jessel's affections, Miss Talmadge agreed to guarantee the payments called for in the contract between the Jessels." Thus, one version.

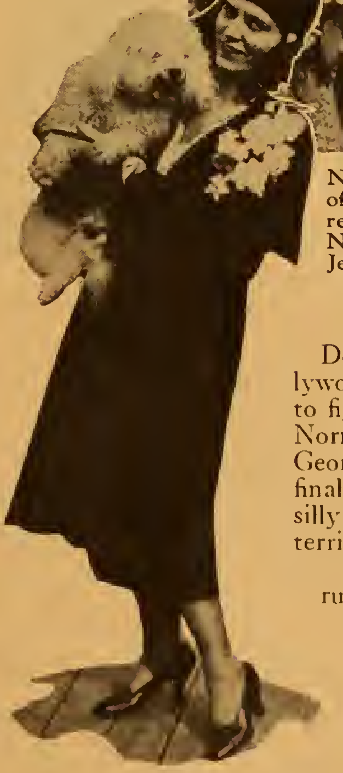
George Jessel also entered an affidavit, in which he stated, "Mrs. Schenck acted simply as the guarantor of the payments to be made by me."

Hollywood, naturally agog over what it has believed a romance, is dizzily turning its head from one statement to the other and attempting to piece together what might possibly be the facts in the matter. But each new development merely adds to the general confusion.

Consider the most recent story, which is to the effect that George Jessel and Joseph Schenck, who have known one another for years, recently met aboard a train and appeared to be on the most excellent of terms. Another rumor afloat is that Norma and George parted on the best of terms for the holidays, but that since the newspaper stories based on Mr. Ippolito's affidavit appeared, Norma isn't answering George's long-distance 'phone calls.

There have even been rumors printed in some of the more sensational newspapers as news stories that Norma is already secretly divorced from Mr. Schenck and secretly married to Mr. Jessel.

New York lawyer's version of Jessel divorce settlement revives romance rumors about Norma Talmadge and George Jessel (above). But Norma denies marriage plans



Acme

According to lawyer, Mrs. Jessel (above) "settled" with both George and Norma for $100,000

Do you wonder that Hollywood is bewildered, trying to figure out whether or not Norma was interested in George's freedom? Norma's final word is: "It's all too silly to bother denying. I'm terribly bored with it!"

When the "romance" rumors about Norma and George first "broke," they were just starting their personal appearances together, but newspapers accepted the rumors as rumors—not as some press-agent's bright idea. But if it all *did* start as a publicity man's idea, it would explain many things. Norma and George have been friends since childhood. Now, as business partners, what more natural than that one should help out the other? It would also explain Norma's constant denials of a romance, and George's continued friendship with Joseph Schenck. What's your guess?

HAYES AND MARCH WIN YEAR'S ACTING HONORS

Helen Acclaimed "Best Actress" By Motion Picture Academy For Performance In "The Sin Of Madelon Claudet"—Fredric Wins Title Of "Best Actor" For "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"

Above, Helen Hayes with Neil Hamilton in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet." Right, she receives gold statue for mother rôle—and mentions own motherhood

By DOROTHY DONNELL

HOLLYWOOD'S FOUR HUNDRED—the members of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences—have voted Helen Hayes the best actress of 1932 for her performance in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet," and Fredric March the best actor, for his work in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Helen, who won the award for her acting in her very first picture, triumphed over Marie Dressler in "Emma" and Lynn Fontanne in "The Guardsman." Fredric, who had suffered tortures in his make-up as *Mr. Hyde*, won over Wallace Beery in "The Champ" and Alfred Lunt in "The Guardsman."

The other Academy awards for the year's "bests" went to Frances Marion for the best original screen story, "The Champ"; to Lee Garmes, for the best photography of the year, in "Shanghai Express"; to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, for the best-produced picture, "Grand Hotel"; to Frank Borzage for the best direction of the year, with "Bad Girl"; and to Paramount, for the best sound reproduction of the year, in "Shanghai Express" and "Broken Lullaby." And Walt Disney, creator of *Mickey Mouse* and *Silly Symphonies*, received a special award for his originality.

"Mickey came very close to saving our industry in this last terrible year," said Conrad Nagel, new president of the Academy, who solemnly promised the celebrated guests at the awards banquet that there would be "no long speeches"—and kept his word.

Fredric March's little speech, as he accepted his gold statue from Lionel Barrymore, last year's winner, was delightfully whimsical. It seemed a bit ironic, to Freddie, after reading in the papers that the Freddie Marches and the Wallace Beerys had both adopted babies, that they were "nominated for the Best Performances of the year!" And Freddie, so they claim, did not know that he was on a nation-wide hook-up at the moment.

Helen Hayes was actually trembling with nervousness as she received the gold statue from Norma Shearer, winner in 1930, who cried with vexation, "I take back all the nice things I've said about Marie Dressler, for not being here tonight to give you this." After sighing a heartfelt "Oh, dear!" into the microphone, Helen confessed, with emotion, "On the only other occasion when I ever felt like a superb woman, the only thing I could find to say was, 'Gosh, isn't she red!'"

Then it was suddenly discovered that Wallace Beery had received only one vote less than Fredric March and so he, too, was given a statue. (Do they buy them by the gross, we wonder—and do the fortunate winners have to keep them in plain sight in their drawing-rooms forever after?) Then suddenly a radio brought the voice of Marie Dressler from New York. "I was the first to know you would get it, Helen," said Marie, who was last year's winner. "God bless you, dear!"

The promise of the Academy that "everyone can be home by eleven o'clock" was literally kept. Hollywood thought that Conrad Nagel should have received a gold statue, too, for the adept way he master-of-ceremonied the affair—and prevented any such speeches as dragged out last year's banquet interminably. To Hollywood, that was the Very Best Performance of the year!

Above, Conrad Nagel, president of the Academy, presents the award to Fredric March. Left, Fredric in the painful make-up of the horrifying Mr. Hyde

KAREN MORLEY WEDS DIRECTOR SECRETLY

Actress Reveals November Wedding To Charles Vidor Only When She Is Able To Take Vacation-Honeymoon—Had Denied Any Plans Of Secrecy

By JERRY BANNON

Hurrell

Karen Morley met Charles Vidor on the set of "The Mask of Fu Manchu"—and before it was finished they "eloped" to Santa Ana, California

KAREN MORLEY is more like Garbo than Garbo, herself. She is truly indifferent to public opinion. Without refusing interviews, she has managed to tell interviewers less about herself than any other actress on the screen. She even kept her recent marriage secret for more than a month.

The only admission of a romance on Karen's part was a brief and unemotional announcement in the late autumn that she and Charles Vidor, the handsome young foreign director (no relation to King Vidor) were engaged. She wore no ring. She would not set the time for her marriage.

"When we decide, I'll let you know," she was reported to have told the studio. When the newspaper and radio gossipers first insisted that she was already married, Karen made no reply at all—until the studio asked her to make a statement. "No," she said then, "I'm not married. I wouldn't have any reason for doing it secretly. I'll let you know when we decide on a date."

Perhaps she did let the studio know, and the studio kept her secret so that she wouldn't be annoyed by curious newspaper reporters before she finished "Flesh," with Wallace Beery. For the picture had no sooner been completed than she revealed that she had married Charles Vidor under her real name of Mildred Linton in Santa Ana, California, on November 5. By the time she made her announcement, she was free to go on a long honeymoon.

Hurrell

Karen put the reporters off-guard by saying she would announce her wedding plans when they had been made

Before she released the news, Karen would not have her picture taken with her "fiancé." He refused to give out any photographs of himself to the press. They were never seen together in a public place, where alert news photographers could catch a snapshot of them. They apparently wanted their romance all to themselves.

Karen Morley has had a screen career singularly free from romance rumors. To be sure, there was a young aviator who occasionally took her to parties. But until Charles Vidor was given the first scenes of "The Mask of Fu Manchu" to direct, while Charles Brabin was busy elsewhere, and the young director took to talking with Karen between scenes in confidential murmurs, the romance-hunters had found little to say about this pale, thin, silent actress.

Karen has been working at top speed this past year, making nine pictures without a rest. One day recently, she fainted on the set, and Hollywood awoke to the fact that Karen Morley, instead of gaining, as she had tried so desperately to do for several months, had lost weight. Every few days, a doctor has been giving her injections of liver extract, which is usually the treatment for anemia—reminding Hollywood that Garbo was seriously ill with anemia several years ago.

When Karen made no announcement of her marriage plans, it was thought that perhaps her health was making for the postponement. Karen, already wed, must have laughed at all the speculation about her not setting a wedding date. Now she has a vacation—and the vacation will be both a health tonic and a honeymoon. There is talk of a long European trip. And what could be better, especially as the Hungarian bridegroom would be an excellent guide?

Meanwhile, Hollywood is trying to figure out the reason for all the secrecy. Karen, who has never shown any particular craving for publicity, presumably would not have concealed her wedding just to make the headlines a bit more startling when the news did break. Her studio could not have asked secrecy—because studios don't do such things any more. Wonder if it's possible that cool, calm Karen "eloped" because it was more romantic!

FIFI DORSAY MAY "KEES" AMERICA GOODBYE IF SHE WEDS NEW SUITOR

Fifi, Back In The Movies And Very Serious About Her Future, Is Taking Jorge Bollini Santamaria, Wealthy Young Argentine, Just As Seriously As He's Taking Her!

By LUIS ROSADO

Oo-la-la! They say life in Buenos Aires is very gay! And, strangely enough, Fifi is making "They Just Had to Get Married!"

FIFI DORSAY is now being beaued wherever she goes by four Argentines—and by one Argentine in particular. In restaurants, at the fights, everywhere Fifi goes, also go her faithful four, headed by Jorge Bollini Santamaria, heir to great wealth, who has traveled around the world extensively and is now looking for something new in America. Arriving in Hollywood, he discovered something new in the vivacious Fifi, whom he had long admired on the screen. During his short stay, he has seen no one but Fifi, and Fifi has seen no one but Jorge—who, she says, is "nize-looking" and "the mos' marvelous boy I have ever, ever known."

The French-Canadian girl from Montreal has secluded herself in a modest home in Beverly Hills. Few know where she is, and she doesn't mean to let any more know. In this home she lives with her sister, brother and aunt. Can it be that love has changed the hot-cha, happy-go-lucky Fifi? That was my main purpose in going to see her—to ask, "Are you in love?"

Her smiling answer was, "Maybe. I don't know."

When I was left alone with Jorge, he volunteered, "I like Fifi very much. I have met many interesting women during my travels—but none as charming as Fifi." In Spanish, he told me how much he desired to settle down. "Traveling is all right, but you soon get tired of it. I always have a home to go to in Buenos Aires; but I am looking for another kind of home."

"You mean—a home with a wife?"

He smiled, "That's right—a home with a wife."

"Do you think that Fifi will do?"

"Uh—maybe. . . ."

Later, I asked Fifi why she had been avoiding her old friends. Her work, she explained, was the main cause. She was back in Hollywood after a successful personal appearance tour, and she was ready to take her screen work more seriously. She was through with parties. She has her family to think of, and she is going to concentrate her attentions on them. Again I brought the subject around to Señor Santamaria.

"It really is a dilemma. I have filed papers to become a citizen of the United States. This month I become an American. I don't know what to do. Jorge has his family in the Argentine. He would wish to live there, and—well, I really don't know yet."

"Would you consider him for a husband?"

"That's more than I can answer. Yet he is a nize fellow—and his French is so cute!"

Fifi is making a careful study of her man; she doesn't want to make any mistake in selecting her mate. She hates divorces, and so does Jorge, as well as his family. Fifi would like to have several children. It must be in her blood—she is the thirteenth child in her family.

Fifi smiles as much as ever, but you have her word for it that she has turned serious. And certainly her Argentine suitor is serious. He brought Fifi into our conversation even when I had steered away from the subject, thinking to save him embarrassment.

The last time that Fifi seemed on the verge of marriage was when she was going with Terrence Ray. The attachment even reached the engagement ring stage, but there was a break-up, and it was all off.

Fifi first met Señor Santamaria on the set of "They Just Had to Get Married." Was that a coincidence, or wasn't it?

Having long admired Fifi from afar, Jorge Bollini Santamaria (left) and a friend just had to meet her. This was snapped a few minutes later!

Right, Edwina Booth today—an invalid, but a hopeful one. The objects on her lap are Christmas presents from Africa, where she first fell ill

STRANGE JUNGLE MALADY PREVENTS EDWINA BOOTH'S RETURN TO FILMS

Blonde Actress, Who Had Great Future Predicted For Her After "Trader Horn," Now An Invalid With Recurrence Of Baffling Ailment Contracted In Africa—Two Fellow-Players In Picture Have Also Had Hard Luck

By EVELYN DERR

THE three leading players in "Trader Horn" have all suffered bad luck since their return from the jungle that they invaded and stripped of its secrets. Believers in voodoo might call it "Africa's revenge." Harry Carey has been ill with jungle fever, and his costly ranch has burned. Duncan Renaldo has been engaged in a long-drawn-out struggle with the United States Government in an effort to remain in America. And the golden-haired "goddess" of "Trader Horn," Edwina Booth, now lies desperately ill from some mysterious malady that baffles the doctors.

Left, Edwina Booth, Duncan Renaldo and Harry Carey in "Trader Horn," facing danger.

Edwina Booth was less than twenty when she seized the chance to play the heroine in the greatest jungle picture ever made. She was blonde and fair, and very susceptible to the sun, having already fainted once while playing a bit in a picture in the blazing sunshine. But she believed that this picture would establish her on the screen and was assured that she would receive every known protection from the dangers of the jungle.

For days, Edwina worked with bare head under a sun whose rays strike like arrows. Her rôle did not allow her to wear a pith helmet; she was supposed to be half-savage. Something in the terrible equatorial heat, so specialists say, disturbed the chemistry of the girl's blood and filled her system with strange poisons. The effect is a deathly weakness, with tortured nerves. She has the symptoms of fever, without a high temperature. At twenty-two, she lies in a darkened room, not hearing the telephone with its offers of parts at different studios. She was slender when she went to Africa; she has lost twenty pounds since then.

Leaving Africa, she was carried onto the ship, so sick that the ship's doctor did not believe that she would live. While she was completing the picture and afterward, the studio rented a bungalow for her at the seashore and provided a nurse and doctor. Since then her mother has been the nurse, and her stepfather—a doctor—has had her under his care.

In the last two years, Edwina has made a brave battle. Seven months ago, she got out of bed and embarked on a personal appearance tour, to earn sorely needed money. On her return, she got a part in a serial, "The Last of the Mohicans." When her final scene was shot, she collapsed. She has not left her bed since.

Meanwhile, the hero of "Trader Horn" has been battling a government that seems determined to deport him to Roumania, claiming illegal entry to this country. Duncan Renaldo asserts that he was born in Camden, New Jersey, and was taken to Roumania by his parents, natives of that country, when he was a small child. But he cannot produce his birth certificate. Renaldo claims, that the fact that his estranged wife has made the trouble for him does not seem to be taken into consideration.

FIFTEEN SCREEN DEBS ARE ELECTED 1932 BABY STARS BY WAMPAS

Number Of Girls Picked By Press-Agent Group As "Most Likely To Succeed" Is Largest In History, The Usual Number Being Only Thirteen—Most, But Not All, Have Already Shown Public What They Can Do

By MADGE TENNANT

THE Wampas ("short" for Western Association of Motion Picture Advertisers)—that potent organization of publicity boys who break the stars' divorces to the public as gently as possible—has made its eleventh annual choice of Baby Stars. If these follow precedent, more than half will achieve outstanding positions on the screen; from three to five will actually win stardom.

The traditional number of thirteen becomes fifteen this year, owing to a triple tie among free-lance players. For the first time in Wampas history, *five* of the Baby Stars are not attached to any studio. Each of the remaining ten, however, represents one of the ten major studios.

The lucky fifteen are: Lona Andre (Paramount), Lilian Bond (Free-Lance), Mary Carlisle (M-G-M), June Clyde (Free-Lance), Patricia Ellis (Warner Brothers), Ruth Hall (Goldwyn), Eleanor Holm (First National), Evalyn Knapp (Free-Lance), Dorothy Layton (Free-Lance), Boots Mallory (Fox), Toshia Mori (Columbia), Ginger Rogers (Free-Lance), Marian Shockley (Educational), Gloria Stuart (Universal) and Dorothy Wilson (RKO).

Of the fifteen, eight are blondes, six are brunettes, and one (Lilian Bond) has flaming red hair. They come from such diverse parts of the United States as Boston (Mary Carlisle), Missouri (Evalyn Knapp), New Orleans (Boots Mallory), California (Gloria Stuart), Florida (Ruth Hall) and New York City (Eleanor Holm). One, Lilian Bond, is from London, and Toshia Mori was born in Japan, though educated in Los Angeles. The youngest is Patricia Ellis, 16; their average age, however, is 22.

All of them have fulfilled the Wampas requirement of "being under contract or in training for more than three months," although four of them—Patricia Ellis, Eleanor Holm, Lona Andre and Boots Mallory—had not yet appeared on the screen when the elections were held. Since then, Boots has appeared in "Handle With Care" and Patricia is in George Arliss' picture, "The King's Vacation."

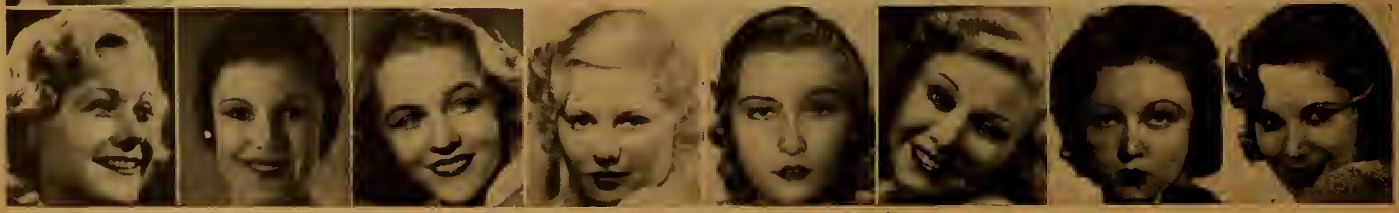
THE LUCKY FIFTEEN

Top to bottom, then left to right, Toshia Mori, who won the place originally voted to Lillian Miles, the platinum blonde immediately below her; Gloria Stuart; Lilian Bond; Dorothy Wilson; Marian Shockley; June Clyde; Eleanor Holm; Dorothy Layton; Ruth Hall; Patricia Ellis; Mary Carlisle; Evalyn Knapp; Ginger Rogers; Lona Andre; and Boots Mallory

Four college girls appear in the group: Marian Shockley (University of Missouri), Gloria Stuart (University of California), Ruth Hall (Florida State College) and Evalyn Knapp (University of Kansas)—who, by the way, is a holdover Baby Star from last year, because a back injury interrupted her career during most of 1932. Boots Mallory was a "Follies" girl. Dorothy Wilson has proved the Cinderella story true by stepping into leading rôles from a stenographer's job at RKO. Lona Andre was one of the runners-up in the "Panther Woman" contest.

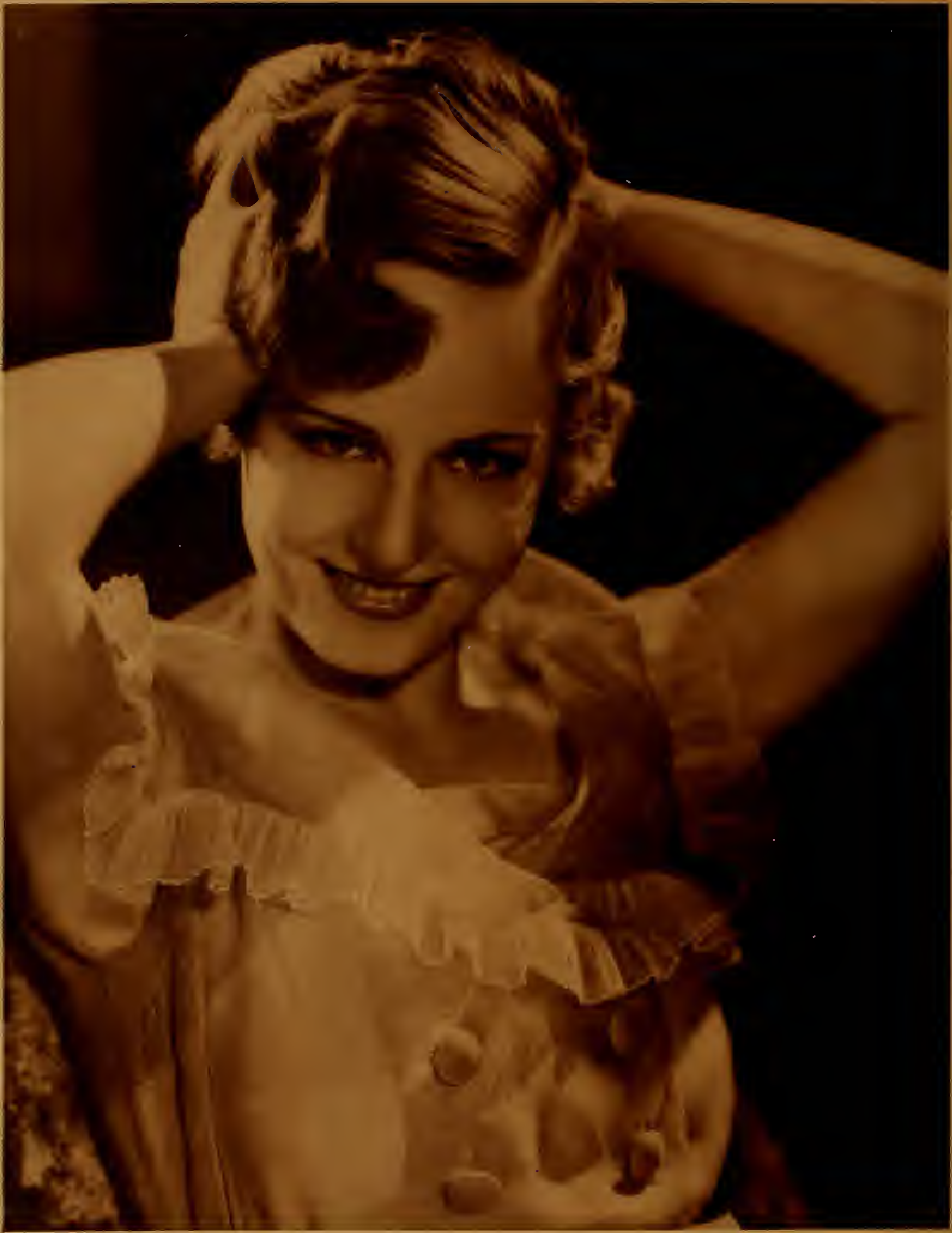
Among those who came close to being elected Baby Stars (and who may, of course, become more famous than any of the winners) are Gail Patrick, Jean Parker, Irene Ware, Julie Haydon, Claudia Dell, Maria Alba and Lillian Miles, who was originally chosen as Columbia's Baby Star, instead of Toshia Mori. The little Japanese girl creates a stir in "The Bitter Tea of General Yen" and, moreover, is under contract to Columbia, it was discovered, while Miss Miles has returned to the stage.

Instead of taking their bows at a Frolic, with all the formality and fussy gowns of society buds, the Baby Stars this year are making a personal appearance tour of local theatres.



MURIEL EVANS

No relation to Madge Evans—but cute just the same. And another proof that beauties are getting their screen starts in comedies to-day, just as Gloria Swanson and Jean Harlow did. This little blue-eyed blonde from Minneapolis started acting in a stock company at the age of 12, and played her first screen bit at 15. Now, she's one of the prides and joys of Hal Roach, who's also the boss of Laurel and Hardy. In fact, Muriel was with the boys in "Pack Up Your Troubles"—and now SHE has no troubles to pack up! Busy in a Charley Chase two-reeler, she's about to be put on a steady diet of featured pictures



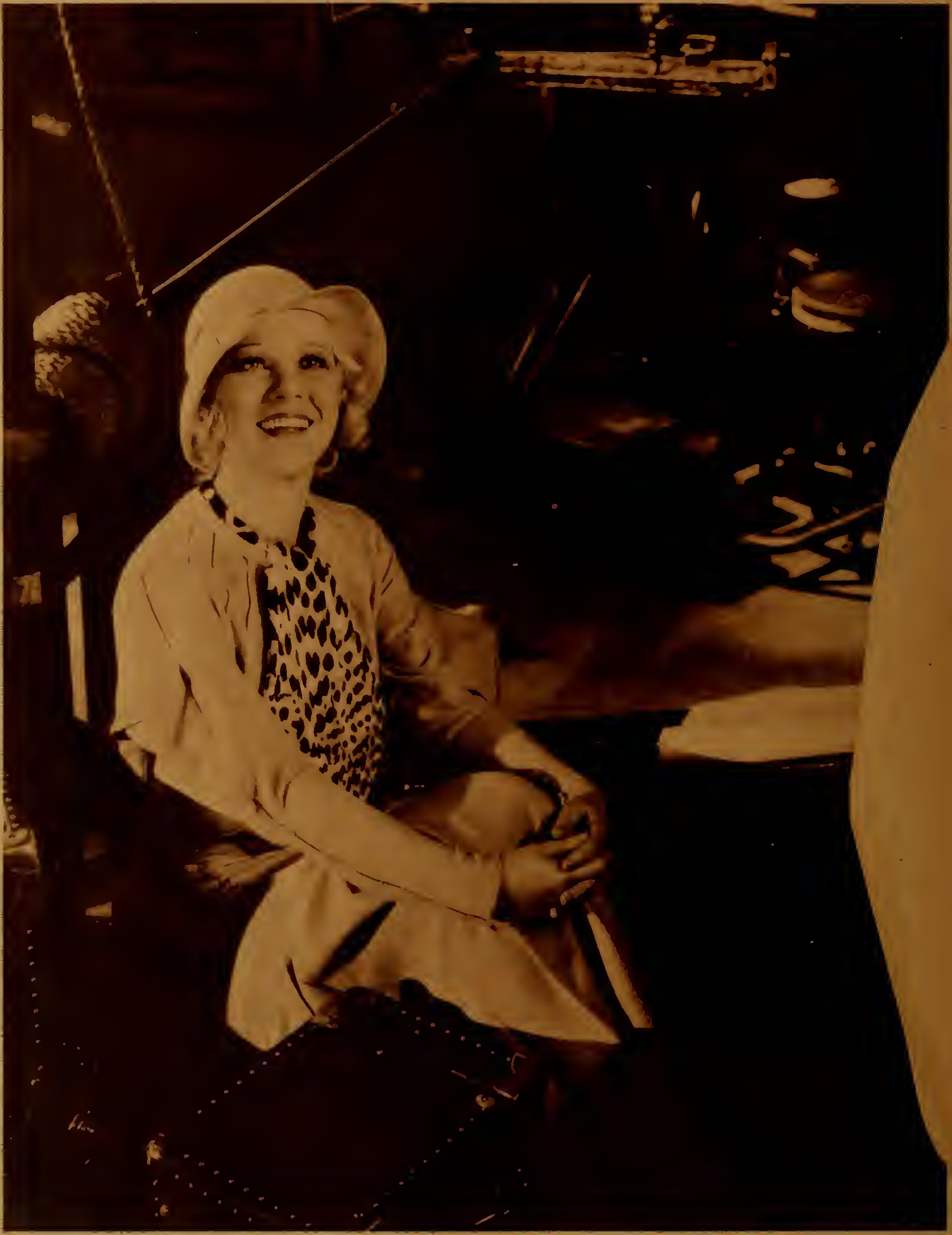
C. S. Bull

She's as natural as your best girl, who always says, "Oh, please don't snap my picture—my hair is in rags!" And knowing all the time that she must be creating some nice illusion or you wouldn't want her picture. She's the kind of girl that men remember—as M-G-M discovered, after letting her slip away to Al Jolson for "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum." They wooed her back for "Fast Life"!

MADGE EVANS

"BRING ON YOUR WINTER SPORTS," SAYS RICHARD ARLEN

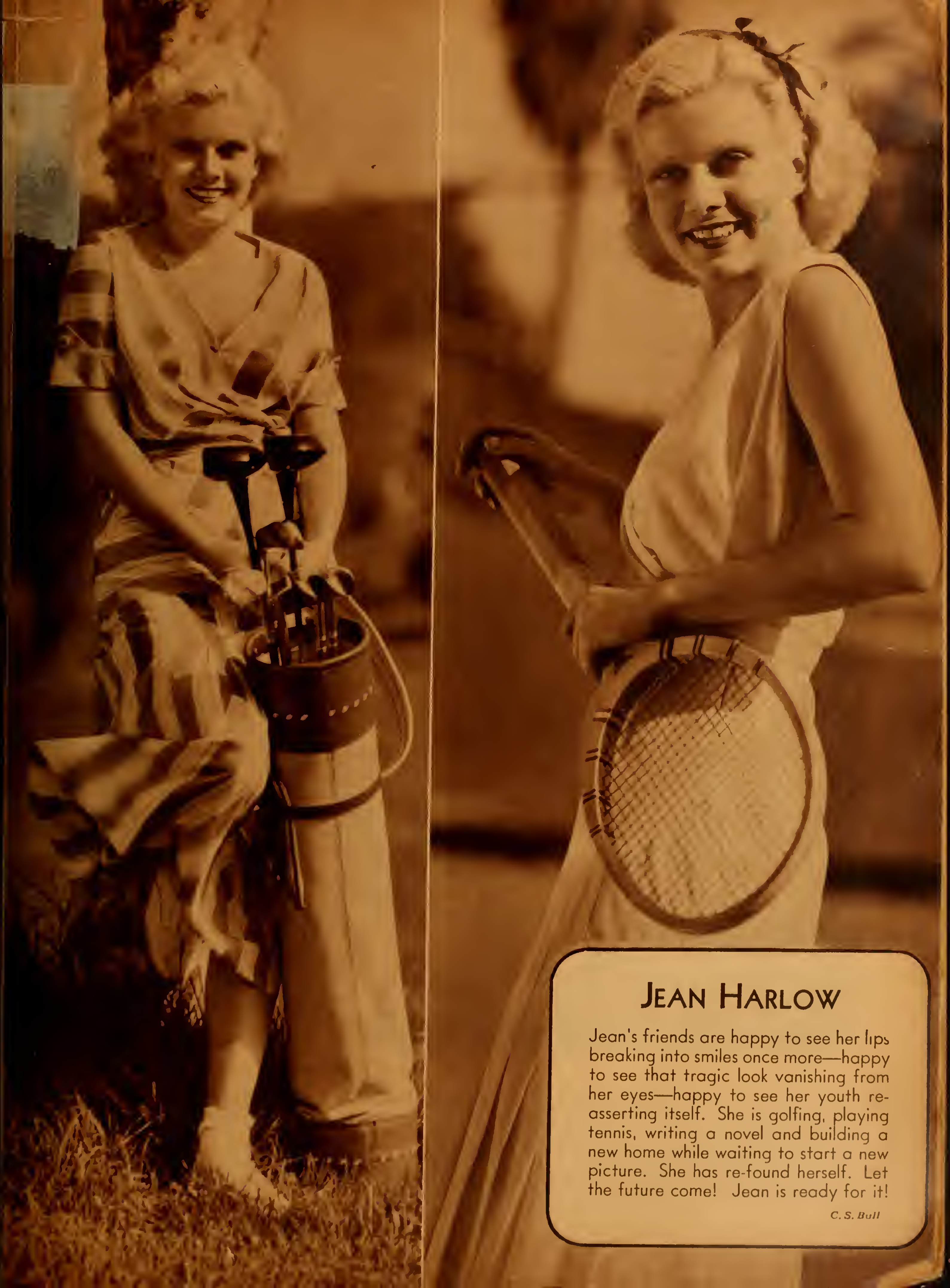
Dick is half-joking. g one of Hollywood's st rabid football fans, probably did look as at e right on New Year's y at the Southern Cali- rnia-Pittsburgh battle. ut it's a cinch he isn't playing hockey. You have to have ice for hockey, and every spare moment he is at the desert resort, Palm Springs, where wifey Jobyna Ralston is happily awaiting a Blessed Event. And Dick's new picture is "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," laid in tropical India, in which he has three co-stars, no less—Fredric March, Clive Brook and Gary Cooper



Welbourne

Glenda hardly has time between pictures to learn her next lines—and then someone interrupts her. But that's a penalty for being Hollywood's newest passion. All because she was so comically real as the unwilling mother of twins in "Life Begins," and so bitterly real as Paul Muni's betrayer in "I Am a Fugitive." Here's a real actress! Let's hope she isn't the victim in "Blue Moon Murder"!

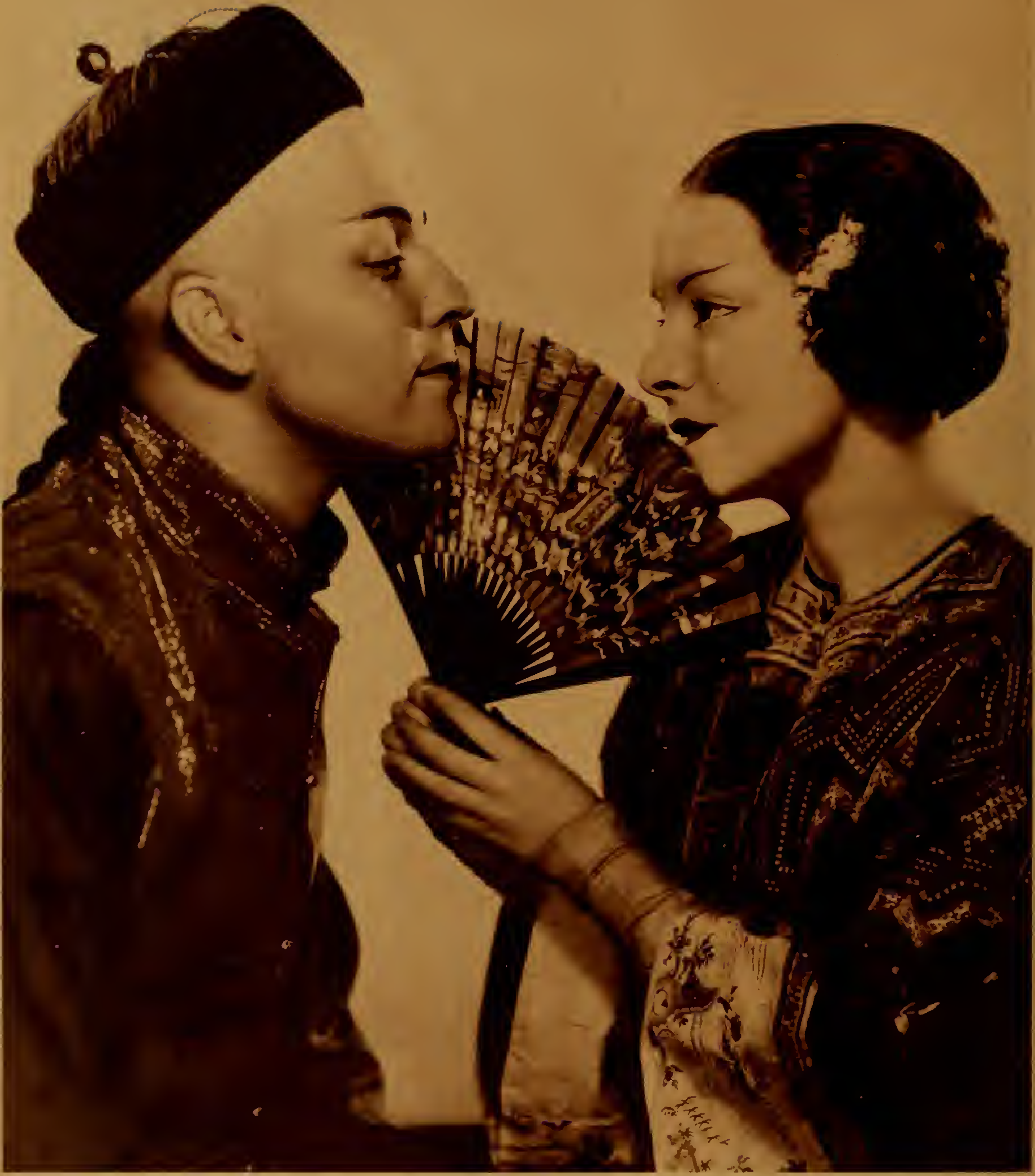
GLENDA FARRELL



JEAN HARLOW

Jean's friends are happy to see her lips breaking into smiles once more—happy to see that tragic look vanishing from her eyes—happy to see her youth reasserting itself. She is golfing, playing tennis, writing a novel and building a new home while waiting to start a new picture. She has re-found herself. Let the future come! Jean is ready for it!

C. S. Bull



Helen Hayes—who won the Academy award as the best actress of 1932 for her work in "The Sin of Madelon Claudet"—again achieves a triumph of make-up. This time she has black, lacquered hair and slanting eyes; she is Chinese in "The Son-Daughter." And her lover, too, is so Oriental that you would hardly recognize him as Ramon Novarro. Expect a vivid, unusual, moody love story!

HELEN HAYES
AND
RAMON NOVARRO

Bachrach

IRENE DUNNE

Irene is one of Hollywood's most surprising stars. For one thing, she is seldom in the newspapers. Hollywood seldom sees her. She is, perhaps, the best woman golfer on the Coast. Strikingly young and modern, she has achieved two great hits as aging heroines—in "Cimarron" and "Back Street." Two memorable rôles in two years—that is almost a record. Wonder if "The Lady" will be another?

TALA BIRELL

Like Elissa Landi, she is a descendant of nobility—and looks the part. Like Garbo, she has always liked to walk alone. Otherwise, she is like no one else on the screen. She speaks several languages, and in any one of them, she is exotic—but wide awake, not languorous. She proves it in "Nagana," a drama of sleeping sickness in Africa

Ray Jones

You'll Soon Be Calling Him *Sir* GEORGE ARLISS!

According to cables from London, which originated in royalty circles, George Arliss will be among those knighted by King George on the King's Birthday this year. No other screen star has ever received such an honor. And what will it mean to Arliss? With emotion, he says, "Everything I have striven for will have been attained. I can rest then"

By LEONARD O. MOSLEY

I HAD gone to George Arliss with a message that had just arrived from England, a baldly-written cable that read: *"Court circles admit that name of George Arliss is among theatrical group which will be submitted to the King for bestowing of titles in 1933 Birthday Honors List. Knighthood for Arliss seems certain."*

"I cannot make a statement," George Arliss said to me. "But if the thing does come true, I shall have achieved the crowning ambition of my life. Everything I have striven for will have been attained. I can rest then."

There were tears in his eyes as he said the words. There had been tears in his eyes when I first told him the news, but he blinked and checked their flow, fingering his monocle to hide the emotion that was surging through him.

At first he thought that it must be some crude practical joke that I was playing on him. He did not believe my words or my cable. But his skepticism was apparent only because he has so much wanted this thing to happen. He is English through and through, and all his long and active life he has sought to carry English ideals to far places, to dramatize the glamour of England. Even seven thousand miles away from London, in a foreign country, he has always managed to keep in intimate touch with home.

No needy English charity has appealed to Arliss and been turned away. No society, so long as its object was to help those who needed help, has asked him for aid in vain. A children's home not far from London would be closed now if it were not for Arliss; a benevolent society would be heavily in debt had he not made, and paid for, a special film that they sold to English theatres.

And now England is rewarding him, according to court circles, and you will soon be calling him Sir George.

Can't Tell His Reactions Yet

BECAUSE he has not yet received official word of the glad tidings, George Arliss would make no statement beyond the above words. Until the large buff envelope, stamped with the legend "On His Majesty's Service," comes to him in Hollywood and tells him, in the Lord Chamberlain's words, that he will be created a Knight, he will say nothing about it.

But you do not need words to discover his reaction to the predicted honor. You need only look at the kindly face, puckered even more than usual to hide the emotions swirling over it. You need only glance at the eyes and watch the tears of joy that well up in them. You need only to watch him finger his monocle and tap his foot as he strives to hide his feelings from you.

George Arliss, if and when the King of England does knight him, will have reached the topmost rung of the ladder of fame. He will be the only actor in Hollywood, the only actor on the screen, to be so honored for his work. He will take his place with Sir Henry Irving, Sir Barry Jackson and Sir Harry Lauder, three of England's greatest theatrical knights.

Those who know the workings of the English court will tell you that George Arliss would have received his title three years ago, had it not been for the intriguing of a few. The name of Hollywood's grand old man was before the King for consideration in the Honors List of 1930. A

(Continued on page 72)

CONNIE BENNETT'S *Happy* About Her Newest Fight!

Remember how Connie used to get fighting mad when reporters with deep, dark grudges would spread unflattering (and usually untrue) stories about her? Well, she's serene now—right in the face of a blistering attack from a New York columnist. She's "a Happy Warrior." For Connie has discovered that she has friends, even among reporters, who want to fight her battles for her!

By

CAROL MAYNARD

THE Press-*vs*-Constance Bennett War has broken out in a fresh place! Not since the summer of 1929, when the sensational story to the effect that Connie spent $250,000 annually on her personal wardrobe was printed (and denied) . . . not since the Fall of 1930, when Connie declared war on a certain columnist and was reported to be considering a campaign to silence him as he had never been silenced before . . . not since the press took sides in the Connie-*vs*-Gloria feud . . . not since the Spring of 1931, when La Bennett stopped granting interviews to any, and all, representatives of the Press, has good old Hollywood been so excited!

It seems that while Connie was on a recent trip to New York (her first in ages for a real vacation), a certain newspaper scribe penned a little treatise on Mr. Bennett's eldest called "Constance, Sinner." For a diatribe of dislike it just about took the cookies. Particularly upset was the writing gent over Connie's entrances and exits from Broadway theatres. Nor did he like the way she smoked her cigarettes at intermissions. In an almost hysterical tirade, in which she was branded *annoying*, *obnoxious*, *impossible* . . . and *noisy*, he wound up on a note of wistful desire that her father, Richard, had been appearing on the stage to lean out and advise the unruly audience of One to keep her mouth firmly closed after the curtain had risen. It seems that none of the other actors in New York had the intestinal fortitude of Père Bennett in silencing "chattering" playgoers (such as he pictured Connie to be).

A columnist tried to speed New York's departing guest with a barrage of slams, but Connie just smiled, ever so sweetly, that she'd be back soon—after finishing "Our Betters!"

His Crowning Criticism

THE fact that she autographed fan albums during intermissions was designated as "a grandstand play" and a decided move for attention. If you haven't gathered by this time that the yarn was pretty hot, let me assure you that it was! So very blistering, in fact, that another widely circulated publication reprinted it *in toto* and two days later apologized to Connie, in the fond hope that she would utter a Bennett-blistering denial and thus attract some of the sensationalism to their own circulation.

And so it comes to pass that after ten months of almost friendly, and certainly restrained relations between Connie and the Press, the battle is once more taken up where it left off—only more so.

But there is one thing that distinguishes this latest Bennett-*vs*-Press feud—a big thing, an important development, something that should give you a penetrating slant on what ten months of peace have actually accomplished. This time it is the people who surround Connie—her own studio publicity department, her own studio executives, and believe it or not, a great many members of the far-flung Press, itself—who are going to bat for "Constance, Sinner" though she may be to the New

(*Continued on page 76*)

AS YOU DESIRE ME

Take a lesson in confidence from "those dear... but younger friends"

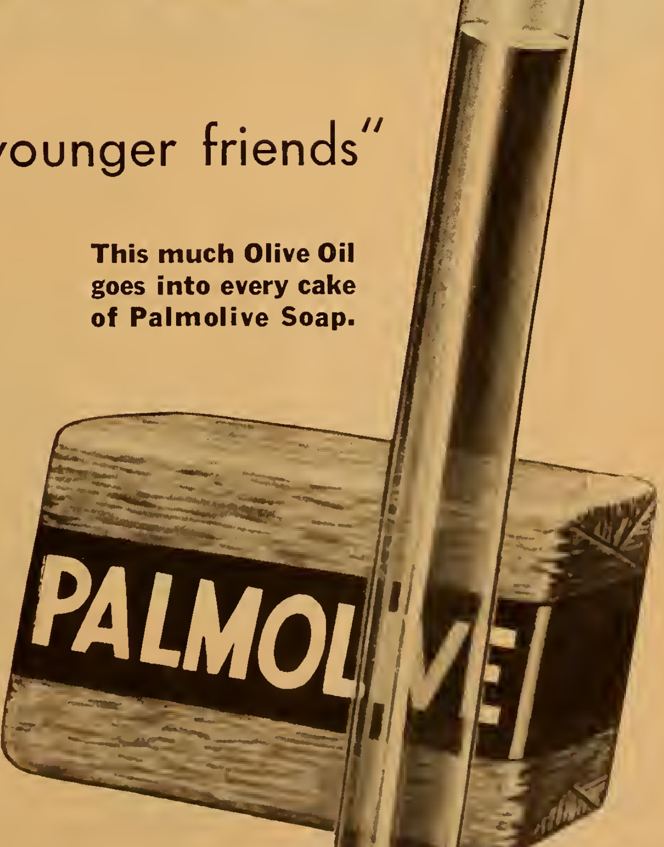
A LITTLE hard to admit, isn't it—that you find yourself more and more inclined to avoid those younger friends—that your skin is fading—that you are slipping ...just a little?

Just imagine the great beauty expert, Vincent, of Paris—studying your own case. Nine chances in ten he would exclaim..."But you do not *clean* your skin properly. Even if you come to me for treatment—you must first wash your skin thoroughly at home...I cannot perform miracles..."

Beauty experts—the whole world over—will tell you that a skin thoroughly cleansed, twice daily, is the first rule of beauty care. But—beware—all too many soaps wash away the natural oils—leaving your skin dry, parched, a prey to wrinkles and lines . . . while a skin cleansed with Palmolive is not only cleaned but protected against the ravages of time and age. Its olive and palm oil lather has a flattering way of putting youth into your skin, of keeping it there.

Make a simple two weeks' test of Palmolive, the soap containing olive oil. Follow our directions and see natural beauty return to your skin...and almost forgotten admiration return to the eyes that appraise you...

This much Olive Oil goes into every cake of Palmolive Soap.



Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Whichever star

WARNER BROTHERS
present
KAY FRANCIS
in

—notice her marvelously

SCREEN STARS have such exquisite skin! They know their complexions *must* be lovely if they are to win—and *hold*—hearts by the thousand! "To keep youthful charm you must guard complexion beauty," they declare. "We use Lux Toilet Soap!"

Whichever star you see tonight, notice how alluring her smooth skin is. Is *your* skin as lovely—as *tempting?* Why don't *you* try Hollywood's favorite beauty care—use the gentle, inexpensive soap that keeps the stars' priceless complexions always youthful!

9 out of 10 Screen Stars use it

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, actually 686 use Lux Toilet Soap regularly.

For their convenience all the great film studios have made it their official soap for dressing rooms. Begin today to let this fragrant white soap work wonders for *your* complexion!

Lux Toilet Soap

you see tonight —

Youthful Complexion

LUX
TOILET SOAP

Kay Francis, lovely Warner Brothers' star, has a complexion so velvety smooth it actually takes your breath away! "Lovely skin is the most endearing charm a girl can have," she says. "It's a charm she *must* have, if she wants to keep her fresh youthfulness. I'm certainly enthusiastic about the way Lux Toilet Soap keeps the skin always soft and smooth."

They Know the Secret of Keeping Youthful Charm

SIDNEY FOX

BETTE DAVIS
Warner Brothers

LORETTA YOUNG
Warner Brothers

ARLINE JUDGE
R. K. O.

STRICTLY PERSONAL

MOVIE CLASSIC'S INTIMATE SKETCHES OF WHO'S WHO IN HOLLYWOOD

By MARK DOWLING

HELEN HAYES: Brown hair. Blue eyes. Convent-educated. Intends to retire some day to devote her life to that famous Act-of-God baby. One of our greatest actresses, she was as fussed as a schoolgirl when they gave her the Academy prize. Telephoned Ruth Chatterton, "I'm such a bad actress!" And meant it! But is remaining in Hollywood at least a year. Happily wed to playwright Charles MacArthur. Address: Culver City.

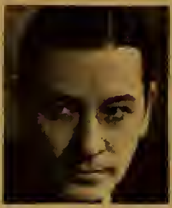
CHARLES FARRELL: Six feet two. Weighs 178. Says the professional separation from Janet Gaynor occurred because he wants to play younger-Will Rogers sort of rôles. Figure *that* out! Privately is happily married to Virginia Valli and spends much of his spare time on his yacht or at new Malibu home. Drives his own car and never mentions that his family is one of New England's oldest. Address Beverly Hills.

JANET GAYNOR: On the screen, a Pollyanna type. Off the screen, a smart young matron who plays golf, rides in a town-car behind a chauffeur, and owns an expensive wardrobe. Even has occasional Garbo-like bursts of temperament. They say that's because you and you forbid the rôles she'd really like to do. Never smokes, never takes more than one cocktail, and dislikes crossing streets alone. Address: Santa Monica.

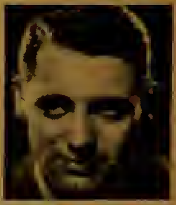
PAUL MUNI: Five feet ten. Weighs 160. Thought he was bigger? That's acting! The real name is Muni Weisenfreund and he's a graduate of the Jewish Art Theatre in New York. Extremely cultured and very much the gentleman. Plays a violin. Hollywood didn't get to know him since he worked behind closed sets, like Garbo, and stayed home nights. Does movies only in spare time. Address: New York City.

DIANA WYNYARD: Beautiful newcomer, who leads a tough life because she doesn't like Hollywood and wants to leave. But they keep raising her salary—so what can a girl do? Very English. A bachelor girl at the moment, but they say there's a fellow back in dear ol' Lunnon. Trying to master our American slang. You'd like her, even without knowing her as the heroine of "Cavalcade." Address: Culver City.

MIRIAM JORDAN: Voted the most beautiful gal in England. Has lived in the film colony five months without one date. That's because she doesn't like actors (romantically speaking) and there's a boy-friend back home who writes or 'phones every day. Has long, blonde hair, sea-blue eyes, and an acquaintance with half the English nobility. Has danced with Prince George. Address: Fox Studios.

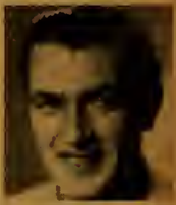


GEORGE RAFT: Five feet ten. Weighs 142. Exudes that new type of sex appeal—menace. Patent-leather hair, dangerous eyes, and a New York manner. Refuses to admit that Mr. Finn, his constant companion, is a bodyguard. Seems to have been studying his grammar lately. And disappoints the gals by behaving like a perfect gentleman. Is that the influence of Connie Cummings? Address: Franklyn Avenue, Hollywood.



CARY GRANT: Six feet one. Weighs 172. Another big boy who has stayed single. Smiles often and has a dimple. Likes girls who are good sports. (Can that be why he hasn't chummed around with many of our Hollywood beauties?) Has dreamy eyes, a baritone voice, and a slight English accent. But isn't as sophisticated as he looks. Just the lad for an outdoor girl who wants company. Address: Westwood Village.

LUPE VELEZ: Our most confirmed flirt, since Clara Bow went dignified. At the moment, Lupe says she's *seeck* of men. And when her engagement to one lad was announced, she cried, "All I got out of him was a lot of laughs!" (Well, that's something!) Owns a Chihuahua dog, and doesn't seem to have read the publicity stories that she's growing "more subdued." Address: Rodeo Drive, Beverly Hills.



GARY COOPER: Six feet two. Weighs 195. Keeping up to date: still denying any engagement to Countess Frasso (who's married anyway); just got christened "Sweetheart of the World" by some fans in Japan; called "Most Typical American" by Faith Baldwin, novelist; has taught his monk to imitate Chevalier; and has entertained Princess Brinda of India at dinner. A full life! Address: Beverly Hills.

LYDA ROBERTI: Torrid blonde who once sang and danced in a Shanghai café. Peppy and dynamic. Giggles on the slightest provocation. Has trouped all over Europe, but finds American men the hardest to handle. Owns the broadest smile and prettiest legs in Hollywood. Has a Polish accent that isn't faked and is now vacationing in New York in musical comedy, "Pardon My English." Address North Formosa, Hollywood.

LEW AYRES: Five feet ten. Weighs 150. The lad is probably the happiest husband in town. Lola Lane's the spouse. Other interests are astronomy and—this month, anyway—magic tricks. Lew has learned how to imitate an epileptic fit convincingly. (Our Hollywood indoor sports!) Always wears old clothes and snarls if you recognize him on the street. Address: Woodrow Wilson Drive, Hollywood.

HOLD THAT SMILE —I'D LIKE TO SELL THIS ONE TO A TOOTHPASTE MAKER

"Since Colgate's made my smile worth while this picture goes to Colgate's!

Besides—they've saved me quarters on toothpaste since I was a youngster"

No tooth preparation—of any kind—at any price—with any claims—can clean your teeth better or more safely than Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream. Any dentist will verify this statement.

25¢
COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
ACCEPTED AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION
COLGATE'S RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

ACCEPTED AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION

This seal signifies that the composition of the product has been submitted to the Council and that the claims have been found acceptable to the Council.

CONSTANCE CUMMINGS
COLUMBIA PICTURE STAR
ARLINE JUDGE
RADIO PICTURES STAR

BLONDE

OR BRUNETTE

Look to the Stars
for hairdress perfection

STARS of the screen and beautiful society leaders everywhere accept the dictates of fashionable beauty salons where only the finest hairdress accessories are used. Here, HOLD-BOBS are the inevitable rule! . . . because these famous bob pins will keep any coiffure more beautiful-looking a longer time. HOLD-BOBS have small, round heads that do not show in the hair...and the flexible, tapered legs, one side crimped, hold the hair securely in place whether it is bobbed, long or "in-between". . . the ends of HOLD-BOBS are smooth and non-scratching. HOLD-BOBS come in colors to match all types of beauty. Use HOLD-BOBS, always, either the straight style or the new curved shape style which has so quickly won favor in New York and Hollywood—and be assured of a more beautiful coiffure.

MAIL COUPON FOR
FREE SUPPLY

Write today for sample card of HOLD-BOBS (specify color) and new booklet "The Quest for Beauty"... FREE...send coupon.

Gold and silver Metal Foil cards identify HOLD-BOBS everywhere... made in all sizes to meet every requirement. Also sold under these brand names: BOB-ETTES, CLIP-PER-ETTES and LOX-THE-LOCKS.

Made Only by
THE HUMP HAIRPIN MFG. COMPANY
(Division of Chain Store Products Corporation)
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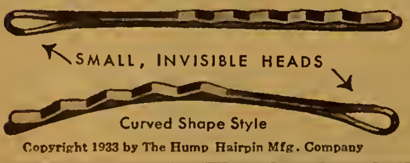
1918-36 Prairie Avenue Dept. C-2, Chicago, Ill.
The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co. of Canada, Ltd.
St. Hyacinthe, P. Q., Canada

Straight Style HOLD-BOB



Curved Shape Style

Copyright 1933 by The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Company

The Hump Hairpin Mfg. Co.
Dept. C-2, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me free sample card of HOLD-BOBS and the new booklet "The Quest for Beauty."

Name..........

Address..........

City.......... State..........
☐ Blonde ☐ Gray ☐ Brunette ☐ Gold

The Headline Career of "The Royal Family"

(*Continued from page 43*)

next week. Marriage rumors follow news, with prospective bride a mystery.

April 10, 1928—John says he will give open-air performance of "Hamlet" in Hollywood Bowl this summer.

May 4, 1928—He-man fight between John Barrymore and Myron Selznick, actors' agent, staged on lawn of Hotel Ambassador in Los Angeles, in front of cottage occupied by John and Lionel, over asserted remarks by Selznick. Barrymore said to be "mountaining" with black eye. Selznick shows no signs of strain.

May 13, 1928—Ethel tells reporters she still suffers from stagefright, although she has been on the stage many years.

June 24, 1928—New York theatre named after famous clan. Messrs. Shubert to put accolade on new theatre, dubbing it "The Ethel Barrymore."

July 15, 1928—New York critic, Percy Hammond, calls new Ethel Barrymore Theatre "a Broadway cathedral." Remarks, in spirit of levity, he will probably have to take off shoes before entering.

July 24, 1928—Barrymore postpones presentation of "Hamlet" in Hollywood Bowl indefinitely, because he cannot get certain necessary electrical effects from London.

October 12, 1928—Lionel to become film director. First venture will be short talkie for M-G-M.

October 30, 1928—Ethel is luncheon guest of President and Mrs. Coolidge at White House.

November 21, 1928—John Barrymore and Dolores Costello file notice of intention to wed. Silent about plans. Barrymore says where and when his last wife, Michael Strange, got divorce is his secret.

November 23, 1928—Mysterious woman calls at Marriage License Bureau and warns office not to issue license to Barrymore, claiming he hasn't final decree from second wife. Barrymore refuses to comment on rumors. Maurice Costello, famous actor and father-in-law of prospective groom, says John should clear up situation. Says he was once mad at his daughter, but has since forgiven her.

November 24, 1928—John goes to see play, "The Royal Family," in Los Angeles—supposedly a satire of the Barrymore clan. Says he cannot see any resemblance to Ethel or grandmother in play, but does recognize himself and finds character drawn by Fredric March "very interesting."

November 25, 1928—John and Dolores quietly wed at home of bride.

November 26, 1928—Press dispatch from Cannes, France, clears up question of Barrymore divorce from second wife, Michael Strange. She says she obtained interlocutory decree, August, 1928, and final decree three months later.

November 27, 1928—Message from Kingston, New York, verifies statement of Miss Strange. Divorce was kept secret since Barrymore's real name, John Blythe, was used on papers.

December 1, 1928—Ethel flays critics for "picking on her" during last few years.

December 4, 1928—Ethel forced to cancel performances in "The Kingdom of God" in Boston because of abscess in ear. In hospital.

February 12, 1929—John and bride, on belated honeymoon, arrive in Guayaquil, Ecuador, on yacht *Mariner*.

March 13, 1929—Ethel suffers relapse in illness from influenza.

June 10, 1929—Lionel opposed to demands of Actors' Equity, the "actors' union," in regard to talking picture work. Says it is not fair for minority to come into new business and expect to change that business to conform with own ideas. Question of working hours exaggerated, he says. Many spent on golf links that studios pay for.

June 15, 1929—Ethel to play Negress in title rôle of dramatization of "Scarlet Sister Mary."

June 23, 1929—Lionel sets New York by ears with direction of "Madame X," starring Ruth Chatterton.

July 28, 1929—Ethel denies any knowledge of Hollywood 18-day diet, reported to have originated with her. Says she is not psychic. Says she probably has power to hold audiences, or would stay at home knitting and doing odd jobs about house.

August 12, 1929—Ethel, vice president of Actors' Equity, scores president Frank Gillmore for position in Hollywood strike. Gillmore talks back about "borers from within."

August 20, 1929—Ethel replies, "Gillmore had to blame someone for failure of Equity's strike." Says she has been for Equity since 1919 and has no intention of resigning.

August 21, 1929—John places order for 120-foot steel power cruiser with cruising radius of more than five thousand miles.

September 10, 1929—John Barrymores expecting the stork. Arrival may or may not terminate Dolores Costello's career.

December 30, 1929—Where will baby be born? One report says New York. John says he doesn't know.

January 16, 1930—John's new yacht, *The Infanta* (named for expected heir), christened at San Pedro. Dolores crashes champagne bottle across prow. Construction cost approximately $185,000. Has 275 horsepower.

February 19, 1930—Lionel will leave Los Angeles by 'plane to-day for Cuba, where wife is stricken seriously ill.

April 8, 1930—Mrs. John Barrymore enters Good Samaritan Hospital to await birth of baby.

April 9, 1930—Baby born is girl. Will be named Dolores Ethel Mae, after her mother, her famous aunt, and her maternal grandmother. John, who is popularly believed to be disappointed that baby was not a boy, takes room in hospital next to wife.

May 4, 1930—Ethel tosses new brickbat at New York critics, calling them "rock men, like those things that creep from under rocks when it is dark." It seems the critics did not speak fulsomely of her latest plays, "The Kingdom of God" and "The Love Duel," called plays unworthy of her.

June 2, 1930—John, Dolores and baby, Uncle Lionel and the Joseph Cawthorns go for cruise on *The Infanta*.

August 29, 1930—Formal christening of Dolores Ethel Mae takes place.

September 26, 1930—Ethel Barrymore Colt, of the ninth generation of a famous stage family, made her début tonight in a small rôle in her mother's play, "Scarlet Sister Mary," in Columbus, Ohio. Also wore blackface.

October 12, 1930—Ethel Barrymore believes that drama criticism, as practised by this generation of newspaper reviewers, is a bane to art of the theatre. Suggests that critics stay away from her play coming to New York.

November 14, 1930—Film fans of Guate-

(*Continued on page 60*)

In Berlin,

UNIVERSITY OF BERLIN, on the famous Unter den Linden, where Dr. Wilhelm Richter holds the chair of dermatology.

both *Dry and Oily Skin* quickly improved with Woodbury's

reports Dr. Wilhelm Richter

Renowned German Dermatologist who conducted

HALF·FACE·BEAUTY TEST

Left, COUNTESS LENORE STENBOCK, Berlin society woman and well-known portrait painter. *Right*, GERBY GORT, leading German actress of the Berlin Lustspielhaus. Both were amazed that, in the thirty-day Half-face Test, Woodbury's Facial Soap so quickly overcame such opposite defects as dry and oily skin.

The Half-face Test has recently been carried to the capitals of Europe—with the same astounding results as were shown last year in the United States.

In Berlin a group of women were treated under the supervision of Dr. Wilhelm Richter, Professor of Dermatology at the University of Berlin. His subjects were of every social rank—using cosmetics of every grade. Dr. Richter said:

"The *left* side of your face you may continue to care for as you wish. The *right* side you will wash every day with this soap (Woodbury's). Then we shall have proof, on your very cheeks, of which treatment is most healthful for your skin."

For thirty days, Dr. Richter and his assistants recorded every change in appearance of the skin on the right and left sides of the test faces. Many had the typical sensitive Nordic skin, subject to dryness, wrinkles, enlarged pores. But a number also had oily, sallow skin.

Decided Improvement Soon

The improvement on the Woodbury side of the faces amazed the doctor. Especially that such widely differing conditions as dry and oily skin responded to the treatment. Moreover, enlarged pores were reduced; blackheads removed; pimples disappeared; scaliness vanished; lines and wrinkles grew fainter; acne improved; even *freckles* faded! "Ich bin erstaunt," declared Dr. Richter, "Es freut mich" (I am surprised, delighted). And cries of "Herrlich," "Wunderbar," "Schön," could be heard on the lips of the subjects as they gazed at their improved Woodbury cheeks! But the other cheeks, cleansed in the ordinary way, remained the same as before.

Dr. Richter's report says: "Even after a short treatment, a decided improvement in the condition of the skin took place. The highly favorable results of the tests have indisputably proved that special advantageous properties must be accorded to Woodbury's Facial Soap."

YOUR skin, too, will respond to Woodbury's Facial Soap. It does more than just cleanse; it is a tonic and corrective beauty treatment in cake form. It will correct blemishes, and do something even *more* fundamental. If your skin is oily it will check the flow of the oil. If dry, it will stimulate it. You will be overjoyed how quickly Woodbury's will make your skin *normal*, healthy, radiant, fine.

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Personal: to Blondes

TESTS made at a great college prove it's more thrilling to men to kiss a blonde than a brunette or red-head. Science says this is because blondes' light hair makes them seem more feminine, flowerlike. But dull blondes might as well be brunettes. Don't let *your* hair get drab, dark. Blondex Shampoo actually makes blonde hair two shades lighter. Brings out all the shimmering, golden lights. Gives to dull, stringy light hair a satiny, rippling halo of blonde loveliness. Formerly sold only in the $1.00 size, you can now get Blondex in the new 25¢ size. Try this inexpensive size today. At all drug and dept. stores.

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We guarantee Stay-thin O B C T prescription to take off 5 lbs. or more in 10 days, or refund your money. No diet or exercise required. A sure, harmless remedy recommended by physicians. Send $1.00 for week's treatment, or pay postman on delivery.

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The Headline Career of "The Royal Family"

(*Continued from page 58*)

mala City, Mexico, turn out to welcome the John Barrymores, making side trip while on new cruise of Southern waters.

November 23, 1930—Ethel Barrymore collapses in dressing-room in Cass Theatre, Detroit, an hour before matinée performance. Believed suffering from laryngitis and conjunctivitis.

December 10, 1930—Ethel Barrymore will terminate Broadway run of "Scarlet Sister Mary." Says many of her New York friends are determined not to see her in blackface.

January 30, 1931—John Drew Colt, son of Ethel, makes unheralded "walk-on" in mob scene of mother's play, "Scarlet Sister Mary," in Chicago. Famous tradition of Barrymores observed, calling for the gift of a red apple for a début; carries fruit ordered by telegraph by Uncle John in large inside pocket of suit.

February 14, 1931—Ethel plans to retrace the "troupers' trail," playing the one-night stands in the small cities of America, accompanied by her son and daughter. Says small cities are more sophisticated than the large ones these days and more appreciative of good drama . . . John, in interview to-day, says he prefers screen to stage, "because I am, by the grace of God, a very indolent person—and if it weren't for the screen, I might be in the rubber business to-day." . . . Reveals that he is still suffering from jungle fever, contracted on Southern cruise three months ago. Making "Svengali" under difficulties.

June 26, 1931—John and wife and baby arrive in Juneau, Alaska, on yacht. John making a fishing trip. Explains baby's presence by saying everybody should learn how to fish early.

June 30, 1931—Brown bear charges John Barrymore while he is taking motion pictures on Lisianski Beach, Kodiak Island, Alaska. Actor stops animal with two shots, fired at distance of about twenty-five yards.

July 28, 1931—Ethel Barrymore, in Denver, given much front-page space by newspapers because of her surprisingly erratic performance at opening. She could hardly stand and had to be supported through part of the play. She explained by declaring she had strained ligament in left knee.

August 6, 1931—Miss Barrymore abandons week of bookings through California because of illness. Goes to rest on John's yacht.

September 6, 1931—Lionel Barrymore, having abandoned directing, at least temporarily, stages great comeback as actor in "A Free Soul," stealing picture from Norma Shearer.

November 1, 1931—Lowell Sherman and Helene Costello, sister of Mrs. John Barrymore, part. She will seek divorce. Rumored that difficulties were indirectly caused by a feud between Sherman and Barrymore, with Sherman forbidding wife to go to Barrymore's home to see her sister.

November 11, 1931—Award of Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences for best male performance of the year goes to Lionel Barrymore for work in "A Free Soul." Barrymore has to borrow full dress from studio for occasion. Even John has no dress suit pants to lend him.

January 24, 1932—No feud between Barrymore brothers, though flames of brotherly love are not apt to burn high. They will play together for first time in pictures in "Arsene Lupin." John will play smooth crook, Lionel will play suave detective.

February 12, 1932—New arrival expected at John Barrymore home.

February 18, 1932—John Barrymore puts forth priority claim for $150,000 loaned Guaranty Building and Loan Association (now in receivers' hands) in 1926.

February 26, 1932—Ethel Barrymore at last succumbs to lure of Hollywood, like brothers. Will arrive sometime this summer to play with both Lionel and John in film based on life of Rasputin, "the Mad Monk." Trio have never played together before, on either stage or screen.

March 17, 1932—Senator Frederic C. Walcott invites Ethel Barrymore and Alice Roosevelt Longworth to luncheon, and forgets. They arrive, finally go to eat and on way out meet the Senator, who greets them heartily and is surprised to meet them.

May 28, 1932—Ethel arrives in Hollywood to make picture with two brothers, and many celebrities at train to greet her. She and John greet each other effusively. Lionel will play *Rasputin*, John will play his greatest enemy, *Prince Paul*, Ethel will play *Rasputin's* foremost victim, the *Czarina*.

June 4, 1932—Son born to John and Dolores Costello Barrymore, in Hollywood. Father elated. Says he doesn't see why there should be another John Barrymore, but baby will be named John Blythe Barrymore, II.

June 30, 1932—Lionel Barrymore officially elevated to stardom. Reward for performance in "Grand Hotel."

August 22, 1932—Two-months-old son of John Barrymore is baptized at St. Andrew's Church, Pasadena, by Father James P. O'Shea. Ethel and Lionel attend ceremony. In fact, all the Barrymores are present.

September 15, 1932—Having story trouble with "Rasputin," and production is behind schedule. No fireworks of any note yet between the Barrymores, though Ethel finds movie work arduous—particularly with John and Lionel "coaching" her.

September 22, 1932—George Cukor, director, calls John Barrymore greatest American actor. Says, "His ability to project himself into a dramatic character; to let that character completely transcend his own individuality; to interpret it down to the last fine shade of mood and thought and feeling—those talents and that genius are possessed by no other actor on the stage or screen to-day." Praise inspired by John's performance in "A Bill of Divorcement."

October 1, 1932—Mary Duncan, exotic screen player, who has been seen much in company of John Drew Colt, leaves Hollywood suddenly for New York.

October 20, 1932—With "Rasputin" finished at last, Ethel leaves Hollywood with three children. Will start rehearsals immediately for new play, "Encore," in which she plays a prima donna.

November 30, 1932—Ethel forced to close play, trying out in New Haven, Connecticut, because of severe cold. Disappointed, because audiences had been large. Doctor orders her to bed.

December 2, 1932—Ethel's cold little better, and with fever rising, but she insists on returning to New York. Doctor warns her she is risking pneumonia.

December 5, 1932—Ethel Barrymore Colt announces that her mother's fever is subsiding and that she is convalescing from severe attack of influenza.

December 23, 1932—World première of "Rasputin and the Empress" at Astor Theatre, New York, last night before brilliant audience. Critics hail all three Barrymores—but particularly Lionel.

Red chapped hands

made smooth and white in 3 days!

•

Soreness relieved instantly

EVERY TIME you wash dishes, clothes, peel vegetables, clean with harsh alkali cleansers or put your hands in hot water, you dry out the precious protecting oils in your skin.

The skin then roughens and if exposed to winter weather, chaps and cracks open. Hands then become so unsightly they seem fairly to shout "housework!" to all who see them. And often they're so painful you almost want to cry.

But now, with a dainty *chiffon-weight* cream you can instantly put back the natural lubricating oils in your skin—and secure immediate relief from all pain. The moment you apply it, your hands actually feel soft and soothed. It's almost like magic!

And in 3 days the skin is completely healed—without a sign of those rough, ugly cracks, those swollen knuckles, that dry chapped scaliness.

Does not dry the skin

This dainty liquid is called Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. It is not a weak, thinned-out lotion. It is not a thick, gummy jelly. Such preparations often contain excessive drying substances that coarsen and parch the skin. Hinds is entirely different—a delicate, *chiffon-weight* cream that is gratefully absorbed by the dry, thirsty pores. Hinds actually leaves an invisible "*second skin*" that acts as a constant protection to your hands.

Thousands of housewives, business girls, sportsmen and outdoor playing youngsters, from coast to coast, depend on this simple method to keep their hands smooth and comfortable.

A STUNNING GOWN
. . . but her hands
cried "housework!"

***A 7-day trial bottle for you*—FREE**

Try Hinds at our expense. Mail coupon at right for a 7-day trial bottle. Smooth it on after any hand-roughening task, after exposure and *always* before going to bed at night. The very first day should see hands much softer and whiter—hardly a hint of chapping. Next day, still lovelier. The third day, a complete transformation! And to *keep* this new loveliness always, just *continue* using Hinds. Regular use is the secret! An aid in manicuring, too. Fill out and mail coupon *now*.

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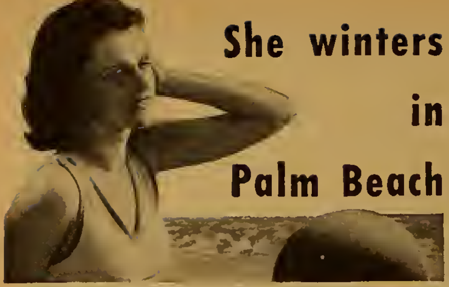
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SHE can afford the best. She knows it when she gets it. That's why she uses Luxor powder. Its fine texture gives her skin a perfect finish. Its purity safeguards her from blemishes. Its fragrance is her favorite scent. (And her personal perfume. It's La Richesse, $16 the ounce.) From the perfect Luxor shades she chooses just the tint to make her most lovely. Wouldn't you like to do the same? You can get Luxor at beauty counters, or by sending us the coupon below.

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Please send generous trial package of Luxor powder and rouge. Enclosed is ten cents to help cover mailing costs.

Check, *Powder:* Rose Rachel___ Rachel___ Flesh___

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The New Court That Settles Hollywood Quarrels

(*Continued from page 21*)

reached the following notable decision: That James Cagney was to return to work for Warner Brothers, but not, mind you, without concessions from Warners. According to guarded reports, it is whispered that Cagney will receive $1,750 weekly salary in place of the $1,400 he was drawing on his original agreement. Also, according to the reports, $1,750 is the sum that Cagney would now be earning anyway, if he had kept on working instead of inviting himself on a holiday.

The entire affair was settled with such dispatch and mutual satisfaction to both parties that the new Academy "court" has rated any number of other important "cases" since the Cagney *vs.* Warner bout.

At the present moment the "Judges" are weighing the RKO suit against actor Lee Tracy for "unnecessarily holding up production" to the tune of $14,000. The picture that brought on the dispute was "The Half-Naked Truth." The RKO officials contend that "without warning or explanation" Tracy was absent three days.

According to the complaint, many extras had been engaged for certain sequences, large, expensive sets were being used, a company of actors and camera technicians were on "full pay" and yet not a camera could be turned because of the missing Mr. Tracy! At this writing, Lee Tracy has had nothing to say other than that he was ill. It is now squarely up to the Academy to say whether or not Tracy owes RKO $14,000. Both sides will abide by the decision.

Carole Not a Rebel Long

THE case of Lombard *vs.* Paramount was far less pesky. It took only a moment of the Judges' time to settle the dispute of the blonde wife of William Powell and her contract-holding company. It seems that Paramount had loaned the svelte Carole to Warner Brothers for the leading rôle opposite the already-judged-upon James Cagney in "Hard to Handle" . . . and Carole had flatly refused to do it, with the result that Paramount promptly cut her off the payroll. (Several reasons for Carole's stand were hinted: Among them, that she did not believe the rôle to be of sufficient importance, that she was tired of being "loaned out" while important rôles on her own lot went to other girls.) Whatever the reason, Carole's one-woman strike was most upsetting to the plans of Paramount, who had promised to loan Carole in return for a loan of George Brent to Paramount. Carole no workee . . . George Brent no comee. . . .

Once more the Academy Board of Arbitration assumed the mantle of Solomon and decided in very fair and impartial judgment that Carole Lombard need not play the rôle in the Cagney picture if she would accept *another* part in *another* picture on the Warner Brothers lot! Now, what could be fairer than that? Carole did consent to play a leading rôle in another opus—and once more everything was on the up-and-up between a player and a studio.

No sooner was this case checked off the calendar of the increasingly busy Academy Court than another problem was put before it for decision. This time it was actress Pauline Starke against director James Cruze, with Pauline claiming that Cruze owed her $6,000 for an "unfulfilled agreement."

According to Pauline's side of the story, two years ago James Cruze, as both director and producer, engaged her services for the film entitled "The Great Gabbo." The contract called for four weeks' work at the stipulated salary of $1,500 weekly. But after two or three days' work, Miss Starke complained, she was "unjustly" removed from the cast and Betty Compson, then Cruze's wife, was put into her rôle. And what was particularly upsetting to Pauline, she said, was that she was not paid a penny on her contract.

On the other hand, James Cruze contended that it was impossible for him to use Miss Starke in the rôle for the reason that she "could not memorize her lines!"

The Starke *vs.* Cruze problem was taken under consideration by the Academy, after witnesses for both sides had testified, much in the manner of a case in a real court. And after due deliberation, the Academy decided that Pauline was due the $6,000.

Although the tug-of-war between Universal and Paramount studios over the services of Gloria Stuart did not attain as much newspaper space and comment as many other cases successfully solved by the Academy, it must be stated to the Academy's credit that they were wholly and entirely responsible for the decision that put Gloria to work at Universal.

This case came up about a year ago, when a juggling of dramatic agents' activities found Gloria signed on a Paramount and a Universal contract at one and the same time. After going into the tangled affair thoroughly, the Board of Judges had but one question to ask and determine: "Who made the contract offer to Gloria *first?*" When it was brought to light that the Universal offer had preceded the Paramount bid by a few weeks and had been accepted, the judges voted the Stuart services to Universal—and Paramount admitted that the decision was fair enough, when this fact had been definitely established.

Ann Dvorak Case Next

IN fact, so pleased is Hollywood over the findings of her private court that many other problems and disputes are being scheduled for Academy decision. Foremost among these is the Ann Dvorak-Warner Brothers contract feud.

Ann, you remember, "ran away to Europe" with hubby Leslie Fenton right in the middle of a Warner Brothers contract and two very important new pictures—one of them Ronald Colman's "Cynara."

It was whispered from the Dvorak camp that Ann was deeply dissatisfied with the monetary agreement of her contract, and Ann strengthened this idea by telling reporters in New York that a child who worked in a picture of hers made more money than she, the star! She told ship news men she might make pictures abroad.

But from the Warner Brothers studio comes the story that Ann never mentioned to them that she was unhappy over her contract. In fact, claims the company, there would have been no difficulty about Ann's securing a sizable raise, had she come to them in a friendly fashion and asked for it, instead of "running out." There is little doubt in anyone's mind that it will be entirely possible for Warner Brothers to keep Ann Dvorak off the screen by the terms of the contract they hold on her services if they care to do so. But studio executives insist they do not want to keep Ann off the screen.

All they ask is that she come home and be a good sport and let the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences settle the difficulty, as they have so successfully settled other cases. The studio is willing to abide by the decision of Hollywood's new and absolutely impartial Private Court. How about you, Ann?

College Girls *in one-leg test* cut down Stocking Runs *75%*

CAKE SOAP
LUX

"I washed one stocking every day the Lux way—the other I rubbed with cake soap . . . See the run in the cake-soap stocking! The Lux stocking is like new. Nothing but Lux for our stockings from now on, we girls all say."

Marjorie Sheerin

A GROUP OF COLLEGE GIRLS got together recently on a test of stocking wear.

The "One-Leg Test" they call it, because *one* stocking was washed every night the Lux way—the *other* rubbed with cake soap.

They reported amazing results! 75% *fewer* runs in the Lux-washed stockings than in the stockings labeled "Cake Soap."

Cake-soap rubbing destroys the *elasticity* of the silk. This is the live, stretchable quality of silk which makes it wear. Lux is made to *preserve* this vital elasticity. That's why clever girls *save* their stockings by washing them the 2-minute Lux way each night.

"WE GIRLS were awfully keen about this test," says Miss Sheerin, "because it showed us how many stocking runs you can avoid by washing your stockings the right way. In the test, we each took a pair, labeled one stocking *Lux*, the other, *cake soap*.

"EVERY NIGHT we Luxed one stocking—rubbed the other with cake soap. There were 75% fewer runs in the Lux stockings!

"THAT'S WHY we all use Lux now—it's such an easy way to cut down stocking bills. It takes only 2 minutes, and when you save elasticity with Lux, stockings not only *wear* better but *fit* better. Keep their color and look smoother, too."

Beauty Expert says, "Use Lux for Dishes"

"It's beauty care for hands—that's why we urge women who do their own work to use Lux for dishes. It never dries the hands as ordinary soaps often do."
Gladys Perry (With Charles of the Ritz, N.Y.)

LUX *saves stocking elasticity*

QUICK, PURE SUDS
in lukewarm water

keep baby's "undies" soft as down

Could anything be a surer test of soap than baby's little silk-and-wool shirts! Washed every day, yet they *must not* shrink and stiffen . . . they *must not* hold any harsh irritant to harm baby's skin! Try Ivory Snow for baby's washing. See what beautiful pure suds you get instantly in LUKEWARM WATER. See how soft and sweet and comfortable they keep baby's clothes.

Ivory Snow is a new, improved kind of soap for fine fabrics—made to dissolve without hot water. You can start with the lukewarm water that is SAFE for silks and wools and colors. For Ivory Snow is not cut into flat flakes, but BLOWN fine as drift-snow. It melts like snow, yet each tiny particle is packed full of rich, smooth, pure Ivory suds. You'll have no trouble rinsing Ivory Snow—no trouble with soap spots—because it dissolves *thoroughly*. It has no flat pieces that can stick to fabrics.

You will like Ivory Snow for speedy dishwashing, too. It keeps your hands young and fair, without extravagance, for a whopping big package costs only 15¢! At your grocer's.

Makers of fine fabrics praise IVORY SNOW

After thorough washing tests, Mallinson, Cheney Brothers and Truhu call Ivory Snow **"a perfect soap for silks." "Ideal for woolens,"** say the weavers of fine Biltmore Handwoven Homespuns, the makers of downy Mariposa blankets, and the Botany Worsted Mills.

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SNOW
for silks and woolens
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Why Charles Farrell Is Parting from Janet Gaynor

(*Continued from page 41*)

romance-hungry world, appraised his career to date—put knowing fingers on faults and virtues, and arrived at basic and sound conclusions about himself. He discussed the situation without rancor, with an objective logic that augurs well not only for his material future, but for that spiritual quality which devout audiences have long since detected.

Janet Sees His Viewpoint

"BOTH Janet and I recognize that our double-harness in pictures has unquestionably done an infinite amount of harm to me. For no two players can receive equally important rôles in picture after picture. It was my misfortune to get the lesser rôles—to be, after a fashion, the sacrifice to the startling charm, to the great genius that are Janet's.

"Her rôles were tailored for her—they were wistful, romantic—suitable to her delicate and individual talent. But in the very beginning she had the foresight to demand that special attention. She realized that greatness cannot continue or endure without great rôles. She went to the mat with the studio on that very point, and since then she has unfailingly scored at the box-office with typical Gaynor rôles.

"But I, who had made my success in vital character parts, accepted dressed-up rôles, lacking in stamina and vitality—rôles that gave me nothing to do. The sad part of it is that these are the most difficult assignments, for they rarely have the redeeming virtues of telling scenes or even memorable moments.

"Instead of building gradually to a climax of achievement, I found myself departing with each picture from the high standard of *Chico*. I waited with growing desperation for one good picture that might take its place with 'Seventh Heaven'—just one rôle that would help me regain lost ground.

"I suddenly realized that meekness was not a virtue. That the time had come for rebellion. I began to refuse to do rôles. I objected to 'Wild Girl,' but eventually agreed to go into it. And when the studio was stuck for a lead in 'Tess of the Storm Country,' weeks after I had declared myself not at all pleased with it, I was magnanimous and went into it so that production would not be delayed. I had a faint hope that I would be rewarded with a really bang-up picture. But I was soon disillusioned—and when I discovered that I would continue to be either background for Janet or a name in weak pictures, I asked for my release.

Tells of Their Friendship

"CERTAINLY, I couldn't expect Janet to risk one bit of her prestige for me. She had worked too long and too hard for her position—no one knows that better than I do. For there exists between us not only a brother-and-sister affection, but the admiring friendship of two people who have gone through the mill together. We have shared struggles and heartaches, disappointments and hopes. We understand each other—even to the problems that have arisen from our close comradeship. We don't misinterpret motives or each other's ambitions. There is a very solid, a very lasting, a very beautiful bond between us. As a matter of fact, I don't know another team in pictures who have maintained a continuously amicable relationship. But that is because we have always played square with each other.

"A recent incident is a case in point. When the studio was choosing the all-star cast for 'State Fair,' Janet felt that it would detract from the strength of the picture if we were cast opposite each other—that it would kill the suspense in the plot. She told the studio executives so and offered to step out of the cast if they wanted me in it. She tried to reach me by telephone to tell me what she was going to do. I was not in town, and when I returned she called me immediately to explain what she had done—before anyone else could break the news to me. That straightforward way of doing things is characteristic of Janet. I understood her viewpoint and agreed with her. But I stepped out, instead. Lew Ayres got the part.

"I've known for a long time that I would never be great, co-starred with Janet. She realizes as vividly as I do that our playing together consistently has stunted my artistic growth. But assuredly, it was not her fault. It was unfortunate that I found myself in the anomalous position of trying to maintain my popularity in flaccid and meaningless rôles. I want to do rôles that have the flavor of a younger edition of Will Rogers—characters that are romantic in essence, but vital enough to be human, according to modern standards.

His Great Ambition

"NOW I shall be free to choose and discard—to keep faith with the public, which expects a certain merit of me. I hope I shall have an opportunity to show the audiences who have gone to see me all these years, no matter what the picture might have been, that their loyalty has not been misplaced. Certainly, I'll do my level best to prove that in 'Old Ironsides' and in 'Seventh Heaven' they saw the real Charles Farrell.

"Personal considerations, even the wrench attendant to leaving a studio where you've been a long time, fade into insignificance when a career is at stake. To an actor, nothing is so important as acting. Nothing holds the thrill of a meaty rôle satisfyingly done. It becomes the beginning and end of existence—almost the only reason for living. When you no longer feel that way about your job, you might just as well become a night watchman or go in for collecting stamps on a small scale. There must be a rosy glow about the future—not that hopeless feeling that your best picture is behind you.

"I suppose if I had made my last pictures—essentially pleasant and inconsequential, at the beginning of my career—and then ascended to my best ones, which came right at first—I would have been completely satisfied with myself and infinitely happier. But the knowledge that you're simply marking time—that there is no end in sight of that standing-still period—corrodes a man's soul. It robs him of assurance, of the desire to fight, of hope—even of purpose.

"There is no such thing as rising above a poor play or a weak rôle. It is axiomatic in the film business that a star needs good rôles in good plays to maintain box-office appeal. I would rather have second parts of worth, than so-called star parts minus the bone and fiber of reality.

His Idea of What You Want

"PEOPLE go to the theatre to be amused, to be stimulated, to take a holiday from everyday emotions. They have a right to expect certain things of the individual stars. They want to see Charles Farrell as a character with a veneer of badness, but with a below-the-surface goodness of which they are conscious every moment. When I disappoint them in their expectations, then I feel I have broken the covenant I made with them when their approval made me a star."

Charles Farrell was wise enough and keen enough to see artistic oblivion staring him in

(*Continued on page 71*)

no revealing outlines . . . but the same thickness, the same protective area

the new Phantom* Kotex

SANITARY NAPKIN
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YOU WANT to eliminate those telltale outlines. Yet you must have safe, certain, sanitary protection. And that . . . exactly that . . . is what the new Phantom Kotex gives you.

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This new Phantom Kotex is in every way as effective as the Kotex you know. Soft, even after hours of use; wonderfully absorbent; disposable.

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This improved Kotex is brought you at no increase in price. Never in its history has Kotex cost you so little!

Do not be confused. Other sanitary pads calling themselves form-fitting are in no sense the same as the New Phantom Kotex, U. S. Pat. No. 1,857,854.

For your protection, each end of this new Phantom Kotex is now plainly stamped "Kotex." It is on sale at all drug, dry goods and department stores. Also in vending cabinets through the West Disinfecting Company.

HOW SHALL I TELL MY DAUGHTER? Many a mother wonders. Now you simply hand your daughter the story booklet entitled, "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday." For free copy, address Mary Pauline Callender, care of Kotex Company, Room 2155A, 180 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago.

Note! *Phantom Kotex has the same thickness, the same protective area with the added advantage of tapered ends.*

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Invented over 30 years ago, by an internationally-known skin specialist, Italian Balm so widely won Canadian women that it is the largest selling, year-round skin protector in the Dominion. Offered in the United States only a few years ago, its popularity has spread coast-to-coast.

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TUNE IN—Monday Nights, "Fu Manchu" mystery dramas, Columbia network; Friday nights "First Nighter" plays, N. B. C. coast-to-coast.

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Ten Stars Tell Why They Don't Marry

(Continued from page 19)

girl happy. You have no right to marry unless you can do the things that are necessary for the success of the contract."

He does not want (he thinks) to marry a girl who is "in the profession." Most of them, I found, feel the same way. Joel wants marriage in the good-old-fashioned sense of the term. The man will be the head of the house. He will earn the living and provide the means for keeping the thing on an even keel. And he feels that he cannot afford to marry—now.

Phil Can't Forfeit Freedom

PHILLIPS HOLMES says that it is all a matter of budgeting. "You make budgets concerning your finances. Why not concerning your life? I *want* to be married. I want it very much. But my budget won't permit. I don't mean a financial budget at all. I could, I suppose, take a wife and support her properly now. It's my mental budget. You see, my upbringing has made me mentally independent. I have worked by myself, I am still doing it. I have a long way to go and a lot to do. I *need* to do it by myself, without thought of anyone else—now. If I had to share my ambitions, my purposes, make compromises, it would do something to me!

"Besides, I want marriage to be permanent—to last forever. A marriage ought to *found* something. Do you know what I mean? A family, with traditions, children. Grandchildren, for goodness' sake! A house—a big, solid one—with an attic and a cellar. A family with a family feeling—that feeling of being together and belonging. There are keepsakes in that family. Old diplomas and dried-up wedding bouquets and baby shoes. It sounds sentimental, but that's how I feel about it. You can't do that in Hollywood. Everything here is so darned transient, so expedient, so arranged for immediate commercial advantage! You don't build homes—real ones—that way.

"Then there is this ego thing. My ego seems to have learned to depend upon itself. I am afraid, now, to let another equally important ego interfere with it. That's what I mean by mental budgeting. I can't spare enough of myself—yet!"

Cary Afraid It Wouldn't Last

CARY GRANT objects to marriage in general—and Hollywood marriage in particular.

"Public opinion wrecks it," he pronounced. "There is no way of avoiding it, either. An actor can't afford to ignore public opinion. It is jealous of you and it makes prisoners of you. It lays down rules for you, and if you do not follow them—well, it can destroy you.

"You must, when you marry, according to this arbitrary dictator, take an elaborate honeymoon. You must establish and support a home on a certain scale, drive certain kinds of cars, give certain types of parties—or else public opinion brands you as mean or unsuccessful (which is worse). Gossip—mostly in the public prints—tells your wife that you are amorously interested in the leading woman in your current picture, or the same gossip tells you that your wife has been casting eyes at this director or at that handsome young male star. These things, however unfounded, do not make for domestic complacency or peace!

"Then, even if you can survive this outside interference, there are things that *all* married people do that are not fair. When a man marries, he insists, stupidly enough, upon worshiping an impossible ideal. Women do it, too. The beloved one becoming uncomfortable upon that chill, unfamiliar pedestal, tries to climb down after a while and be just a normal, fallible human being. The lover is appalled and keeps trying to push her back. A pedestal is a most uncomfortable spot! You marry one sort of person and begin immediately to try to make her over into another sort of person, in accordance with your own ideas. It's a sort of property thing, I suppose. You think, 'I own this. Now, what can I do to improve it?' But the person resents—and properly—being thus improved! Oh, no! Marriage, as I have observed it, looks entirely too difficult!"

Walter Fears a "Casual" Union

WALTER BYRON doesn't like marriage as he observes it, either. I met him one afternoon in a drive-in sandwich stand. He brought his tray to my car and we munched barbecued pork-on-toast and discussed (I forget why) marriage.

"How *can* they?" he inquired, bitterly, between munches. "How *can* they love and marry and live together—and then separate and divorce and go right on seeing each other at parties, dancing together at night-clubs, sitting next to one another at dinner parties? If they ever cared for each other, felt the bitterness that comes when love dies—how could they be so casual? The whole thing, nowadays, is so casual! Nobody *works* at it. Nobody, apparently, cares or expects to make a success of it. Marriage is a passing thing. That's why I don't marry. I couldn't go into it on that basis. And that, it seems, is the only basis upon which anyone goes into it at all—now! It isn't just in Hollywood. It's that way everywhere. I don't want any of it—like that!"

Randolph Scott says, "Marriage probably works better in other places than it does here. I have wanted terribly to marry twice in my life. I have tried desperately to persuade two different girls to have me. Both of those times were before I had got any sort of start in pictures.

"It would be silly of me to say that I might not get into the same state of mind again. But—I hope that I shan't. I don't like what I see of marriage in picture circles. There is too much against it. By the very nature of pictures, we who work in them are constantly concerned with sex. We think about it, theorize about it, emphasize it all day long in the mere course of earning our livings. It is an unhealthy emphasis. We are too much concerned with it. Besides that, there is a free-and-easy code of behavior in show circles—which does *not* make for domestic security!

Two Boys Avoiding Unhappiness

"I SHOULD hate to marry a professional woman because I should almost certainly be jealous of her. On the other hand, a non-professional woman, married to an actor, must be unhappy and uncomfortable a lot of the time because she feels *left out*—even of conversations. There is no other place in the world where people talk shop as persistently and as boringly (to outsiders) as they do in Hollywood. No one ever discusses anything except pictures. That is horrible for a person who is not concerned with them, herself. No, I don't see how I could make a success of marriage, no matter *who* the girl was—as long as I remained in pictures. And, as things look now, I had better stay in them for a good, long while if I want to make a living!"

Eric Linden has a personal and intimate bitterness about marriage. His father disappeared when Eric was two years old. After that, things were difficult for a long,

long time. Not only that, but Eric saw marital failure and discontent all around him. He is convinced that there is something fundamentally wrong with marriage, as an institution. He lives now with his mother, who looks after him in the tender, clinging, absorbed way that mothers look after only sons. Eric is, at heart, pretty domestic. Recently, he bought a shack in the hills above Hollywood. Just a shack. He has had a beautiful time, re-building it, making it over, himself. It is going to be Home for Eric and his mother.

"There will be no love-at-first-sight in my life!" he announces firmly. "I know too much about it. I doubt whether there will be love—important love—in my life at all. I don't believe in it. Mostly it is just somebody trying to get something from someone else—for nothing. To take and take—and to give as little as possible!"

A disillusioned young man! He will probably be converted.

Ramon Can't Find Right Girl

RAMON NOVARRO says that he has not married because he has the old-fashioned, romantic, Latin ideas about the thing. And they do not seem to fit in Hollywood. Ramon is devoutly religious and his creed does not permit divorce if the thing seems not to be a success. Marriage, for Ramon, would be forever and ever. "I want an old-fashioned girl with old-fashioned ideas"—ideas about the Head of the house, about fidelity, loyalty, spiritual communion, mutual interests—things that so many girls don't seem to bother their heads about these days. Ramon intends to marry some day. "But I want it to be a serious business, with an air of permanence about it. And I see no prospects of that in Hollywood."

Gavin Gordon has been in love. Completely, devastatingly, hopelessly. He thinks that it will not happen to him again—just like that. He hopes some day, in the far distant future, to marry. But not now. "I hope that when I do marry, it will be on some basis of friendship and companionship, a basis of understanding and tolerance and mutual interests. Someone with whom I can have *fun*. But not now. . . . "

Buddy Can't Pick Just One

BUDDY ROGERS says that marriage simply does not appeal to him. "In the first place, I seem to be so darned *fickle!*" he admits. "First I like one girl and sometimes I think I have found Her. Then, the week after, I meet someone else who seems twice as attractive. And that has gone on until I should be afraid to trust myself to marry anybody. I mean—I'm nearly thirty years old and if I were capable of 'settling to one,' you'd think I'd have found it out by now. The truth is, I'm afraid of the 'blessed state'!

"Maybe I'll turn out to be like a cautious uncle of mine—who courted a girl for twenty years before he plucked up courage to ask her to marry him. 'You can't be too careful. . . . ' he used to say, shaking his head over the terrible risk of matrimony.

"I haven't even any particular preferences in girls. I like blondes, brunettes, redheads and all the shades in between. And thinking it over, I don't know any married people—any at all!—whom I envy. None of the couples I know seem to be any too happy. I'm just plain afraid of matrimony!"

Hollywood bachelors, you see, are pretty determined about staying single. Their reasons vary. Surrounded with beautiful women, they cling to their freedom with a curious and interesting persistence. I'll bet you a nickel that not four of these ten will marry within the next two years. They are too cynical about the thing. But all of them will marry some time. . . .

Now $1 equals $3 in fighting colds

PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC is 3 times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence it goes 3 times as far. And whether you buy the 25c, 50c, or $1 size, you still get 3 times as much for your money.

YOU may be trying to save money. But instead of saving it you're losing it if you don't know the difference between the two kinds of mouth antiseptics on the market. One kind *must* be used *full strength* to be effective—that means "if you add water, it won't kill germs."

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Some of the 50 different uses for this modern antiseptic

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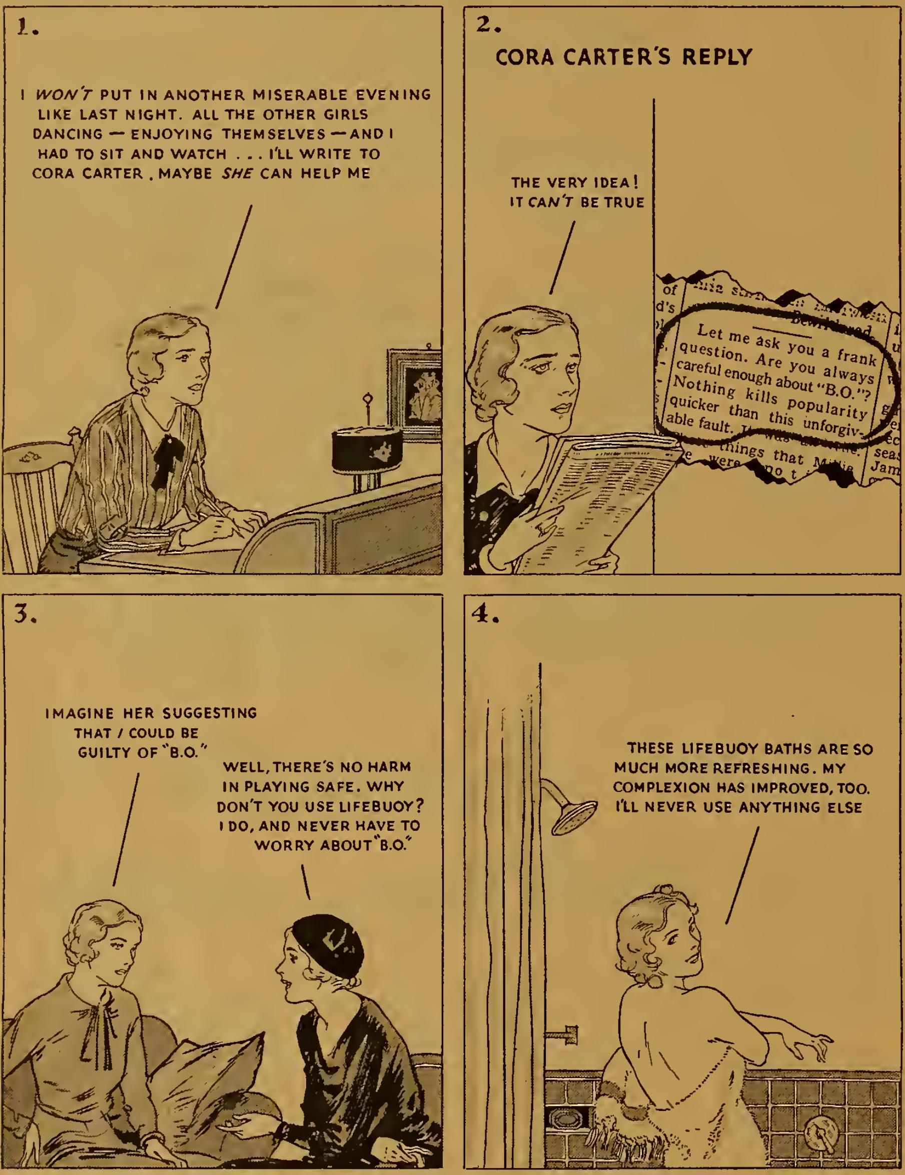
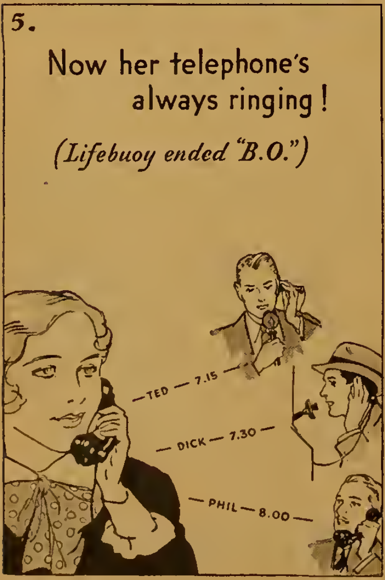
Tired, Aching Feet

Pepsodent Antiseptic

A HINT FROM THE "HEART" EDITOR by Timmins



1.
I WON'T PUT IN ANOTHER MISERABLE EVENING LIKE LAST NIGHT. ALL THE OTHER GIRLS DANCING — ENJOYING THEMSELVES — AND I HAD TO SIT AND WATCH . . . I'LL WRITE TO CORA CARTER . MAYBE SHE CAN HELP ME
2.
CORA CARTER'S REPLY
THE VERY IDEA! IT CAN'T BE TRUE
Let me ask you a frank question. Are you always careful enough about "B.O."? Nothing kills popularity quicker than this unforgiv-able fault.
3.
IMAGINE HER SUGGESTING THAT I COULD BE GUILTY OF "B.O."
WELL, THERE'S NO HARM IN PLAYING SAFE. WHY DON'T YOU USE LIFEBUOY? I DO, AND NEVER HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT "B.O."
4.
THESE LIFEBUOY BATHS ARE SO MUCH MORE REFRESHING. MY COMPLEXION HAS IMPROVED, TOO. I'LL NEVER USE ANYTHING ELSE



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Now her telephone's always ringing!
(Lifebuoy ended "B.O.")
TED — 7.15
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You CAN'T attract if "B.O." offends (body odor)

GOOD looks, radiant smile, pleasing personality—they're all forgotten the minute people notice you're careless about "B.O." (*body odor*)! Play safe—bathe regularly with Lifebuoy. You can tell by its pleasant, quickly-vanishing, *extra-clean* scent that Lifebuoy is no ordinary toilet soap. Its rich, hygienic lather purifies and *deodorizes* pores—effectively stops "B.O."

Great for the complexion

Lifebuoy's bland, creamy lather is kind to the skin. Cleanses away pore-deep impurities—makes complexions bloom with health. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

Looking Them Over

(*Continued from page 26*)

are returning from the Riviera . . . Josephine Dunn (remember her?) is in New York, where she has a small part in the stage hit, "Take a Chance" . . . Clara Bow, now touring Europe with hubby Rex Bell, will make three more pictures (one for Fox, two for Sam Rork—to whom she is under contract) before she retires to direct Mr. Bell . . .

CLARA and Rex are vacationing for six months, which should do something toward silencing the divorce rumors about them. When Clara took the train *alone* for New York, two weeks before Rex left, the gossip hounds were practically certain that trouble was brewing. From New York Clara merely laughed at the reports. "I'm not even bothering to deny them," she said. "Why can't people leave us alone?"

BILLIE BURKE and David Burton (the director) are pretty busy denying that they are planning wedding bells . . . but that doesn't stop talk along that line by the studio natives.

Billie Burke, widow of Ziegfeld, is one of the most loved and respected women in movietown and if it is true that some new happiness has come into her life, then she has the most sincere good wishes of hundreds of her co-workers, who understand how gamely she has "carried on" to support herself and her daughter, Patricia.

PRACTICALLY every eligible young man on the Paramount lot has a romantic feeling for that certain very blonde and very lovely young lady, Virginia Cherrill. First, George Raft appeared to be Head Man. And then Cary Grant and Randolph

(*Continued on page 80*)

Looks like a bad case of puppy love. Johnny Weissmuller is teaching Lupe Velez how to ride a bicycle at Palm Springs, which is famous for its romances!

Cagney Answers 21 Big Questions

(*Continued from page 23*)

who likes to talk among a group of deaf people."

17. *Which of your leading ladies have you most enjoyed working with, and why?*

"I must answer from the viewpoint of business, and not with the involvement of personal friendship. I most enjoy working with girls like Mary Brian and Loretta Young, who are sweet, demure and charming and who thereby strengthen my own screen characterizations by means of contrast.

"Alice White was suggested for my most recent picture, but I preferred Miss Brian, because I feel that leading ladies such as Miss White, Joan Blondell and Ann Dvorak are too pert to contrast properly with my own type."

18. *Do you like publicity?*

"I like the right kind of publicity. But publicity can also be harmful. For example, I think exploitation of big salaries is bad; it cannot fail to create resentment in the mind of the public, particularly during the current period of readjustment from the depression.

"Motion picture salaries, as a rule, are ridiculously exaggerated by the time they become public property. I know an actor, for instance, who is paid eighty thousand dollars a year. But in every account I have read, he received from one hundred and fifty thousand to two hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars annually.

"This actor happens to be wise about money matters, but at the end of last year his net salary, after deduction of his agent's commission, his income tax and his studio expenses, was less than thirty-five thousand dollars—and that certainly is not an exorbitant salary for one of the most successful masculine stars in this business.

"Quotation of an actor's salary should correspond with announcement of a corporation's earnings. The earnings are the net amount of profit after deduction of operating costs. An actor's real salary is the net amount left after deduction of his extraordinary expenses from the amount paid him by his studio.

"Because of the publicity given my salary controversy with Warner Brothers, I have received thousands of begging letters from destitute persons everywhere. I don't earn one-tenth enough money to help them all. But those people probably think me a heel because I do not send them clothes or money."

19. *Do you think the title of your new picture, "Hard to Handle," is in good taste?*

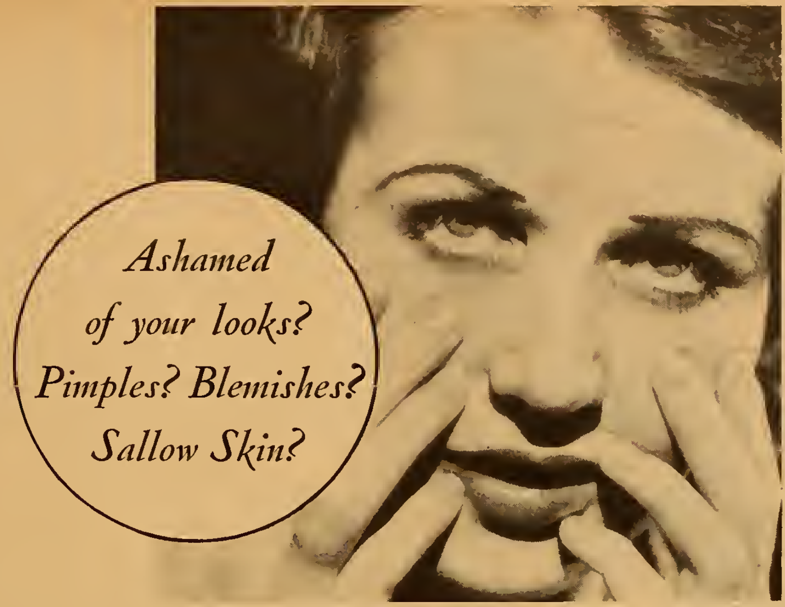
"Sure! When I heard it, I laughed and liked 'Hard to Handle,' for it immediately associated itself with all the publicity that accompanied my recent one-man uprising. I think theatre audiences will laugh and like it, too."

20. *What type of screen rôles do you prefer to play? What particular characterization is your ambition?*

"I'd like to play varying rôles within the scope of my limited appearance and talent. There is one part that I dare not make public, because I will not be prepared to play it for two years—and I won't want someone else to beat me to it."

21. *What will you do when your motion picture career is finished?*

"I will probably live a diversified life. I intend to travel to every part of the world. I will interest myself in the study of economics applicable to governmental affairs. With sufficient money invested to protect me from political enemies, I should like to plunge deeply into state affairs. I might be able to put up enough fight to accomplish a few good results."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Yeast Foam Tablets supply these precious substances in great abundance. They are nothing but pure, scientifically pasteurized yeast—and pure yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G. These tablets strengthen the digestive and intestinal organs, give tone and vigor to your nervous system. With the true causes of your trouble corrected, you enjoy new health and new beauty. Eruptions and blemishes vanish. Your complexion becomes clear and glowing. Your skin is once more smooth and lovable, the envy of men and women everywhere.

These tablets contain no drugs. They are pure, pasteurized yeast pressed into handy, easy-to-take form. Remember that in the average diet the vitamins B and G are sadly deficient. In many of our most common foods they are entirely lacking. Yeast Foam Tablets are so helpful because they supply these necessary vitamins in such great abundance.

You will like Yeast Foam Tablets. They are very different from ordinary yeast. They have a pleasing, nut-like taste and they are pasteurized. Thus they cannot cause gas or discomfort. They keep fresh for months and are always uniform in vitamin content. This yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States government and by many leading American universities in their vitamin research.

Watch beauty return

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs 50c —only a few cents a day. Get one today. It should improve your skin and complexion in no time!

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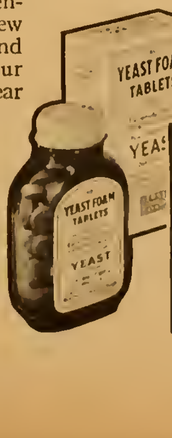
Complexion clear again! *"My complexion was very bad. But when I took Yeast Foam Tablets it cleared up completely. To top this off, your tablets aided my digestion."* ROCHESTER, N. Y.



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"CHARMING — EXCEPT FOR HER RED DISHPAN HANDS"

"WHAT A PITY SHE DOESN'T KNOW OUR INEXPENSIVE BEAUTY TREATMENT"

"I was furious at first *and then*

. . . well, my curiosity got the better of me. I heard these women saying that *they* did all their own work, too, but they kept their hands daintily white by using Lux in the dishpan!

"Of course I've always used Lux for fine things. Next day I started right in using it for dishes, too.

"In a few days all that dishpan redness had disappeared! Lux doesn't dry my skin as ordinary soaps do. Its quick suds get dishes clean in no time. Since a big box of Lux does my dishes for a month, it's the most inexpensive beauty care I ever heard of."

LUX for dishes

lovely hands for 1¢ a day

LUX
For all fine laundering
For washing dishes

James Murray Wins His Fight to Come Back

(*Continued from page 44*)

world that it took some tough breaks and some hard knocks to do it.

Years ago, when I was a newspaper reporter, I had myself sentenced to one of California's prison camps to get material for a series of articles exposing their horrors—and I can sincerely say that it requires real "guts" to serve a sentence in one of these road gangs and come out with a bright outlook and a hopeful heart. Yet that is what Murray has done. In fact, he says that the term he spent in the prison camp in the San Bernardino Mountains is mainly responsible for his comeback.

How It All Happened

TO begin at the beginning, this is James Murray's story, as he, himself, related it to me:

"I had come out here to Hollywood, hoping to make a name for myself. I kicked around, doing extra work for some time, and then began to get a few bits. Things came easier then and I soon found myself climbing along at a fair rate of speed. When I began to make money, I found myself surrounded by lots of friends, who gladly joined in the celebrations that followed each engagement or the completion of a picture. It was 'easy come, easy go—and the elbow bent' on all occasions. Oh, it was fine for a while. I thought it was great stuff to have a gang around me who patted me on the back and celebrated with me!

"And then I landed the lead in 'The Crowd' and thought that I had arrived. But the cup that allegedly cheers had got such a hold on me that I couldn't stop—or thought I couldn't. Soon it began to be noised about that I was indulging too much. It was true, and producers lost faith in me. I drank more and more, and the fair-weather friends drank with me. I am not blaming them. I should have known better. Finally, I couldn't get a job at all. A few of my real friends tried to help me throw off the habit. They couldn't. So I wound up in the Los Angeles County Jail.

"Boy, what a jolt that was! Looking through the bars gives you a funny feeling. I'll never forget the shock I got when I realized soberly where I was. Two weeks of jail had me doing a lot of thinking. And then I was transferred to the prison camp at Big Pine.

Wondered How He'd Change

"IT was a long ride on a county truck up to the prison camp, and I did a lot of wondering on the way up through the winding mountain roads. It was before Paul Muni and Richard Dix had shown life in a Chain Gang on the screen, but I had heard about these prison camps—how they beat you, fed you rotten food, worked you until you dropped from exhaustion. I carried a little mirror in my pocket. I took it out and looked at the face that James Murray's had become, bloated and reddened, eyes bloodshot and watery. What would it look like when I got out of prison camp? I wondered.

"But the smell of the pine trees at the timber line was the breath of a new world. I looked back to the valley. Hollywood and the studios were receding far below. I made up my mind that when I went down these mountains again, I would be a new Jimmy Murray—that I would show the world that I could take it, that prison camp would make me, not break me.

"On arrival, I found that my companions were pickpockets, hold-up artists, swindlers, thieves—all kinds of men of a type I had never seen. And when we turned out for work the first morning, I found a bunch of bootleggers tramping beside me—all of us garbed in the same jail clothes. What a laugh! Here was I in jail with bootleggers—and I was there because of bootleggers!

"To my surprise, the food was good. Plain, but plenty of it, and wholesome. Good for me. No whipped cream on top of pie there. I had soup and beans and potatoes and meat and bread and coffee. To bed at nine o'clock. Up at six in the morning. To work at seven o'clock. One hour for the noon-day meal. Work until five in the afternoon. That was the schedule—and for a time it was tough on my flabby movie muscles.

The Work That Remade Him

"THE Los Angeles County Playground is located at Big Pine. It was our job to keep it cleaned up and properly massaged, as we used to sav. We gathered up all the empty tin cans, old papers, bread crusts and other refuse left by the picnickers. We raked and swept the floor of the whole darned forest area. The work was not too hard until they put us on the job of helping to build the great ski-jump. That was a job.

"For weeks we toiled at that and when it was completed we were as proud of it as are the natives of California. But we darned near froze during the last part of the building. At several thousand feet above sea level, it gets *cold*. When the wind swept through the bare trees and slammed masses of snow down the back of our necks, we knew that it was winter, and the axe handles got mighty cold. But by then I was in marvelous physical shape. I felt more and more each day that I would be able to stage a comeback when I got out.

"And let me say that I owe it to a darling little girl that I have made that comeback. While the fair-weather, or rather, fair-liquor friends faded from the picture when I landed in the prison camp, Marion Sayers stuck. She told me that she loved me—and she proved it. I'll say she did!

"The first Sunday I was at the prison camp, I sat back with a heavy heart as I saw the wives and the friends of other prisoners arriving at the camp for the weekly visit. I expected to pass a lonely day. And then—I'll never forget it—Marion came beaming into camp, bringing the Sunday papers, candy and fruit and a cheerful line. She told me she would stick, and she stuck. She came to see me every Sunday. She had faith in Jimmy Murray—and I made up my mind that he should not fail her."

The Long Road Back

AFTER four months in the prison camp, Murray was released on parole. He returned to Hollywood with high hopes. And then, just as in the story books, Murray and Marion were married. Murray had no job, he was broke and was looked upon with suspicion by the studios. But Marion Sayers was working in Sennett pictures, and she loved this boy. They took a modest apartment in a quiet section of Hollywood and Murray started on the comeback trail. It was long and discouraging.

"Then things changed," says Murray. "William Wellman, the director, is the man who made my new start in pictures possible. He was going to direct 'Common Ground,' later changed to 'Frisco Jenny,' for Warners. He wanted me for the male lead, and he talked and talked and finally was able to persuade the powers-that-be to give me a chance. Then Warners signed me on a seven-year contract. Was I happy!"

ued
l on

Why CHARLES FARRELL is *Parting* from Janet Gaynor

Phyfe

By SONIA LEE

The most famous of all screen sweethearts take separate roads after five and a half years of sharing success. And they are parting friends, for Janet understands why Charlie wants to be on his own now—as you will, too, after reading what he says

CHARLES FARRELL and Winfield Sheehan, boss of Fox Studios, stood with their arms around each other's shoulders in the executive offices.

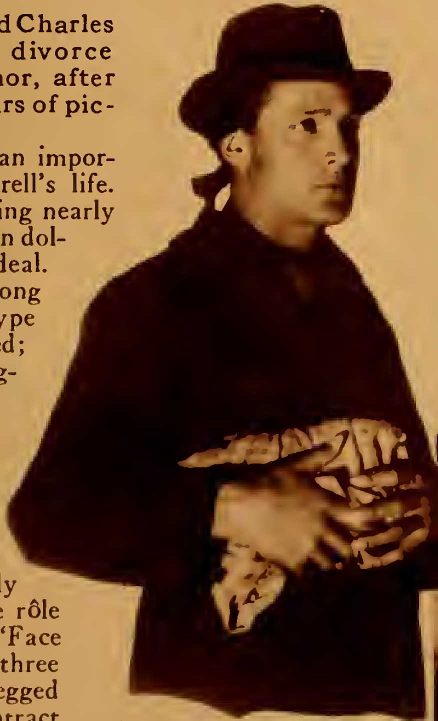
"You're leaving us now, Charlie," Mr. Sheehan told him. "But you'll be back."

And this marked Charles Farrell's screen divorce from Janet Gaynor, after five and a half years of pictorial marriage.

It marked, too, an important phase in Farrell's life. For he was sacrificing nearly a quarter of a million dollars to gratify an ideal. It was the end of a long struggle for the type of rôles he wanted; failing in that struggle, Farrell had asked for his release from his contract, which still had nearly two years to run.

For three weeks he had steadfastly refused to play the rôle assigned him in "Face in the Sky." For three weeks he had begged to have his contract abrogated so that he might be free to choose his future rôles.

"No actor can rise above a series of mediocre rôles! No actor can be constantly teamed with another star, particularly when that star is Janet Gaynor, without risking artistic suicide!"



Remember Charles Farrell in "Old Ironsides (above) and in "Seventh Heaven," with Janet Gaynor (right)? Of course, you do! He's striking out alone in the hope of finding more pictures like these

Thus, Charles Farrell, the immortal *Chico* of "Seventh Heaven" and one of the first ten box-office stars to-day, tersely summarized his dissatisfactions, which terminated with his request for a release from his Fox contract. A thoughtful, nerve-rested Charles Farrell, but with that same arresting and vibrant charm th has intrigued

(*Continued on*

The Headline Career of "THE ROYAL FAMILY" Ethel, Lionel and John Barrymore

1927-1932

As Compiled by
MURIEL BABCOCK

NEVER identified in the public prints with any scandal, the Barrymores have yet managed, through force of their colorful, dramatic, zestful personalities, to keep their names consistently on Page One of the dailies.

Glance over their "headline career," and you will note they are always—despite Ethel's tongue lashings of the critics, John's fist fights, Lionel's failure to own a dress suit for a formal Academy dinner—"The Royal Family," regal, dignified, indedependent, powerful. And seldom have the headline writers — an impudent, sensation-seeking crew, usually—failed to treat them with a certain respect due their positions as members of a "Royal Family."

The headlines of the past half-dozen years, in which their careers have become identified with Hollywood and motion pictures, are particularly interesting in showing their character nges. Those about John, a seething, restless person his younger days, show him growing increasingly nesticated with babies, christenings, family parties. l's reveal a woman fighting on and on for the

Longworth

Above, *The Infanta,* on which John Gets Away From It All

John Barrymore made love to Dolores Costello realistically in "When a Man Loves." Their romance began in "The Sea Beast"

C. S. Bull

theatre, her career, a great future for her family of three growing children. Lionel's give him increasing fame and increasing recognition in the world of art, although he is approaching the fifty-five year old mark.

Headlines of previous years told the tale of Lionel's rise on the stage; of his divorce from Doris McKee Rankin, to whom he was married for seventeen years; of his marriage to Irene Fenwick, well-known stage actress. They told of Ethel's marriage to Russell Colt; of the birth of her three children, Ethel, Samuel and John Drew Colt; of her subsequent divorce; of her various stage triumphs. They told of John's two early marriages, first to Catherine Harris, second to Michael Strange, playwright-actress by whom he had one child, a girl; of his great theatrical career, culminating in his magnificent performance in "Hamlet" in New York and London.

Manatt

Above, John, Ethel and Lionel, with Tad Alexander, in "Rasputin and the Empress"—their first appearance together

Right, Ethel's son, Samuel Colt

Above, Lionel in "The Drums of Love"—which marked his conversion to films. Previously, he had made pictures only between stage plays

Summer, 1932 — the whole "Royal Family" gathers in Hollywood. Left to right, Mrs. Lionel Barrymore, John Drew Colt, Lionel, Ethel Barrymore Colt, Ethel with John, Jr., John and Dolores Costello Barrymore, with Dolores Ethel Mae, aged two

Skipping these and arriving at the year 1927, when Lionel followed John to Hollywood, you may begin to follow their contemporary headline career, say, with the item:

May 4, 1927—Mrs. Catherine Harris Orlowski, former wife of John Barrymore, divorced from John in 1918, dies in New York. Husband, Leon Orlowski, survives.

August 27, 1927—Lionel signs with D. W. Griffith to play rôle in "Drums of Love." Thinks new screen venture may be only temporary. Ethel says she will remain on Broadway and upholdthe family traditions.

October 14, 1927—John buys director Ki Vidor's home in Beverly Hills and will move

(Continued on page 58)

JAMES MURRAY Wins His Fight to Come Back

By HAL HALL

This talented young Irishman, who scored such a hit in "The Crowd," and soon afterward hit the skids to oblivion, has won a fight few men ever do. He has rebuilt his health, conquered a habit, and is heading up the road to fame again. He gives the credit to "four months at hard labor" and to Marion Sayers (top right), who stayed by him!

CALIFORNIA boosters are proud of the fact that the highest ski-jump in the world is located in the San Bernardino Mountains, just a few hours' drive from Hollywood. And the thousands who have driven up to the Los Angeles County Playground at Big Pine, where the jump is located, have gazed in awe as the ski-riders soared into space from the dizzy height—without dreaming that a man who, a few years age, was one of the most promising of the motion picture heroes had helped to build that ski-jump—and helped to build it in the garb of a prisoner, under the watchful ze of armed prison guards.

This man is James Murray, who be- e famous overnight when the silent ure "The Crowd," had its première—and soon afterward dropped from sight, from even the memory of many picture-makers and picture goers. Few knew that Murray had hit the skids that are slippery with liquor and had crashed down, down, down; still fewer know that for two years he has fought a battle such as few men can fight and win—a battle to overcome a habit, to build back a splendid body, and to convince producers that he is again the man he was before the fall.

James Murray as a laborer in "Thunder"

James Murray has won his fight. He has come back to Hollywood and the motion picture profession. He is meeting with success; he has been signed by Warner Brothers-First National to a long-term contract. He is looking to the future with a new hope, through eyes that are no longer blurred with drink—and isn't ashamed to tell the

(*Continued on page 70*)

This was followed by the lead in "Bachelor Mothers," and then he was loaned to Columbia, where he played the male lead in "Air Hostess." He seems destined for the real career he once threw away.

"No more of the old-time, drinking friends," says Murray. "I learned my lesson. They are with you to help you while you have the bankroll—then they are gone, looking for another pal with a pay envelope. I have only one thought now—to make good for my own self-respect, for my wife who helped me, and for the producers who have shown faith in me and have given me another chance. My money goes into the bank now. My evenings are spent at home and quietly. They will be from now on. It took a session at Big Pine to do it, but it has been done."

Murray is a perfect physical specimen now—clear of eye, springy of step, with muscles solid as a well-trained athlete's, and with a laugh that is contagious. Just a handsome Irish boy, who, at thirty-three, has seen life as few ever see it. But the bitter dregs he has tasted have not spoiled him; they have made him more of a man. And he is in love with the little girl who stayed by him through his misfortune. She had a bit in the Cantor picture, "The Kid from Spain." Murray is prouder of that than of the fact he is making a successful comeback. That's the Irish.

Why Charles Farrell Is Parting from Janet Gaynor

(Continued from page 65)

the face if he continued along the easy path of indifference. Many a star, lulled into semi-consciousness by a lucrative contract and the bulging weekly pay envelope, has refused to read the graphic warning that a series of uncharacteristic rôles usually writes on the wall—and another brilliant flame gutters and dies within the space of a few short months, which are eras in Hollywood reckoning.

"I was tired of seeing a distorted version of myself stalking around in strange full-dress clothes on the screen," says Charles Farrell. "I was tired of being a marionette pulled by queer little strings. I was tired of being a shadow boxer with my real self. It was high time for rebellion!

"And so now I am on my own. I am just getting acquainted with myself—I have never been so alive in my life. For the first time in years I can do exactly as I please, every hour of the day. Everyone expected me to be depressed while I was making final arrangements for my release. On the contrary, I've never played a more consistent game of tennis. I thoroughly enjoy my daily French lessons, and my reunion with books I haven't opened in years. I am having an awakening. I am convinced that every actor ought to take stock of himself and his career on periodic occasions, so that he can get the proper perspective—and get back to the road he should travel.

"I am in no special hurry to make new affiliations. It may take me a month or possibly longer to get precisely the rôle I want, but I shan't make another picture until I do."

And when that rôle comes along, Charles Farrell hopes to pay his debt to a faithful public with an electrifying, a splendid performance—worthy of his *Chico!*

Did You Know That—

While Charles Farrell is "going on his own," Janet Gaynor is about to make "Princess at Your Order"? And that her leading man will be Henri Garat, famous French star, who makes his American debut in this picture?

$1,000 couldn't have bought it —
FILM GOT IT FREE!

Most tooth troubles start in film

WHAT is this film that robs us of our teeth? A slippery, sticky coating formed by the *mucin* in saliva. It stains teeth yellow. It catches bits of food which soon decay. Yes, but that's not all! Film contains millions of tiny germs.

Some are rod-shaped, grouped in clusters. These are *decay* germs. As they live they give off *enzymes* that produce lactic acid. This lactic acid dissolves tooth enamel just as other acids eat holes in cloth. Other germs are linked with "trench mouth"—still others with pyorrhea.

"What must I do to fight film?"

To fight film use Pepsodent instead of ordinary tooth pastes. Why? Because a tooth paste is only as good as its polishing material; not one bit better. The new polishing material in Pepsodent is one of the great discoveries of the day. Its power to remove every trace of film stain is revolutionary! Its notable distinction of being twice as soft as polishing materials in common use has gained wide recognition. Remember, the one safe way to fight film is to use the special film-removing tooth paste—Pepsodent—twice every day and to see your dentist at least twice a year.

See how rapidly film forms on teeth

These teeth were absolutely free of film at 8 a. m. **At noon**—the film detector* solution was applied and this is how they looked.

At 8 p.m.—the film detector* shows still heavier deposits of film. Two-thirds of the tooth's surface is covered.

At 10 p.m.—these same teeth were brushed with Pepsodent. Note how thoroughly film has been removed.

* A harmless fluid, used by dentists, which stains film so that the naked eye can see it.

Pepsodent—is the special film-removing tooth paste

Light
THE MASTER DRAMATIST

A Scene from "The Mask of Fu Manchu"—a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Production, featuring Boris Karloff, Karen Morley, Lewis Stone, Myrna Loy.

A STRIKING EXAMPLE of modern motion picture lighting is shown above. See how light, like a master dramatist, deftly emphasizes the feeling of tenseness and heightens the thrill of this gripping situation.

Light is the thing that makes pictures. Nowhere in the world is the art of lighting more important than in the motion picture studio.

With millions at stake . . . Hollywood cannot afford to take chances with its lamps. They must be efficient. They must be dependable. They must give full volume of light for the current they consume.

That is why so many of the fine pictures you see are made with the aid of General Electric MAZDA lamps. General Electric, through the research and inventions of its lighting laboratories, has led in the development of incandescent lamps for the "movies" just as it has led in the development of incandescent lamps for the home.

Follow the example of the motion picture lighting experts. Look for this mark (GE) when you buy lamps. Then you will be sure of good light at low cost. General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

GENERAL (GE) ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

You'll Soon Be Calling Him Sir George Arliss!

(*Continued from page 51*)

knighthood seemed certain for him then.

A certain peer, however, just at that time, began a campaign in a newspaper he owned against English actors and actresses working in Hollywood. He mentioned no names, but it was obvious to the informed that his words were directed against George Arliss. And because a title is never bestowed upon anyone who is put before the public in an unfavorable light, even without reason, the King passed over Arliss' name on that year's Birthday Honors List.

Honor Seems Certain Now

BUT this year, it appears, there will be no passing over. The most reliable sources in Buckingham Palace and the Lord Chamberlain's Office in London say that the names of Arliss and Noel Coward, author of "Private Lives" and "Cavalcade," are definitely on the list for approval.

What Arliss will do after he has been created a knight is a matter for conjecture and alarm. "I can rest then," he said, and I asked him if he meant that he would then retire.

"Who knows?" George Arliss said to me. "I am not so young as I was. And sometimes I find hard work a little trying. I like to potter. I like to go back home to England and get in my garden there and grub around." He made a motion with his hands, as though he were pressing his fingers into the soil, and the movement seemed incongruous under the glare of the Klieg lights.

I had been watching him making a scene from "The King's Vacation," his newest vehicle for Warner Brothers, out at the ranch at Los Indios. It seemed strange, and a trifle comic, to me that George Arliss should be playing in such a story now. "The King's Vacation" is something in the nature of a satire of royalty. The monarch of the piece, played superbly by Arliss, is one of these flighty royalties from a mythical kingdom, who tires of the conventional affairs of his state and decides to go out in search of excitement.

The excitement that he finds is intimately connected with women, and the scrapes he gets into are of the most awkward kind. I watched him in a scene with a maid who is supposed to have discovered his identity. It is essential that she keep her news a secret, and to make her do so George Arliss makes love to her.

It was a conventional comedy scene, an everyday setting, and yet Arliss carried it with all the confident suavity of his artistry. He soaked his lines full of new meanings and brought into his tones a lilt and a nuance that captured the imaginations of those who were watching.

Will Knighthood Change Him?

I WONDERED if he would be so confident, so suave, so un-self-conscious when King George dubbed him a knight. And after I had told him the news I knew he would not. I knew that he would be as nervous as any schoolboy.

It is too early yet for forecasts, but I prophesy that Mr. and Mrs. Arliss (who plays with him in "The King's Vacation") will go to England on their annual trip a little later this year. Each year they go back, to London and then to their little house in the country where Arliss digs the garden and "potters around."

But this year there will be other things besides gardening to be done. There will be special court costumes to be fitted, special visits to the Lord Chamberlain to be made, a special ceremony to be attended—a ceremony that will be summed up the next day in *The London Gazette*, official organ of Buckingham Palace, in the following words: "His Majesty, the King, last night graciously bestowed upon George Arliss, of Hollywood, California, in the United States of America, and London, England, a British subject, the title of Knight. Henceforth he will be known as Sir George Arliss."

And later, if the plans of George Black, the London theatrical manager, come to fruition, George Arliss will be asked to appear at the Royal Command Performance, given each year for the King at a famous vaudeville house. This is the famous theatrical event at which Charles Chaplin last year was invited to appear. He shocked London by refusing to do so. There is no doubt, however, that George Arliss will not turn down the invitation. The Grand Old Man knows the performance is given for charity, and when charity and his King invite him, the kind-hearted old actor would travel around the world to be there and do his bit.

It will be four months before the King's Birthday Honors are publicly announced. Until that time George Arliss must wait and work.

And when the announcements do come, I do not think there will be much change in the character of the man. He will be a little prouder, perhaps, and even a little more dignified than before. But he will remain the same kindly, genial, clever George Arliss that Hollywood has always known and always liked.

So, make way for Sir George!

Acme

May the Riches always be with us! Meet Irene Rich's athletic daughter, Frances, who is stepping ahead in the movies, too. She is Rex Bell's girl in "The Diamond Trail"

New-type handkerchief wins nation!

KLEENEX
THE HANDKERCHIEF FOR HEALTH

Disposable Tissues in place of germ-carrying handkerchiefs! Price now 25c

KLEENEX changed the handkerchief habits of a nation! Today one sees these health tissues everywhere. A new idea, startling, revolutionary—yet thousands instantly recognized the value of a *disposable* handkerchief.

Kleenex actually costs less than laundering . . . costs so little that each tissue may be used just once, then destroyed.

Kleenex is soft—positively downy of texture! Absorbent—many times more absorbent than cotton or linen! Always gentle. Always dry—for it's used but once.

Who, having tried this clean, civilized way, could wish to return to the unsanitary handkerchief during colds?—a germ-trap that's used over and over—stored in laundry bags to spread infection—then must be washed.

Many ways to buy Kleenex

Kleenex is available in rolls and packages at 25 cents; in extra-large tissues; and in the form of finished handkerchiefs known as 'Kerfs. At drug, dry goods and department stores.

KLEENEX *disposable* TISSUES

A handkerchief used during colds should be destroyed! Kleenex made this possible. Disposable—yet amazingly inexpensive.

Two forms of Kleenex are particularly pleasing to men—the pocket package (containing regular size tissues) and the extra large size tissue.

Children's colds are likely to have serious complications—they need the protection Kleenex gives.

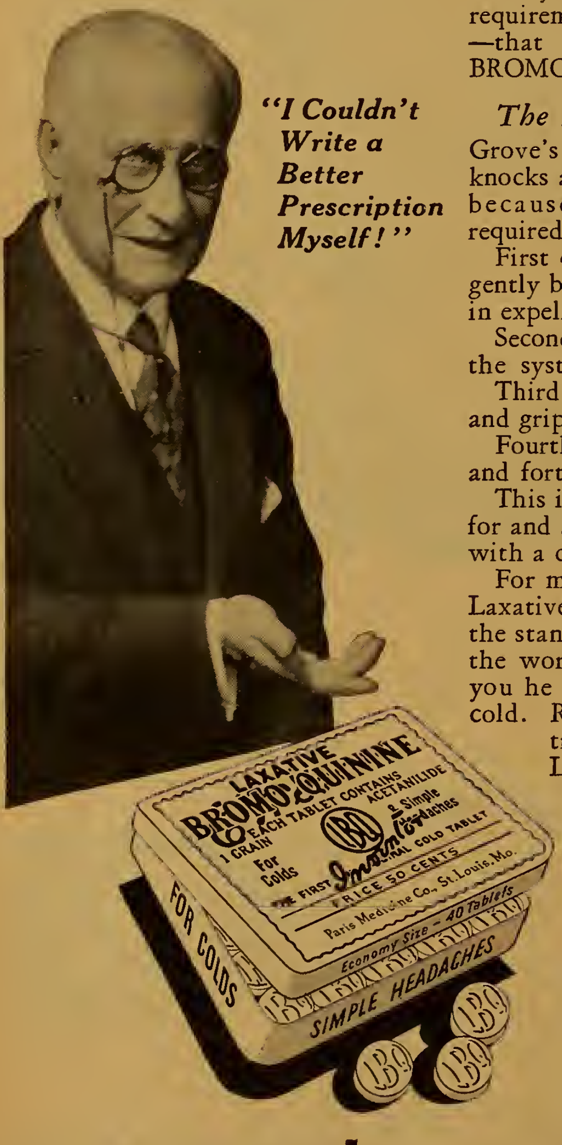
BEWARE HALF-CURED

COLDS!

They Expose You to a Weakened System and to the Dangers of Serious Complications!

DON'T temporize with a cold. Don't take remedies that merely allay the cold instead of getting it thoroughly out of the system. A half-cured cold is a cold never cured and a constant source of danger.

A cold calls for specific treatment—for *internal treatment.* There is one remedy for a cold that meets all the requirements of efficacious treatment—that is, GROVE'S LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE!


LAXATIVE
BROMO QUININE
EACH TABLET CONTAINS 1 GRAIN ACETANILIDE
For Colds
& Simple Headaches
THE FIRST Internal COLD TABLET
PRICE 50 CENTS
Paris Medicine Co. St. Louis, Mo.
Economy Size — 40 Tablets
FOR COLDS
SIMPLE HEADACHES
LBQ

"I Couldn't Write a Better Prescription Myself!"

The Four Things Necessary

Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine knocks a cold and knocks it quickly because it does the four things required.

First of all, it opens the bowels gently but thoroughly, the first step in expelling a cold.

Second, it kills the cold germs in the system and reduces the fever.

Third, it relieves the headache and grippy feeling.

Fourth, it tones the entire system and fortifies against further attack.

This is the treatment a cold calls for and anything less is only playing with a cold.

For more than 40 years Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine has been the standard cold and grip tablet of the world. Don't let anybody tell you he has something better for a cold. Responsible druggists never try to substitute on Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine.

New Economy Size Pocket Tin

In addition to the regular box of 20 tablets for 30c, Grove's Laxative Bromo Quinine is now packed and sold in convenient pocket-size tins containing 40 tablets for 50c. 20 per cent more value for your money!

GROVE'S LAXATIVE

BROMO QUININE

Loretta Young Doesn't Want a Hollywood "Romance"

(*Continued from page 17*)

a good deal of the fighting-for-rights philosophy that marks Constance Bennett. A former press-agent at Warner Brothers once described Loretta as "the most determined girl" he ever met. Instead of being mad, she was flattered by the slogan, quite agreed with him and went on fighting him. The feud between them developed into a battle royal that lasted until the press-agent submitted his resignation . . . but not because of Loretta. She was just one of the reasons!

When it became increasingly clear in the first half-hour of our luncheon on the studio lot between scenes of "Grand Slam" that Loretta had no intention of weeping over herself for any reason whatsoever, we switched the conversation over to Hollywood romances and heart-breaks in general.

"I don't see how anybody can take Hollywood love-affair gossip seriously," she said, "not even the people involved. But the fact that they do is what makes all these grand, sobby stories we continually read in print. Sally and Polly Ann and I often sit around and talk about our various heart-throbs past and present. We have a name for them—we call them 'Box-Office Romances.' "

She smiled. "I don't mean to sound cynical about it and I'm not referring to the real love affairs that have come out of Hollywood, like Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon, and Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. I mean the casual tie-ups that usually fall into the 'So-and-So-is-That-Way-about-So-and-So' class. The whole thing is like carrying on a studio love scene outside of business hours with perhaps a new leading man. The recipe is this:

The Formula for This "Romance"

"TAKE two box-office names, let them step out to the Cocoanut Grove for dinner a couple of times, with a football game thrown in for good measure, and the first thing you know the gossip columnists have them tied up in a 'that way' rumor. After a fashion, they may even believe it themselves. Pretty soon the gentleman begins to whisper well-thought-up romantic dialogue to the girl—just as though it had been written by a scenario writer. Believe it or not, but I have actually had actors unconsciously quote lines from their latest pictures to me! Honest! And in the dramatics of the moment I suppose I have actually whispered back something good that I vaguely remembered from a picture I made last year with Doug, Jr.

"I know I've even cried and wept wildly in given moments of one of these box-office romances just because it was the dramatic thing to do! If it had been a movie, the heroine would have cried. Thus Loretta cries! It's funny . . . it's too bad . . . but deny it as we will, those of us who are honest will admit that so much play-acting before the camera actually gets into our system. We learn to play-act in our personal emotions. If we accept these casual 'romances' for just what they are, then they are fun, a little excitement, a little harmless thrill. But it's a mistake to take them seriously. . . .

"I sometimes wish I hadn't been born such a serious person. I could have more fun. I would step out oftener. But I'm one of those unfortunate girls who must be interested in the MAN before I can enjoy the evening! The trouble with me is that I really want to fall seriously in love, head over heels in love, and I don't think I will ever be able to fall in love in Hollywood."

Just then one of Hollywood's "most popular girls" entered the studio café with *two* of her current romances in tow. Loretta watched them seated at a small table for three against the wall. Soon there was the sound of considerable laughter from that quarter. "I suppose that's fun . . . and exciting," said Loretta. "But if there were two men really in love with me, I would want them to be jealous—not pals!"

Where Is That Great Love?

WITH the tip of a cerise fingernail, she traced funny little designs on the cloth. "If tomorrow the studio told me that my contract was up and there was no possibility of getting work any place else, I would leave Hollywood. I don't know exactly where I'd go . . . maybe to New York . . . maybe traveling, but I would go looking for a serious love affair that would mean marriage and a home and children.

"Several months ago, when I went East on a personal appearance tour, I wanted dreadfully to meet Somebody who would be important to me. I had heard so many of the movie girls say that New York men were different. Well, the upshot of that was that I still don't know whether they are—or not.

"The moment I arrived in New York, I found that everything had been planned for me. Engagements had been made with men in the East who are connected with the motion picture business. I suppose they didn't care any more about going out with me than I did with them, but it was their duty to escort about another 'box-office name' from the West Coast.

"It sometimes amuses me when young girls from all over the country write and say how much fun it must be for a movie star . . . all the dates we have, and the interesting men we meet. The truth of the matter is that we have less chance to meet men we might like than almost any class of girls in the world. Most of our acquaintances are limited to the men right on our home lots, or in the Eastern offices. We have dates on 'schedule,' appearing at movie premières and theatre openings with the nearest available and eligible 'box-office attraction.'

"I'm serious when I say I want to fall in love. Really in love. I just hope that I manage to keep my sense of humor and don't invest one of Hollywood's casual box-office romances with too much seriousness on my part."

She said: "It isn't in the cards that it should turn out happily. . . . "

"When in Rome, keep roamin'," is the motto of William Bakewell—who roamed there to see the Coliseum recently

THERE'S NO NEED TO BE SKINNY. HERE'S HOW TO GAIN QUICKLY
I WISH I KNEW HOW TO PUT ON SOME WEIGHT. YOU HAVE THE FIGURE EVERYBODY ADMIRES
Posed by professional models

New pounds for skinny folks...quick!

Sensational discovery—richest yeast known, imported beer yeast, now concentrated seven times. Gives thousands of skinny folks 5 to 15 lbs. in a few short weeks!

THIN, weak, rundown men and women by the thousands have been astounded and delighted at how quickly they gained 5, 10, 20 pounds—just what they needed for normal weight and health—with this amazing new beer yeast discovery.

"I gained 15 lbs. and my skin is so much better," writes Miss Ruth Farthering, Lexington, Ky. "Put on 5 lbs.," says Mr. G. W. Wisham, Southport, Conn. "Gained 8 lbs. and new pep," reports Miss Bertina Roberg, Bade, Ia. "I am 12 lbs. heavier," says Miss Margaret Scott, Kansas City, Mo.

2 greatest body builders in one

Everybody knows that for years physicians prescribed beer for building weight. Then yeast was found to be a marvelous health builder. Now, by a sensational new process, specially cultured, imported *beer yeast*—the richest yeast ever known—has been concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.* Then to bring even quicker and more thorough results, this super-rich yeast is treated with 3 special kinds of iron, the great blood, strength and energy builder.

A new person—*quick!*

The result is a marvelous tonic unsurpassed in transforming thin, weak, nervous, rundown men and women into strong, healthy, well-developed people, with strong nerves, clear skins, tireless pep.

No need to stuff yourself with food you hate. No messy gagging oils. No "pasty" taste—no gas or bloating. Instead a pleasant easy-to-take little tablet.

Skinniness a serious danger

Authorities warn that skinny, anemic, nervous people are far more liable to serious infections and fatal wasting disease than the strong, well-built person. So build up quick, *before it is too late.*

Results *guaranteed*

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands of others. If not delighted with results of very first package, your money instantly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* IRONIZED YEAST, and not some imitation which cannot give the same results. Insist on the *genuine*, with "I.Y." stamped on each tablet.

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HEALTH—Life's no fun when you're only half-awake. If you want to feel fine, sweep away the poisons—and your clean blood will give you a new pep.

BEAUTY—Bright eyes, a clear skin, come when you are *internally clean!* You have sparkle, charm. Note: Sal Hepatica is a great help in the reducing diet.

. . . WHEN YOU PURIFY YOUR SYSTEM THE SAL HEPATICA WAY!

IT'S easy enough for *sixteen* to bubble over with high-spirits. But after that first flush of youth, you can't feel exuberant and look lovely unless you keep your system free of poisons.

Sal Hepatica will keep your entire blood stream fresh and pure. For Sal Hepatica is no ordinary laxative. It is America's great saline—it contains the same salines as do the health springs of Wiesbaden and Carlsbad and Aix.

First of all Sal Hepatica flushes wastes and poisons from your digestive tract—and gently. But because it *is* a saline it does more. It purifies and tones up your whole system—keeps you from getting sick. It combats colds, headaches, acid system, rheumatism.

And how much lovelier you look! Your skin is translucently clear. Your eyes sparkle. There's new spring in your step. You feel young and look young. Whatever you do, you *enjoy!*

Just get a bottle of Sal Hepatica, and try this saline road to health! You'll feel like a different person!

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CONSTIPATION
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Connie Bennett's Happy About Her Newest Fight

(*Continued from page 52*)

York writer. Heretofore, Connie has fought her own battles; heretofore, certain people among those just mentioned have been secretly glad enough to stand on the sidelines and let her fire her own cannons. But this time Connie has acquired a defense brigade!

If the truth should be known, the formerly embattled Connie is the least excited of any of her immediate court now. In the midst of the denials, explosive lawyers, indignant publicity men, Connie sat serenely (this day, at least) at her luncheon table in her home in Beverly Hills, partaking of a stuffed tomato and a dish of prune whip, with an un-Bennett-like calm that was almost a Believe-It-Or-Not.

Connie Happy About It All

IF you were to ask me, I've a sneaking hunch that the Bennett is actually delighted that the story "broke." It has proved to her something that she has wanted to know for some time. It has proved, in spite of rumors that she is "the most unpopular girl in Hollywood," that she decidedly has friends here—and that, surprisingly enough, a great number of them are of the Press.

"You should have seen some of the answers to that story," said almost unrecognizably-calm Connie. "They were grand! And from people I have never met. Some of them from people I never even suspected liked me."

She was wearing one of those Constance Bennett models in black that just about break your heart if you are one of us who bulge in the wrong places. Connie so decidedly does not bulge in the wrong places—only in the right ones. The famous Bennett brow was as calm and undisturbed as a child's. In fact, she looked gayer and happier and more contented than I had ever seen her before. But when you stop to think of it, it is rather difficult to be radically on the defensive when other people are doing the job so well for you.

Suddenly, this suave, sophisticated, smooth and seductive Constance Bennett made probably the most naïve remark that ever issued from her famous mouth. She said, "It's fun having people rush to your defense. *I like being liked!*"

It is too bad that Connie's severest critics couldn't have seen her as she made that remark. If they hadn't liked Connie then—why, there's no liking in 'em. You can rail against this girl—she can aggravate and irritate you—but when Connie wants you to like her, you can no more resist her charm than you could a frank and engaging child.

Thinks She May Be Too Frank

SHE said, "I don't know how it happened that I got off on the wrong foot with the Press from the start. I guess it is because I am so brutally frank. If I don't like an idea, or a person, I can't be diplomatic about it. I just *say so*. . . .

"Of course, there are certain writers in New York and one or two here in Hollywood who will never like me. The latest gossip story started by one local woman was that Gloria Swanson and I were at loggerheads over 'Rockabye.' She insinuated that I had 'stolen' the story from Gloria under false pretenses and that I got it away from her just out of spite, because I knew she wanted to do that story above all others!

"I knew nothing about 'Rockabye' except that Gloria had sold it to RKO and that I was scheduled to play in it. Certainly, I never asked for the story. In fact, I did not consider it very good screen material. There were too many holes in the story! As we went along in production, those holes became more and more evident. In fact, by the time we had completed 'Rockabye' and I had seen it at the first preview, I wished from the bottom of my heart that Gloria had kept her 'favorite' story! The second version is better. . . .

"And now," smiled Connie, "I suppose I am expected to make some sort of defense for myself in reply to that outbreak from New York. Well, I haven't any. I don't feel that any is necessary. . . .

How Could She Do Otherwise?

"IN the first place, when I attended the theatre in New York, I went as a guest in a large party of friends. Imagine their surprise if I had said, 'I want you to guarantee me that you will not be late for the curtain tonight. Also, I want to make sure that you have aisle seats. Though other people may be late to the theatre and disturb those already seated, *I* cannot do it because I'm a High-Hat Movie Star? Isn't that silly? They would have thought I was out of my mind!

"As for autographing fan albums in the lobbies of theatres during intermission—that I did do, and that I intend to keep on doing, no matter who doesn't like it. Those people who ask for autographs are the only people in the world I am trying to please. They are the people who pay to get in and see my pictures, while the critics," laughed Constance, "get in on *passes!*

"But, really, I don't want to make any official answer to that story. I'm not angry or upset about it. I had a glorious time in New York and I shall vacation there whenever I have the opportunity again. . . ."

I think Connie has engaged in her last war with the Press. From now on the boys and girls can fight it out among themselves as to whether she is "Constance Sinner," or *Constance, Winner!* Me? I'm stringing with the converts!

Acme

Constance Bennett and Joan Crawford enter the Mayfair Club arm in arm. Even her rivals are Connie's pals now!

3 AGELESS SECRETS

of charm

MAE CLARKE, *Radio Pictures' player. For evening, she wears this lovely velvet gown, in brown with gold sequins. Her formal daytime suit is of cocoa-colored ostrich cloth, lavishly trimmed with fox.*

THE centuries have not changed the desire of every woman for a good figure, for sparkling eyes and a lovely complexion. With modern fashions as they are, a slender, round figure is almost imperative.

These three secrets of charm are usually the gifts of good health. So when reducing, diet and exercise should be watched with care. Meals should contain adequate "bulk" to prevent faulty elimination—the enemy of charm and good complexions.

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. . . *writes Miss Healy*

"IT MASSAGES like magic" . . . writes Miss Kay Carroll . . . "I reduced my hips from 43 inches to 34½ inches" . . . writes Miss B. Brián. Another writes . . . "I wouldn't be without my girdle for $100!" We now make this unusual FREE trial offer . . .

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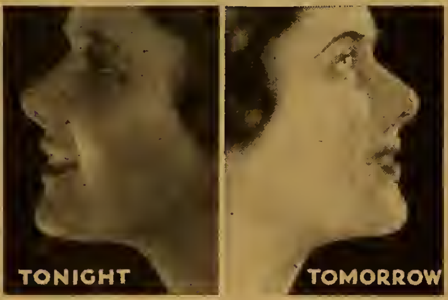

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12 tablets in 4 professional vials $1

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Movie Classic's Letter Page

(*Continued from page 6*)

proximity of the sylvan scene to a ranch house. However, Texas is large—and so are the imaginations of scenario writers.

Miss Bow, in her exile, has learned the wise use of all the mediums and goes everyone concerned not one, but two better. More power to her.

V. B., *Ann Arbor, Mich.*

They Can't All Be "Best"

MAYBE you've eaten the brand of sausages advertised as made from "the choicest parts of little pigs?" Or tasted the coffee brewed from "only the choicest coffee-beans"?

Common sense tells us that that can't be so. *Somebody* has to eat the rest of the little pig, and all the rejected coffee-beans can't be dumped into the ocean.

Which brings us to the movies. (God bless 'em!) Do you notice everything is advertised in the superlative? Like this: "The Love Story Sublime." "Human Hearts Laid Bare in the Surprise Picture of the Year." "The Hottest Shot of 1932." "The Picture Terrific."

What happened to those other movies which failed to make the grade? Maybe someone else is as curious as I am. Anyway, better the old days when sugar came with sand!

MARY FRANCES DONER, *Seattle, Wash.*

Quality, Not, Quantity Wanted

LET'S have some of the good old common-sense movies of five years ago. In other words, a picture in which the plot is discernible by the average movie-goer, the actors original and human — unlike the stereotyped heroine and hero of to-day—and morality that does not require a board of censors.

My opinion is that the double feature policy, now rampant all over the country, is responsible for a great deal of this predicament. Is it a case of quality being sacrificed for quantity?

MILT GAUGER, *Berwyn, Ill.*

More Pictures Like "Phantom President"

HAVING seen "The Phantom President" and having enjoyed it to the fullest, I am tempted to write a plea for more political portrayals, particularly if the leading part is played by one approaching the capabilities of George M. Cohan.

Politics take the lead in ballyhoo, hooey and hokum these days, and if the screen will give us a few more pictures showing that after all there is little, if any, difference between the methods of the "quack," *Dr. Varney*, vending a patent cure-all, and the demagogue, *Hon. T. K. Blair*, vending a legislative panacea, it will tend to open the eyes of many an average citizen. And, once the average citizen gets his eyes open, you will see the politicians turning from demagoguery to statesmanship.

More power to pictures like "The Phantom President."

GRADY PEEREY, Corinth, Miss.

A Millyun Millyun!

IF the "Movie-Magnuts" produced a million of "IF I HAD A MILLION" they would make a Million more Movie-goers a million times more anxious to see a Million more Movies! ! !

WILBUR GORDON, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

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If you suffer with those terrible attacks of Asthma when it is cold and damp; if raw, Wintry winds make you choke as if each gasp for breath was the very last; if restful sleep is impossible because of the struggle to breathe; if you feel the disease is slowly wearing your life away, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for a free trial of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a lifetime and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

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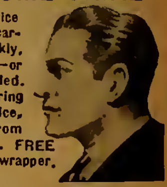
30 DAYS HOME TRIAL

New scientific device shapes flesh and cartilage of nose quickly, safely, painlessly—or your money refunded. New automatic spring action. Unique device, entirely different from any other. Small Cost. FREE booklet sent in plain wrapper. WRITE TODAY!



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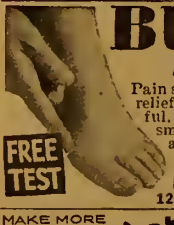

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THIS NEW EASY WAY!

IS your bust large? Reduce that bulging, matronly chest-line to the slender, girlish lines of youth. Take 3 or more inches off your bust measure. Flabby, sagging fat disappears swiftly. Bust is left small, firm, arched and lovely. No sag. No wrinkles.

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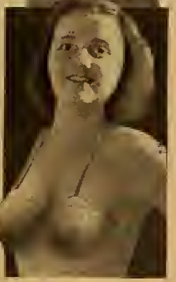

Just get big container of my famous FORMULA-X and instructions. Apply treatment at home and watch your breasts grow slim and young-looking. Nothing else to do. Nothing else to buy. This wonderful new discovery quickly removes the soft, flabby fat, firms and moulds the bust to trim shapeliness. Guaranteed harmless—but SO EFFECTIVE!

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Take advantage of special introductory offer now. Send only $1.95 for large container of FORMULA-X and complete instructions for reducing and reshaping the bust. A $5.00 value at a saving of over $3.00. Offer Limited—send $1.95 at once.

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POST YOURSELF! It pays! I paid J. D. Martin, Virginia, $200 for a single copper cent. Mr. Manning, New York, $2,500 for one silver dollar. Mrs. G. F. Adams $740 for a few old coins. I want all kinds of old coins, medals, bills and stamps. I pay big cash premiums.

WILL PAY $100 FOR DIME

1894 S. Mint; $50 for 1913 Liberty Head Nickel (not buffalo) and hundreds of other amazing prices for coins. Get in touch with me. Send 4c for Large Illustrated Coin Folder and further particulars. It may mean much profit to you. Write today to

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Stuart's Calcium wafers frequently clear away all impurities resulting from constipation and which keep the skin sallow or dull. They help to keep pores purged and the cuticle clean. Often you feel and see the difference from the first day you take Stuart's Calcium Wafers.

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Our Hollywood Neighbors

(*Continued from page 14*)

AN epoch-making event was duly registered out at Fox the other day. The "State Fair" company actually worked until six o'clock. Some of the more superstitious players thought it meant the end of the world, or something equally momentous like free beer, for instance. Since time immemorial both Janet Gaynor and Will Rogers have knocked off work at five o'clock. This time they worked right through without a whimper. It's an all-star cast, of course, but the really temperamental "actor" in that picture is Blue Boy, the champion Iowa hog. Blue Boy acts when he jolly well feels like it—and the director (and can he call hogs!) had to retake his scenes many times.

"Hm!" Rogers mused, casting a speculative eye over Blue Boy's sleek and plump sides. "He'd look awfully well on the breakfast table between two eggs."

But the best of the Rogers' quips about the hawg was sent to Samuel Goldwyn and Eddie Cantor. Cantor played opposite a ferocious he-cow in "The Kid From Spain," and Rogers didn't want him to think that he was the only one who took risks in "animal pictures."

"Blue Boy won't bite anyone but a Gentile, though," averred the irrepressible Will.

AT a recent première Ruth Chatterton, George Brent (Ruthie's current) and Ralph Forbes (Ruthie's ex) formed a jolly trio. We'll know they are really good pals when Julanne Johnston makes it a quartet. Ralph and Julanne are looking hearts and flowers now, and you know a former wife is pretty persnickety when it comes to endorsing a successor.

And Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller are going out together again. Hollywood thought *that* was very, very arctic. Another renewal of an old-time twosome is Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien. And how are *you*, Mr. Jessel? And you too, Mr. Dunn?

WE don't know, but we think maybe this particular Hollywood hostess tried a bit too hard to make her party a success. She invited Lupe Velez, Fifi Dorsay, and Gene Malin, who entertains the stars at his Club New Yorker, on Hollywood Boulevard. That was almost a surplus of people who not only like to, but insist, on being the life of the party. Malin obliged with his impersonations (and you should see him as Beatrice Lillie) and Fifi sang "You Do Somesing to Me," accompanied by her best eye-rolling. Lupe was next, but the pianist didn't know any of her numbers. A little thing like that doesn't bother a Velez of old Mexico, however. Lupe taught the pianist how to play "Cuban Love Song," and then went into high in her number.

Fifi had a seven o'clock call at the studio, but at one a.m. she was still at the party. Neither Lupe nor Fifi would go home first. Geez, maybe they're still there.

IT all goes to show that you can't tell. All the critics sniffed (not sniffled) at "Rockabye," the Constance Bennett tear-jerker. To begin with, RKO filmed the opus twice, trying to get it into condition to limp forth and meet the public. A few of the picture critics did everything but throw elderly tomatoes at the screen, and practically no reviews could be called wildly enthusiastic. And it's one of the box office cleanups, during a time when ushers are playing leap-frog up and down deserted theatre aisles.

La Marquise de la Falaise is always box office, and when she has a tid-bit about thwarted love, a smallpox epidemic couldn't keep the fans away from the theatre.

Must I "Put Up" With Such Hands?
Rough . . . Ageing . . . Stained

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POPULAR STAR

A treasure hunt—in your hair! Hidden there is something precious! Loveliness undreamed of; a sparkling radiance that is YOUTH—key to popularity, romance, happiness!

You can revive this charm tonight. Just one Golden Glint Shampoo will show you the way.

No other shampoo like Golden Glint Shampoo. Does more than merely *cleanse.* It gives your hair a "tiny-tint"—*a wee little bit*—not much—hardly perceptible. But what a difference it makes in one's appearance. 25c at your dealers', or send for free sample.

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403 Meyer Bldg., Western & Sierra Vista, Hollywood, California

Looking Them Over

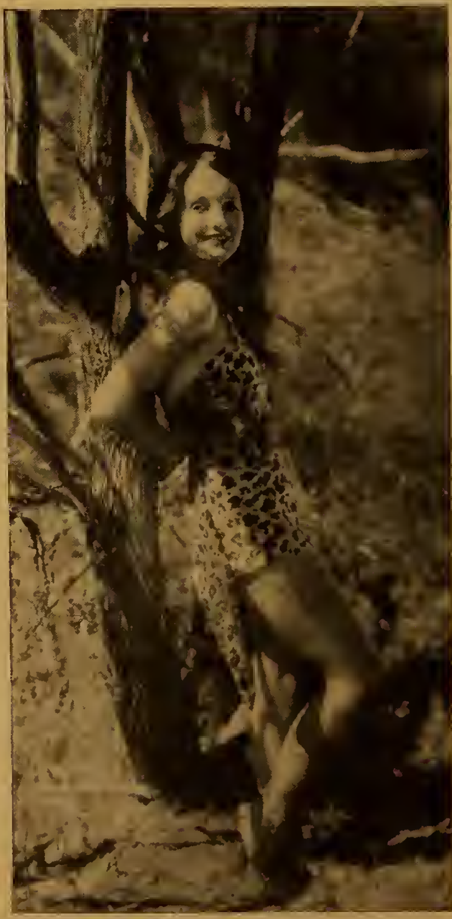
(*Continued from page 68*)

Scott began to alternate evening dates with the girl who was formerly engaged to William Rhinelander Stewart. Cary and Randolph Scott are the best of friends; in fact, they share a house together. They say that for a while relations were a little bit strained, but Virginia appears to have smoothed the difficulty over . . . at least, she was lunching with *both* of them the other day at the *Brown Derby*.

WYNNE GIBSON, after two very romance-rumorless years in the film colony, has suddenly startled Hollywood by breaking out with *two* romances at the same time! One set of gossipers will tell you that Arthur Lubin, young studio executive, is Wynne's big moment. While another group, seemingly just as well informed, insists that Wynne is interested, exclusively, in Lyle Talbot.

Six months or so ago, Wynne was said to be very dissatisfied with her Paramount contract and threatening to return to the stage. Wonder which of these gentlemen is responsible for the blonde Gibson's decision to remain in Hollywood? A less romantic reason might be that Paramount is giving her better rôles.

WONDER what that red carnation in Doug Junior's lapel means? For more than a month the younger Fairbanks has not been without his daily red carnation. He *could* be paying off an election bet . . . or maybe it is some little private language between him and Joan Crawford. Anyway, Doug isn't telling.



Some authority said that Rochelle Hudson has the best figure in Hollywood—and presto! she lands the title rôle of "The Savage Girl." And right in the middle of winter, too!

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To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it at home at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained. It imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair and makes it soft and glossy. Barbo will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

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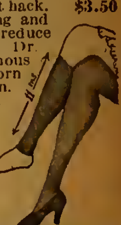

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Sidney Fox and Charles Beahan, playwright, went to a sad play in New York, —and afterward, they felt just like getting married. They finally located a justice of the peace at 4 a.m. Mrs. Beahan will continue her career

DID you know that there were speed cops out on the broad, blue ocean?

Neither did Preston Foster, until one day when he was hitting it up about fifty knots an hour in his little speed tug. When he heard a siren close by, he paid little attention until an official officer in an official boat presented him with a speeding fine of $20 for "stepping on it" in harbor territory.

THE new house Jean Harlow is building in Holmby Hills is strictly Georgian in architecture. Jean has never liked the rather jazzed architecture of the typical Spanish houses of California with their gay awnings and patios. Her brand-new, red-brick Colonial is a very impressive and "different" note in the Beverly foothills.

THE Hollywood movie exhibitors certainly had a lot of fun trying to fit Tallulah Bankhead's long name into the condensed space of their theatre marquees. One sign read:

TALU BANKHEAD and R MONTGOMERY in "FAITHLESS."

Another put it: LULU BANKHEAD AND BOB MONTGOMERY . . .

JEAN ARTHUR, recently of Broadway stage fame and formerly of the movies, came back to Hollywood with a secretiveness that has practically burned the newspaper reporters to a crisp. They are still snorting about the fact that Jean deemed it necessary to dodge newspaper reporters. "She could have walked off the train with a brass band and nobody would have bothered her," complained one angry scribe in

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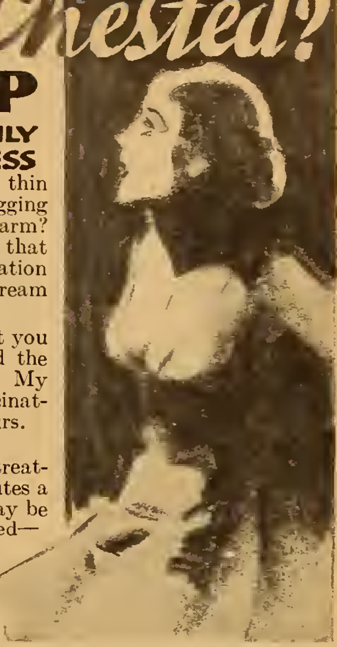

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DON'T let large, flabby breasts spoil your figure! Don't allow that matronly fullness about the chest to make you look old and settled. It is *so* easy to regain the slim, trim form of youth. My new "PRESCRIPTION-36" treatment banishes fat, remoulds the form. Simple, harmless—requires but a few minutes a day at home. Not "just another fat-reducer," but a special treatment designed expressly for the bust to remove extra fullness and restore shapely contours.

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That way is Marmola prescription tablets, which for 25 years have been making fat people thin. The delighted users have told others about them, and the use has spread. Now people the world over use Marmola.

You should know Marmola if you overweigh. Style and beauty, health and fitness call for normal figures. Excess fat has no excuse when so many people know a way to end it.

A normal figure will mean much to you. Go start Marmola now.

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his daily column. "There wasn't a newspaper man within ten miles of her train."

The only person really "put out" by Jean's mysterious train-leaving through the baggage car was a studio press-agent who was left holding an entire armful of American Beauty Roses.

HOLLYWOOD movie stars who are contemplating a trip to Europe had better be careful! It seems that Europe does a lot of damage to svelte movie figures.

Greta Garbo, they say, has put on pounds and pounds.

And another foreign correspondent relays the information that the fair rebel, Ann Dvorak, is tipping the scales in the vicinity of 140 pounds!

THE two happiest wives in Hollywood right now are Louise Fazenda (Mrs. Hal Wallis) and Jobyna Ralston (Mrs. Dick Arlen). Reason: the expected arrival of the stork in both homes sometime this Spring!

Both the Wallises and the Arlens have been married five years respectively, and in both cases the expected heir, or heiress, will be the first child.

THE Beverly Hills Hotel, which many of the Beverleers consider the most "resty" resort of the film colony, has gone in for a rejuvenation process and emerged with a beautiful supper room, a very hot jazz band and a select patronage that promise to establish it as a junior *Ritz* of the West. Naturally, the movie stars have "taken it up" and some of the colony's most exclusive gatherings (formal and informal) are held there nightly. Just recently in the Garden Room we saw:

Mary Pickford, in an adorable black dinner gown of velvet, dining with the Johnny Mack Browns.

Thelma Todd, in a daring pale green satin, dining tête-à-tête with her brand-new husband (Pasquale De Cicco), of course.

Loretta Young, in white satin, dancing enthusiastically with a handsome, but unidentified young gentleman.

Joan Bennett, wearing a brown velvet dinner gown and a matching dinner hat, in a dinner party including Gene Markey and Mr. and Mrs. Gardner Sullivan.

Also Lois Wilson, Junior Laemmle (with Eleanor Holm), Joel McCrea and director Clarence Brown.

IT is very unusual when the younger Fairbankses entertain formally, but recently Joan and Doug broke out in a swanky party with half of Hollywood "among those present." The affair was staged at their home in Brentwood, and lasted until the wee, sma' hours of the morning.

Norma Shearer and Irving Thalberg were there, which should certainly prove something about those rumors of feud between the two M-G-M queens.

The Fredric Marches, the Clark Gables, Colleen Moore and her husband, Al Scott, and many others rallied about the professional torch singer at the piano, and helped along her torching by impromptu quartettes.

CAN you imagine Norma Shearer in a "standing on your head" contest with Harpo Marx and Charlie MacArthur as the other contestants? Arthur Brisbane considered this of such outstanding importance that he made note of it in his world-event column syndicated throughout the Hearst newspapers. And why not? You can easily imagine Norma being the charming matron and mother, or deeply engrossed in conversation about her career—but Norma standing on her head. Now there is something!

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CHOOSE your ROUGE SHADES this new fascinating way

forget all about "matching your skin" and select shades to match your costume

BY PATRICIA GORDON

Catch the spirit, the joyous freedom, of this beautiful new fashion . . . rouge to harmonize with your every costume. The charm of it . . . the *individuality* . . . and the *difference* that must exist when all rouge shades match your skin—match automatically, without your giving a thought to it. Well you know that usual rouge does not have this characteristic. Instead you have memories of dire disappointment, times when you felt "horrid" because off color make-up spoiled the glory of your gown.

Now what has happened? . . . how can you vary the old idea . . . and select rouge shades to match costume, not troubling to match your skin? Just this: Princess Pat rouge *does not blot out the skin.* The *natural* color is caused by the blood showing through the skin—because the skin is transparent and has scarcely any color of its own. Princess Pat rouge is sympathetic to skin tones. Thus whatever color your skin shows—and everyone has some color—is *retained* when you use Princess Pat rouge. To this *natural* color, Princess Pat *adds.* Thus the beautiful tints imparted by Princess Pat rouge *seem* to come from within the skin.

Princess Pat Lip Rouge a new sensation—nothing less. It does what no other lip rouge has ever done; colors that inside moist surface of lips as well as outside. It is truly indelible, permanent. You'll love it!

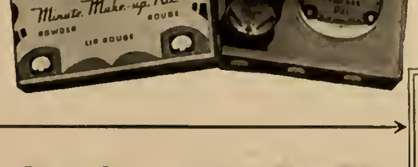
WHY Different Colors of Costume Demand Different Shades of Rouge

You have learned how all shades of Princess Pat match every skin, why the effect is invariably natural and beautiful. But there is *another* requirement. Every costume you wear has a certain *color value.* You recognize this when you match dress, hose, shoes, hats so that the ensemble is harmonious. It is even more vitally important to recognize it when you select *rouge shades.*

The great mistake with rouge has been this: you had *just one shade*—say medium. To secure more, or less, color you used more, or less, rouge. *But the shade remained the same.* You couldn't use *other* shades for only one would match your skin. So your rouge that might have looked well with delicate pastel dresses, was less than ineffectual with brilliant red costumes—and so on through the range of color combinations of costume and complexion.

Marvelous New Beauty If You Follow These Hints For Choosing Rouge

For gowns of all red shades, select Princess Pat Vivid, or Princess Pat Squaw. Even the palest blonde—one who has thought she simply could not wear bright red—is beautiful in flaming colors through use of Vivid or Squaw to set the right color note in the cheeks. For gowns of purple, violet, blue, use Squaw, Theatre or Medium. When you wear yellow, orange, green, your cheeks are wonderful with Princess Pat English Tint. With soft pastel costumes, achieve the complexion note of cool, delicious serenity with Princess Pat Medium or Theatre. For tan effect, use Princess Pat *Tan.* For evening wear, use Princess Pat Nite. This indeed is a marvelous shade, since it responds as gloriously to artificial light as the most perfect daytime rouge does to sunlight.



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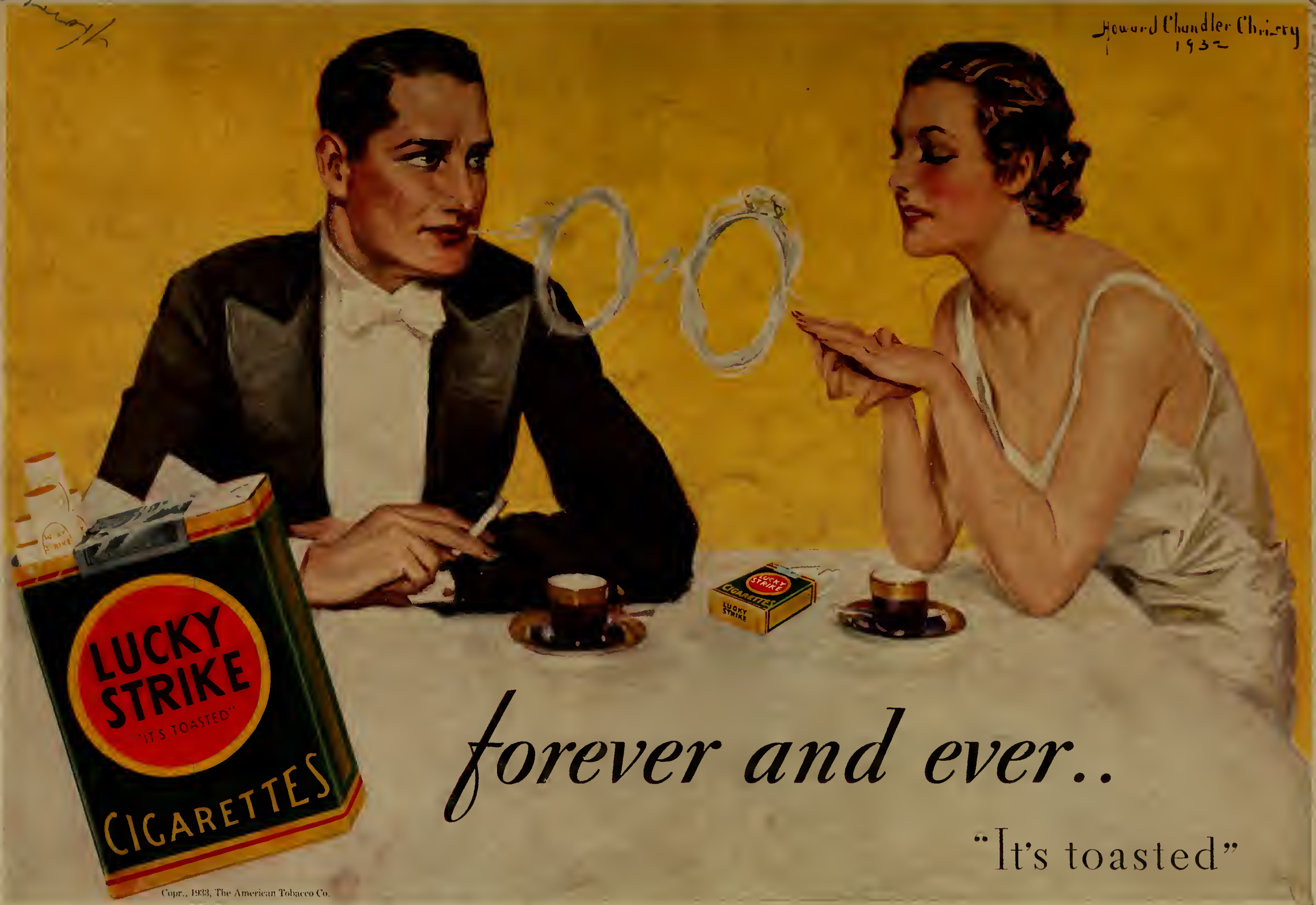
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